SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Pictorial Review is 15 cents a copy; $1.50 a year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

BRANCH OFFICES

Boston 11, Mass., 116 Bedford Street
Chicago, Ill., 200-206 South Market Street
St. Louis, Mo., 1627-1631 Washington Avenue
San Francisco, Cal., 989 Market Street

PICTORIAL REVIEW
(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Edited by ARTHUR T. VANCE
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A. and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-President; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-President; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director; Max Herzberg, Art Director.

VOL. XXVI. No. 11 AUGUST, 1925

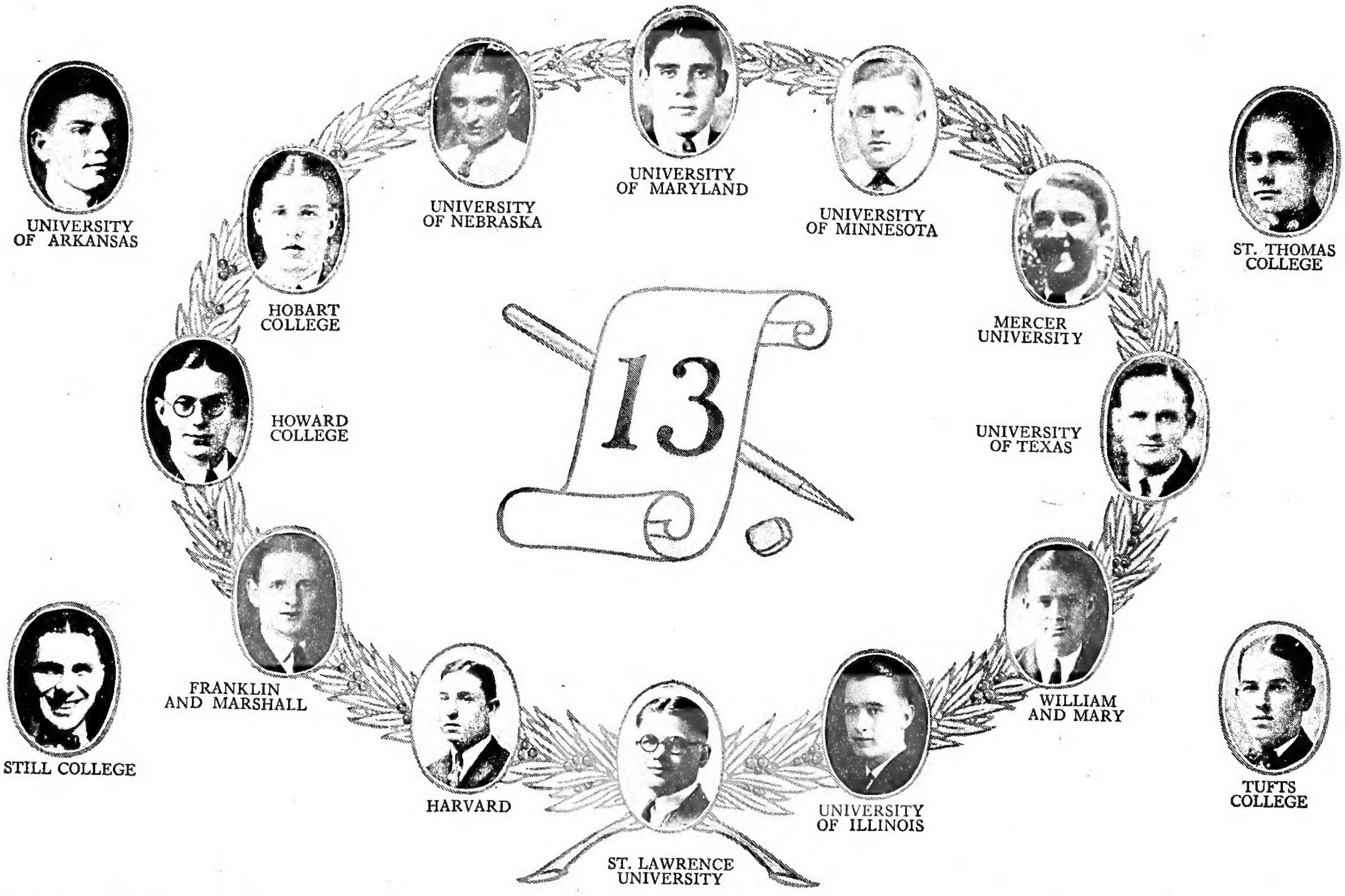
RENEW PROMPTLY

The demand for Pictorial Review keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

BRANCH OFFICES

Atlanta, Ga., 82-84 North Broad Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
263-267 Adelaide Street, West
London, W. 1, England
163-165 Great Portland Street

What Representing Pictorial Review Means to Eight Hundred College Men



HERE are 16 of the 800 students who are representing Pictorial Review this Summer. They are offering to you and to thousands of others an opportunity to subscribe to the magazine.

The money they earn enables them to pay their way through college. The experience they get, traveling, meeting new faces and new conditions, gives them a broad business foundation. This fact is recognized by the young men themselves and by college authorities.

To give some idea of the value of this training, one college in Ohio gives five hours' credit toward graduation to its students who successfully complete their work with Pictorial Review during their Summer vacation. A college in Virginia gives credit equivalent to one-quarter course in regular session. A leading New York university recommends only three organizations employing college men for Summer, and Pictorial Review is one of them.

But from the successful young men themselves, who are out representing Pictorial Review this Summer, you may learn of their personal regard for the magazine, and for the company that has given them this opportunity to earn a college education and gain business experience. You may recognize these young men by their credential letters bearing their photographs, descriptions, signatures, and by their subscription blanks, at the top of which is a reproduction of the seal, a part of which is shown in the oval above. We ask for them a kindly consideration.

Pictorial Review for September Will Be on Sale September First

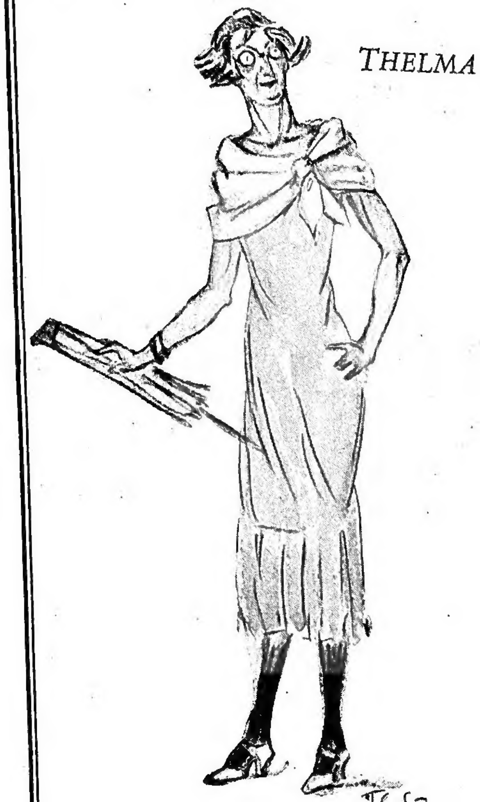
A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

Copyright, 1925, by The Pictorial Review Company, in the United States, Great Britain and Canada. *Entered as Second-class Matter September 26, 1899, at the Post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as Second-class Matter at Charleston, S. C., at Chicago, Ill., at Columbus, Ohio, at Council Bluffs and Des Moines, Iowa, at Denver, Colo., at Galveston, Tex., at Indianapolis, Ind., at Jacksonville, Fla., at Kansas City, Mo., at Los Angeles, Cal., at Louisville, Ky., at Milwaukee, Wis., at Mobile, Ala., at New Orleans, La., at Pittsburgh, Pa., at Portland, Me., at Portland, Ore., at Richmond, Va., at Saginaw, Mich., at St. Louis, Mo., at St. Paul, Minn., at San Francisco, Cal., at Savannah, Ga., at Seattle, Wash., and at Wilmington, N. C.*

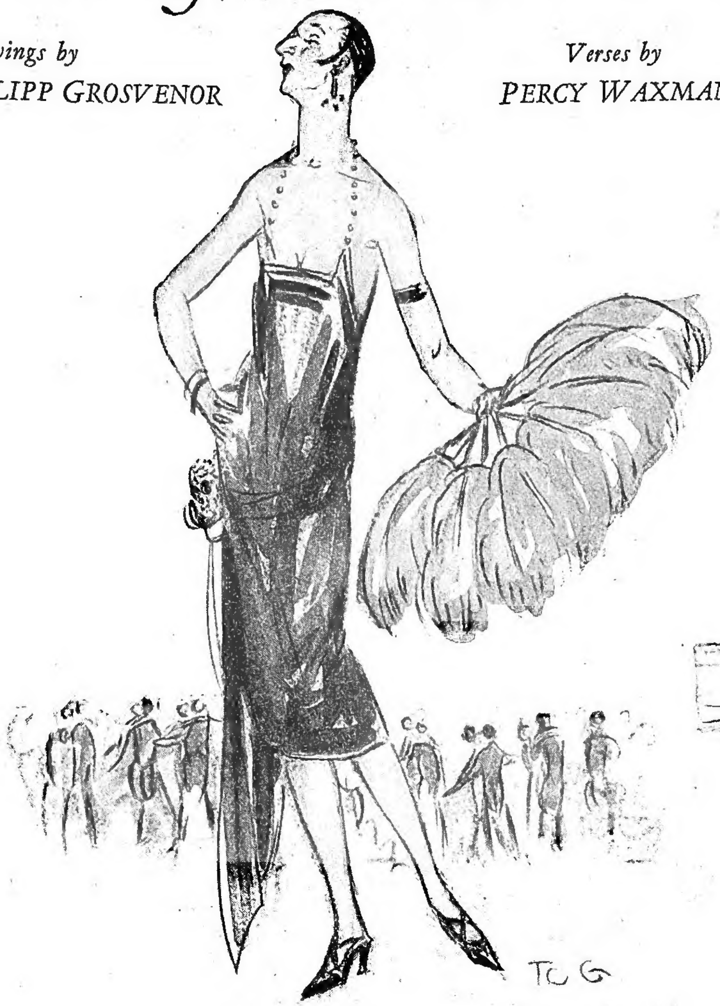
Bobs and Shingles Seen on the Beach

Drawings by
THELMA CUDLIPP GROSVENOR

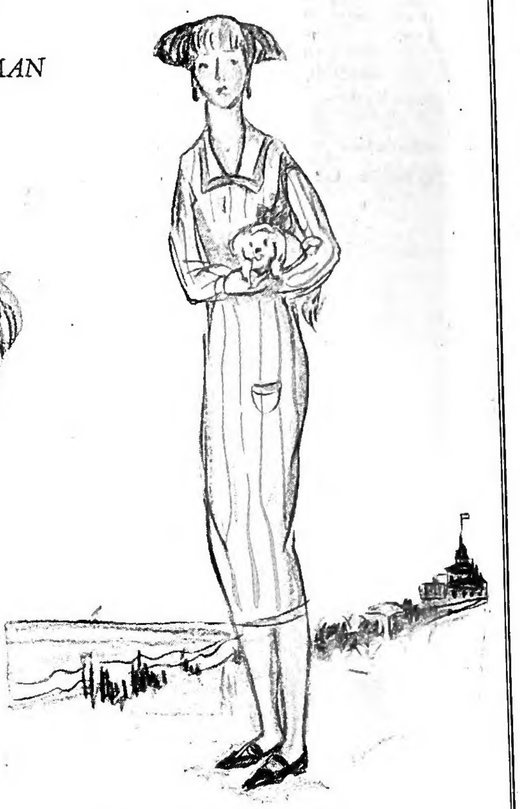
Verses by
PERCY WAXMAN



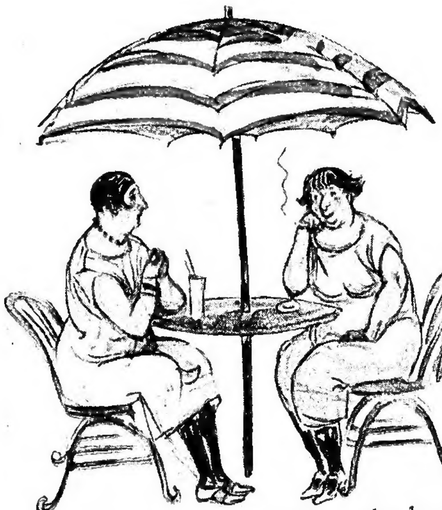
Now tell me, girls, and please be truthful,
Don't you think my bob looks youthful?



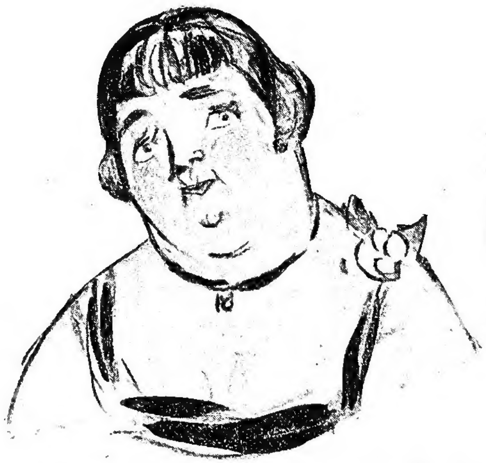
Tell me, any modern Miss, which would you prefer—
To be in *front* of a face like this or be behind, like her?



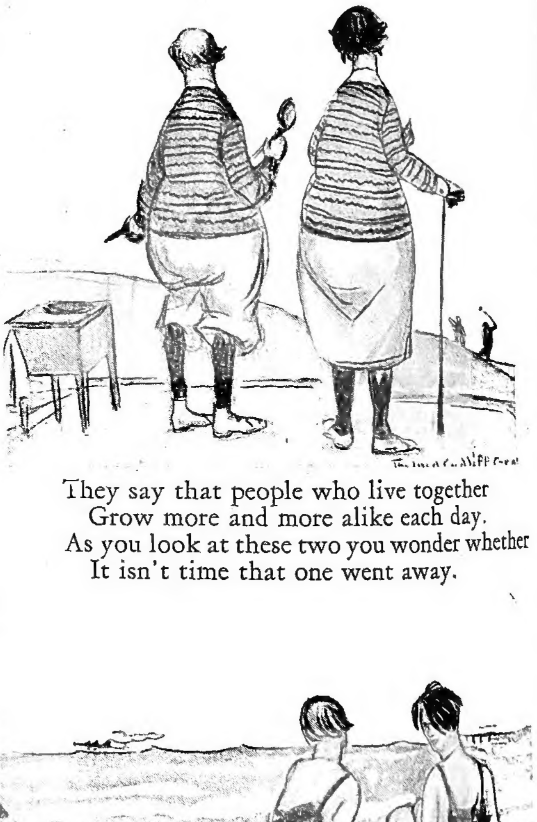
In case it causes you alarm
As by her side you're tarrying
It's not her *face* that's on her arm—
It's the poodle that she's carrying.



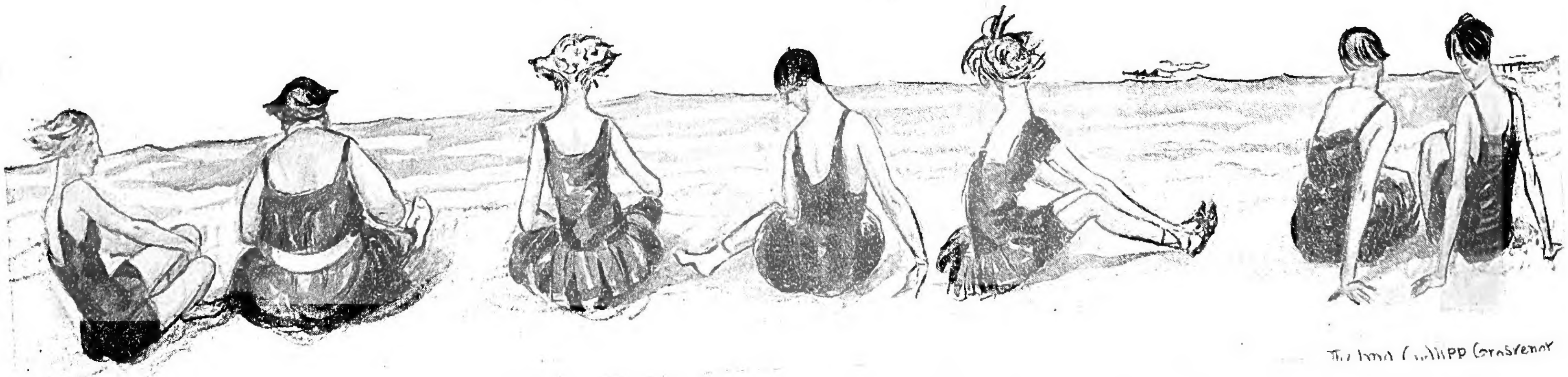
You've got to be stylish or else be dead,
And that is the reason each bobbed her head;
But if *they* had foreseen their present plight
Their tresses to-day would be long, all right.



She's so happily dreaming she's sweet and cute
That the one who'd awake her is just a brute.



They say that people who live together
Grow more and more alike each day.
As you look at these two you wonder whether
It isn't time that one went away.



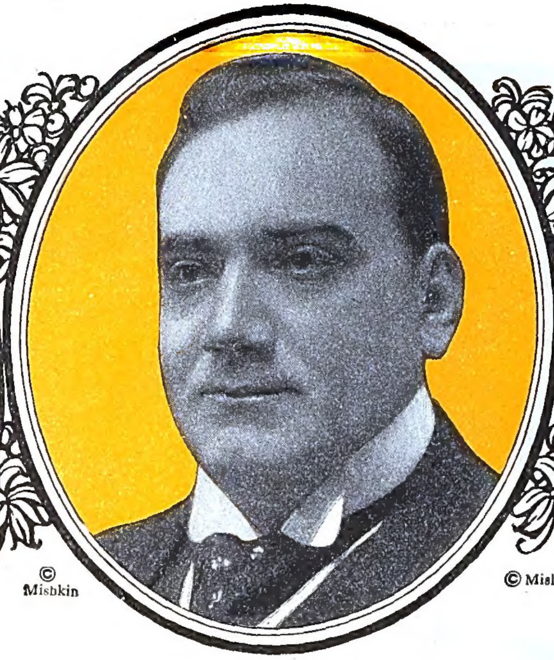
What are the wild wives saying
As they sit beside the sea?

What great thoughts are straying
Through each mentality?

Are they all merely playing?
Or counting life's awful cost?

Or can they be fondly praying
For some of the hair they've lost?

GALLI-CURCI
Victor Artist



CARUSO
Victor Artist

RACHMANINOFF
Victor Artist

Music is only as good as each performer can make it

Whom can you hear and how well can you hear them? That is the first consideration in music, because, if the performance is faulty for any reason whatever, the finest music in the world can become unbearable.

Before Galli-Curci had sung a note to any American audience the Victor laboratories in Camden had caught imperishable records of the voice with which she was so soon to conquer another continent.

Dinorah—Ombra leggiera Lucia—Mad Scene	6129	$2.00
Lakmé—Dov'è l'Indiana bruna Solvejg's Song	6132	2.00
La Capinera Caro mio ben	629	1.50

"My Victor Records shall be my biography" said Caruso in an interview published some time before his death. The Victor Records by Caruso constitute a library of living music without parallel in the history of the art.

O sole mio 'A Vucchella	501	$1.50
Le Cid—Ô souverain, ô juge, ô père! La Juive—Rachel! quand du Seigneur	6013	2.00
Dreams of Long Ago Love Me or Not	6015	2.00

Rachmaninoff knows music; knows how to compose it, how to play it, and how it should be reproduced. It is significant that in the light of experience, he chose the Victor to reproduce his art.

Prelude in G Major (Rachmaninoff) Prelude in G Minor (Rachmaninoff)	6261	$2.00
Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff) Spinning Song	814	1.50
Polka de W. R. Troika an traineaux	6260	2.00

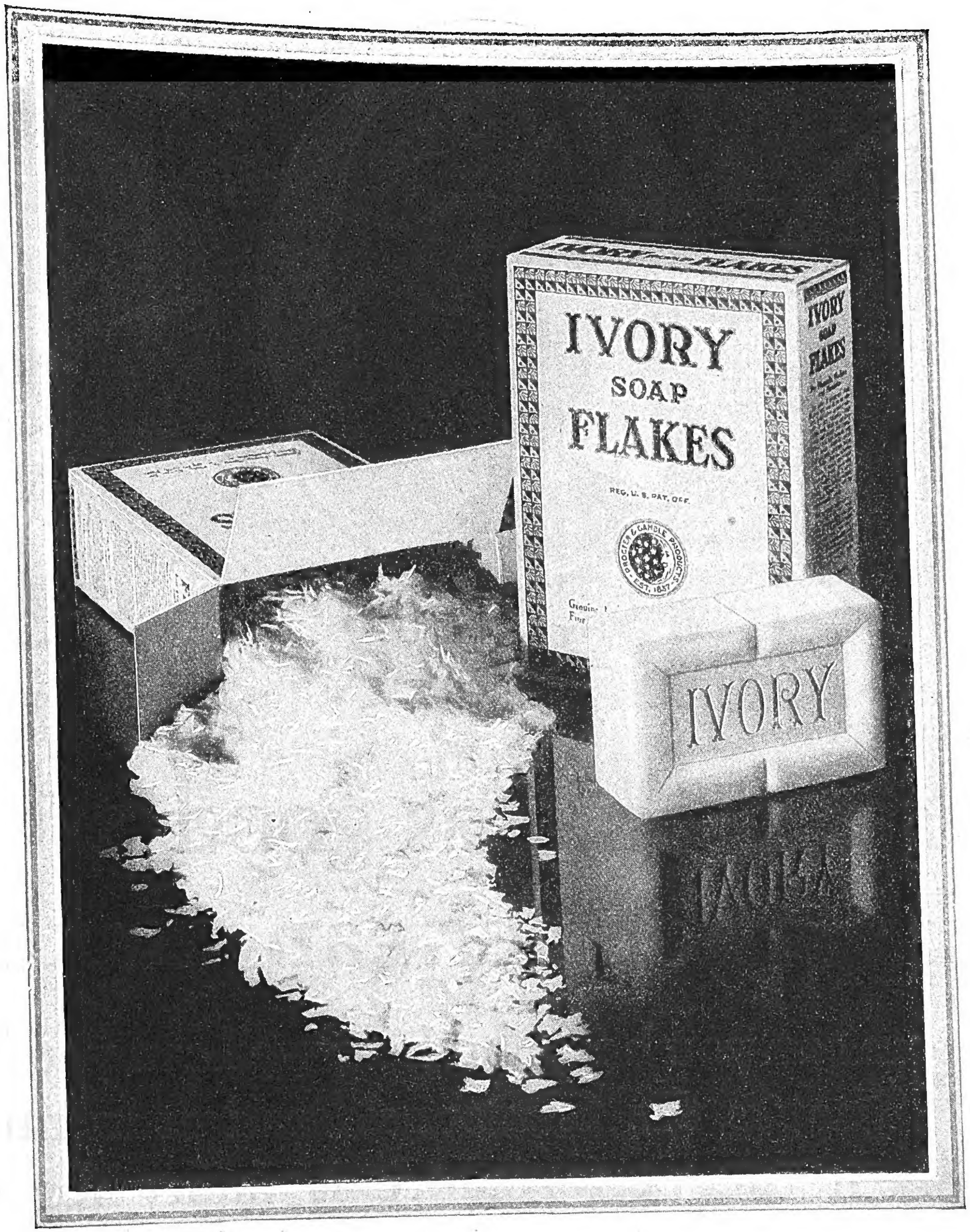
There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company
Look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal
Canadian price-list on request

Victrola No. 400
Mahogany, $250
Victrola No. S 400 (Special), $265
Specially designed to accommodate radio receiving sets
Catalog sent on request



Damp towels are dangerous hamper companions for chiffon stockings

What happens when delicate silks are put in a hamper with the towels, sheets and colored cottons of the weekly wash?

Simply this: they wear out long before they have given the service you have reason to expect of them.

Why? Because, even though not obviously soiled, they contain perspiration acids from the skin, which are kept moist by the hamper dampness and destroy the silk fibres.

So, to preserve fragile garments and prolong the length of their service, many women have made it a habit to tub them in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn, whether they LOOK *soiled or not.*

In this way acid action and the fading and streaking that come from tossing such garments into stuffy hampers are all prevented. Silk blouses, sheer silk hose, glove silk, radium and crêpe-de-chine lingerie, English broadcloths, silk broadcloths and other tub silks and knitted sports togs, baby's flannels and all other delicate things reward this simple care with far longer life.

Of course, to tub such delicate things frequently great care must be taken in the choice of the soap, for a soap that is the slightest bit too strong will spoil your whole effort by injuring the fabrics and colors.

Ivory (cake or flakes) is safe, however much of it you may use when in a hurry, or however often you use it. For, as you know, Ivory has for 46 years protected something far more sensitive—the complexions of millions of women.

A soap safe enough for daily use on your face is safe for anything that will stand the touch of pure water. The best test we know of for determining the safety of a soap for delicate silks and woolens is this: Ask yourself, "Would I use it on my face?"

BLANKETS—*how to wash them safely*

Harsh soap, rubbing and extremes of temperature cause sensitive wool fibres to mat down, shrink and become hard and scratchy.

Keep blankets fluffy this way: For 1 double or 2 single blankets, dissolve 1 teacupful of Ivory Flakes in hot water; pour into wash-tub ⅔ full of *lukewarm* water; and beat up a thick suds. (If water is hard, use a little powdered borax.)

Shake the dry blanket well to remove dust; plunge into suds, working up and down with the hands, squeezing suds through it. To remove spots, soap with Ivory Soap and rub *lightly* between hands.

Press water from the blanket and repeat operation in *fresh* suds of *same temperature.*

Put clean blanket through loose wringer, and rinse in three clear lukewarm waters. In the last rinse, dissolve enough Ivory Flakes to make water milky.

Wring loosely. Hang in open air—in sun if possible. When partly dry, shake well from corners. When dry, press binding and air in warm room.

A Free Sample

A postcard addressed to Sec. 10-HF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio, will bring you a sample of Ivory Flakes and a booklet on the care of lovely garments, both *free.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

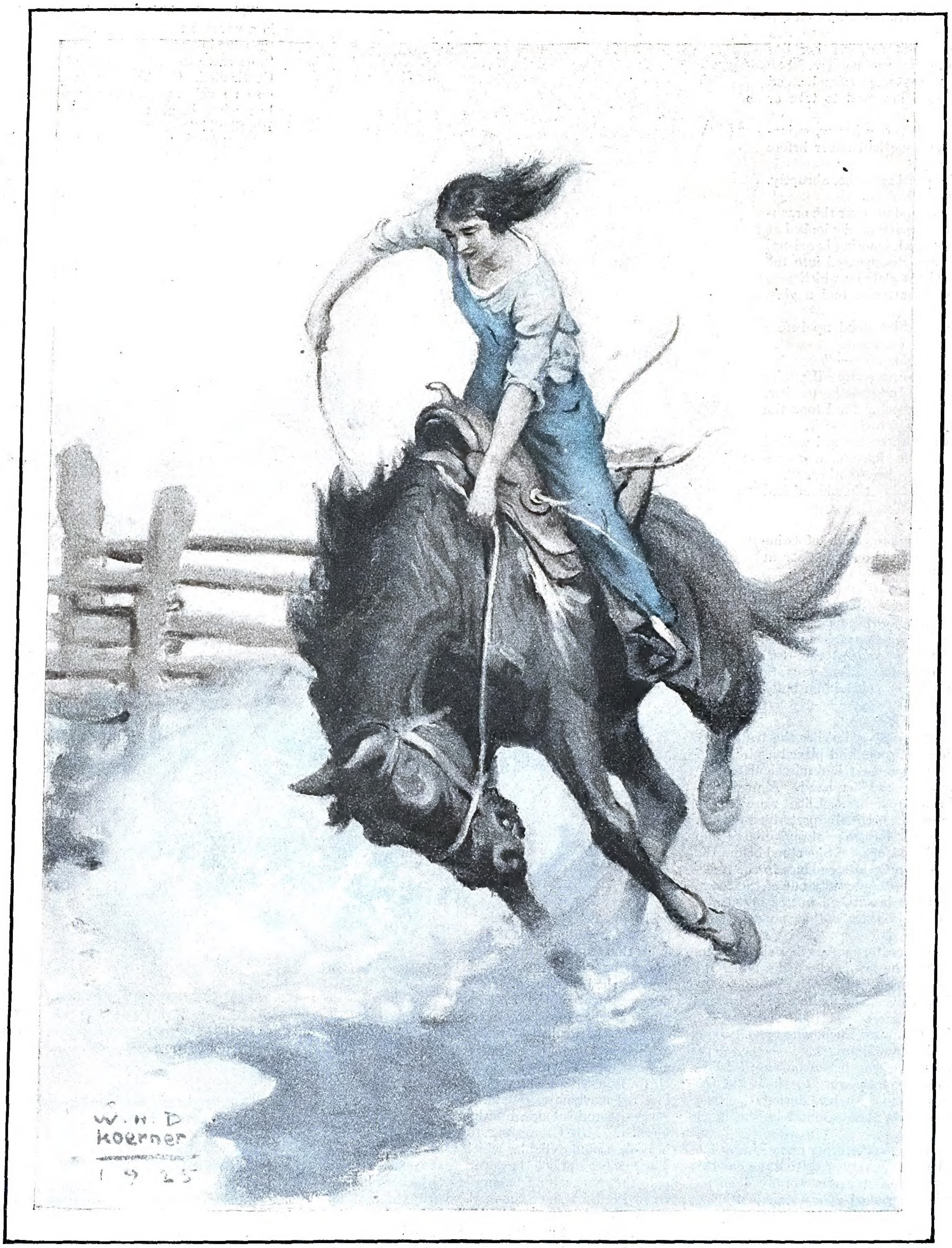
IVORY

$99\frac{44}{100}\%$ PURE

CAKES FLAKES

© 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Beginning the $13,500 Prize Novel Unanimously Selected as the Winning Story from 1,700 Manuscripts. Here Is Your Opportunity to Read, in Four Big Parts, This Remarkable Novel Before It Is Published in Book Form



"IT WAS A HANDSOME COLT, SLENDER AND GLOSSY AS BLACK SATIN, WITH A FINE, BLAZING EYE. FOR A HALF-HOUR JUDE WRESTLED WITH HIM. HER LAUGH RANG OUT IN PEALS; HER EYES WERE FULL OF MOCKERY"

WILD GEESE

By Martha Ostenso

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

IT WAS not openly spoken of, but the family was waiting for Caleb Gare. Even Lind Archer, the new school-teacher, who had come late that afternoon all the way from Yellow Post with the Indian mail-carrier, and must, therefore, be hungry, was waiting. Amelia Gare, Caleb's wife, with all her cheerful bustling about the kitchen as if everything weren't quite ready, could not break the suspense.

Judith and Charlie had milked several of the cows, and had come in and out of the house repeatedly for no reason whatever. Martin, slow and clumsy of feeling as he was, had cleaned the entire stable so thoroughly that it looked unnatural. Ellen, Martin's twin, was playing the organ, but appeared to have forgotten even the more familiar parts of her repertoire, such as "Red Wing," and the less recent "Ben Bolt." Ellen played, harmoniously enough, "by ear."

The teacher sat quietly in the low red-plush rocker, listening to the springs of it exclaim as she rocked to and fro. She reflected, with some misgivings, on the non-committal opinions that had been expressed at Yellow Post the day before in reply to her delicately asked questions about the Gares. She remembered also, with increasing discomfort, the short, scornful grunt of John Tobacco, the mail-carrier, when she had sought from him what manner of being she might expect in Caleb Gare. Now the squeaking rocker kept her mind off her hunger. The rocker seemed to say, "Caleb! Caleb! Caleb!" It amused the teacher rather wanly.

Presently the outer door swung open. Judith had come in again. Lind Archer saw her against the dim light of the lantern that hung by the kitchen door. She had a great, defiant body, her chest high and broad as a boy's; her hair was wild-locked and black and shone on top of her head with a bluish luster; her eyes were in sullen repose now, long and narrow; her lips were thick and drooped at the corners. She wore overalls and a heavy sweater, and stood squarely on her feet, as if prepared to take or give a blow.

Judith approached Lind with a heavy, swinging stride. Lind thought she had never before seen such vigorous beauty.

"Are you hungry?" the girl asked her abruptly.

"A little," Lind admitted.

Ellen's hands paused in mid-air over the organ-keys. Her eyes held a reproach as she looked at Judith. But the younger girl, ignoring her sister, took a few long steps and disappeared into the pantry. She emerged with a plate on which were two slices of bread well buttered, and a glass of milk.

Ellen's reproach grew. She stood up before the organ.

"Jude, you know father doesn't——"

"This won't spoil your supper any—if you're ever goin' to get it," said Jude to the teacher, breaking in upon Ellen's speech. Lind took the offered food, too embarrassed to refuse it.

Ellen rose erectly and without a word walked into the kitchen. Lind felt that she was conferring in a whisper with her mother. The teacher nibbled uncomfortably at her bread and took a sip of the milk.

JUDE, who had been winding a bit of twine about a stick, threw herself on the floor at Lind's feet.

"You might as well know that he'll try to bully you," she said matter-of-factly. "He's startin' by keepin' supper waitin'. He always does the same thing when a new teacher comes. He expects you to be a man. All the teachers have been men. He's in for a jolt. But you stick up for yourself, Miss Archer. Don't you let him bully you."

Amelia spoke from the doorway.

"Judith!"

"Never mind, Ma. I'm only tellin' her the truth."

Ellen came back into the room and placed a pitcher of water heavily on the table, as if she had miscalculated the distance between the table and her hand. A pucker of anxiety drew her brows together. Ellen wore silver-rimmed glasses that were not originally prescribed for her. As a result the pupils of her eyes were always dilated and strained, the lids reddish and moist. She stood before the table for a moment and shot a bitter glance in the direction of Judith. Then she passed stiffly out of the room.

Lind Archer finished her bread and butter in silence. There was a raw feeling in the air that no superficial remark could dispel.

Judith, apparently bent on tormenting her sister Ellen, whistled to her dog where he lay in the niche under the staircase. The dog looked up.

"Caleb!" she said sharply. The dog started, pricking up his ears.

Jude smiled maliciously toward Ellen, who moved about the kitchen as tho she had not heard.

"You see—" said Judith, then began on another line. "He loves to ride around in the cart to show the Icelanders how much spare time he has during the busy season, while the rest of us slave around in the muck all day."

A feeling of apprehension was growing upon Lind. The high romance which had attended her setting out for this isolated spot in the north country was wofully deserting her. She had never before looked upon the naked image of hate. Here it was in the eyes of a seventeen-year-old girl.

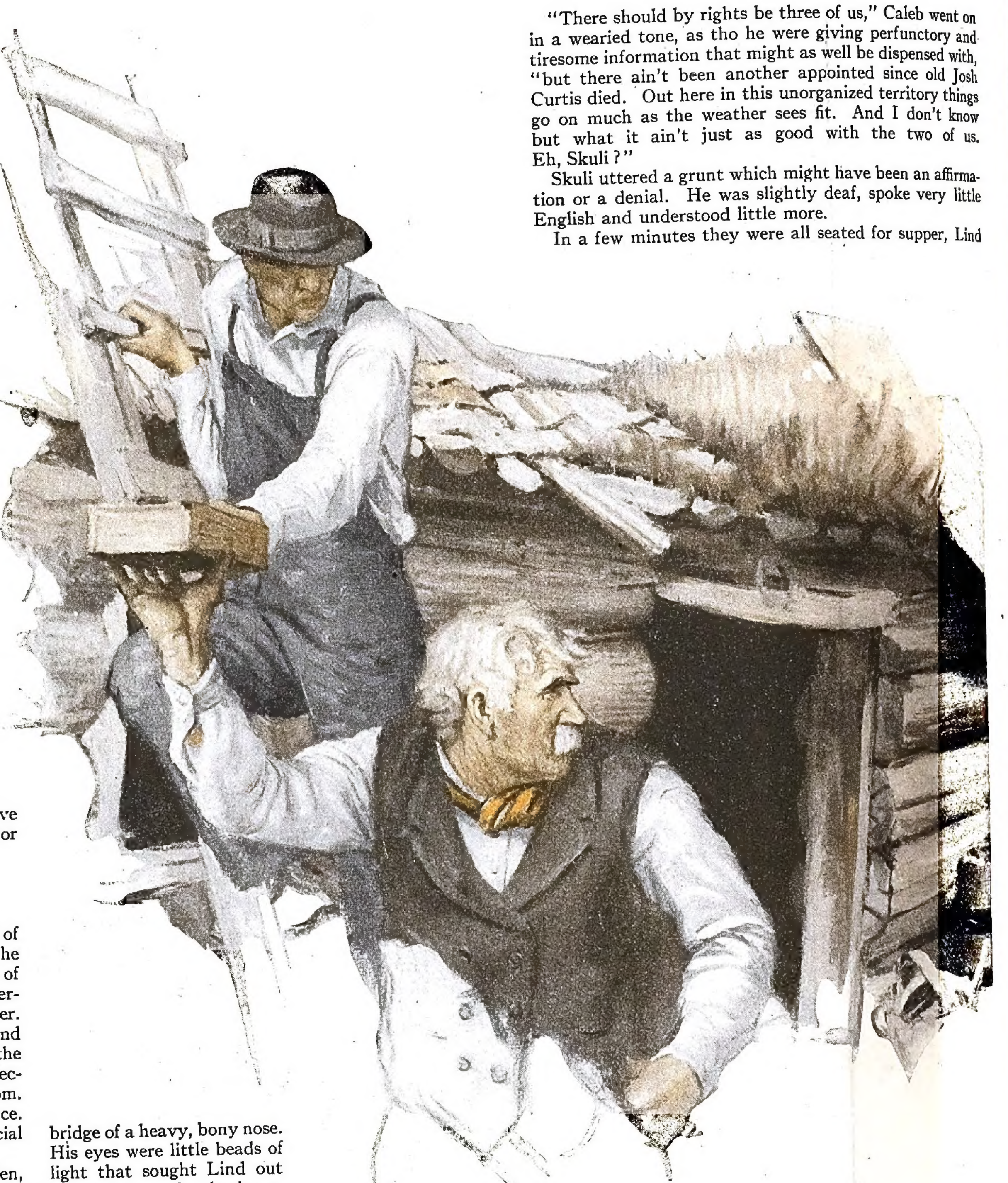
The light, gritting sound of wheels came from outside. Ellen returned to the organ-stool, her face, for all its youth, bearing the hard serenity of strong women in a crisis. Lind wondered why the occasion should call for such fortitude.

"Judith, you had better call Martin," Ellen said in a thin voice. "Father has come."

Judith got to her feet without a word.

In the kitchen Amelia hastily cleared the sink and placed in it a clean basin of hot water. She whipped the towel from its roller and put a fresh one in its place. Untying her apron, she straightened her dress and combed her hair briskly back before the cracked mirror on the wall.

Then the door opened. At first Caleb seemed to be a huge man. As he drew into the center of the kitchen Lind could see that he was, if anything, below medium height, but that his tremendous shoulders and massive head, which loomed forward from the rest of his body like a rough projection of rock from the edge of a cliff, gave him a towering appearance. When attention was directed to the lower half of his body he seemed visibly to dwindle. He had harsh gray hair that hung in pointed locks about his head, and startling black brows that met across the bridge of a heavy, bony nose. His eyes were little beads of light that sought Lind out where she sat in the lamp-glow of the other room. He did not speak until he had hung his coat and hat on a peg and had washed himself at the sink.



"JUDITH SAT STRAIGHT AND FORMIDABLE IN HER SADDLE, FACING CALEB COLDLY. OF THE TWO, LIND FELT THAT THE GIRL WAS THE MORE TO BE FEARED IN SHEER PHYSICAL POWER"

Lind saw that with Caleb was a frowzy-looking farmer in a red mackinaw. He also relieved himself of his outer garments and sat down without a word on a chair in the kitchen. Mrs. Gare spoke to him, but he answered only in broken monosyllables which Lind could not distinguish. The teacher noticed, however, that Amelia addressed him with the same calm deference that had been in her attitude when Lind first met her in the barnyard that afternoon, upon her arrival with John Tobacco.

Caleb did not speak until he had finished washing. He did not so much as touch a comb to his ragged hair.

"Skuli will stay the night," he announced finally to Amelia. His voice surprized Lind. It was remarkably soft, almost like a purr.

"But I have no extra bed. The teacher has come," Mrs. Gare protested mildly.

"The teacher—yes, of course—the teacher. Skuli stays the night," he repeated, with no more emphasis in his voice than when he first spoke.

He called Skuli, and proceeded, with a sort of hulking shuffle, into the dining-room, which constituted the other part of the ground floor of the log house, and also served as a living-room.

"You are the teacher, I suppose," he said, seating himself near the iron stove with his back half turned from Lind. There was nothing in the expression of his face to indicate that he was surprized at her being a girl. She rose and extended her hand, which he ignored. Lind flushed helplessly.

"This is the other trustee of your school, Skuli Erickson," said Caleb, with an elaborate sweep of his hand toward the Icelander.

Lind gave Skuli her hand, and he shook it heavily.

"There should by rights be three of us," Caleb went on in a wearied tone, as tho he were giving perfunctory and tiresome information that might as well be dispensed with, "but there ain't been another appointed since old Josh Curtis died. Out here in this unorganized territory things go on much as the weather sees fit. And I don't know but what it ain't just as good with the two of us. Eh, Skuli?"

Skuli uttered a grunt which might have been an affirmation or a denial. He was slightly deaf, spoke very little English and understood little more.

In a few minutes they were all seated for supper, Lind between Ellen and Martin, Skuli directly at the other end of the table from Caleb Gare.

"Looks like an early Spring, eh, Skuli?" Caleb called to the Icelander.

Skuli nodded. "Ya," he agreed, helping himself well to potatoes and gravy.

There was a silence, during which the food was passed around the table. The children, all except Judith, sat with their eyes lowered to their plates, shamefacedly self-conscious in the unused presence of any one so pretty and dainty as the new teacher.

"Much rain down your way lately?" Caleb asked Skuli, calling the length of the table. Amelia glanced with faint dismay from her husband to Lind.

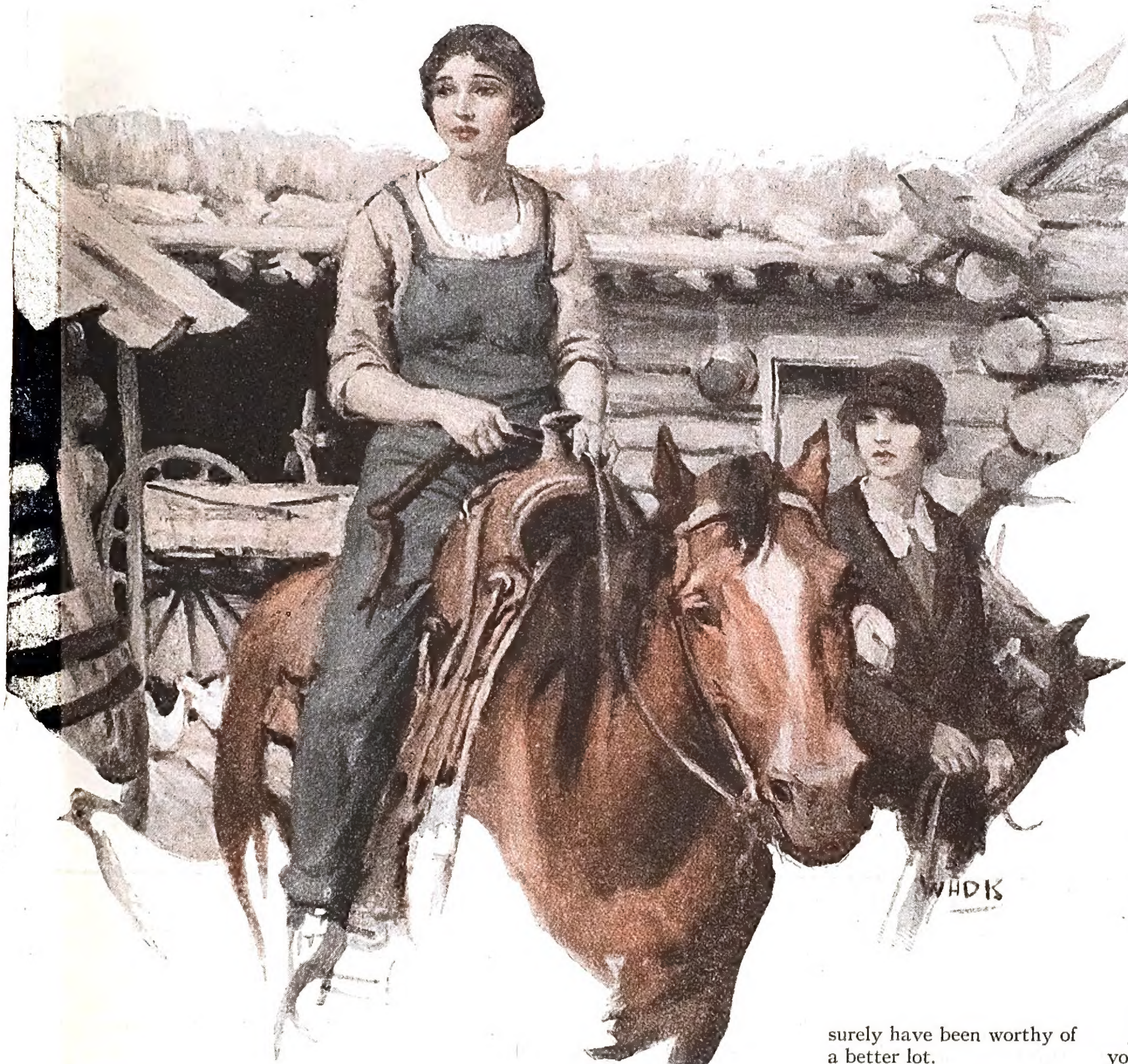
"Naat muts," Skuli replied. "Soom last veek. Purty dry."

Throughout the meal Caleb exchanged observations with the brief-spoken Skuli. You would have thought Skuli the chief guest of the evening. Lind looked across at Jude, whose eyes were smoldering. The teacher smiled. Caleb's evident obliviousness of her was not half so humiliating to her as it was to Judith.

AFTER supper the situation remained unchanged. Caleb ignored the teacher as cleanly as if she were air. Lind withdrew to the horsehair couch in a corner and opened a book. Martin and Charlie, the youngest of the family, went out to finish milking, while Judith scraped and piled the dishes and removed them to the kitchen.

"Play us a piece, Ellen; play us a piece," Caleb requested. He and Skuli had drawn their chairs up to the stove in the center of the room and had taken out their pipes. A feeler of blue smoke curled up and around Caleb's head. Lind was reminded of a painting she had once seen of the fixed, sardonic face of a fakir, lifting his eyes upward to catch the demoniacal image of his conjuring.

While Judith helped in the kitchen Ellen obediently went to the organ. She sat erect and prim in her washed-out gingham dress, that had apparently shrunk and grown too small even for her narrow shoulders and undeveloped breast. Her fine brown hair, that was lighter in color and much less luxuriant than Judith's, was drawn back without a relenting wave from her rather prominent, austerely white brow. Her eyebrows were exquisitely shaped and black as ink-lines. Behind the magnifying-glass of her spectacles her dark-blue eyes swam liquid and vague. Her raw-looking, thin fingers sought out the keys.



"Yes, Bjarnasson's got the best fishin'-sites, no doubt about it—no doubt about it," Caleb declared in a loud voice, while Ellen played "Lead, Kindly Light." "But he'd better not get to thinkin' he's goin' to hop the whole lake. Not by a —— sight—not by a —— sight. I'm goin' to send Martin over there one of these days with some new nets—too far to do anything during the freeze-up. What do you think about it, Erickson? Is he showin' you any fight?"

"Na-aow," Skuli grinned. "He geev me v'at I vant, de dirty djevil. I tak' it first."

Caleb and Skuli both broke into stormy laughter at the Icelander's joke. Ellen faltered over the keys. Caleb glanced sharply at her, and she hurriedly picked up the thread of the song. Judith came in from the kitchen and sat down on a fur rug on the floor. Her dog followed and snuggled his head over in her lap. The girl sighed and leaned wearily against the wall. Lind noted how strangely beautiful she was. Like some fabled animal—a centauress, perhaps.

Caleb launched upon an account of an involved sale of timber, at times almost shouting into Skuli's ear to make clear to him the technicalities. The strains of the hynm mourned lamely to an end. Ellen hastened into a patriotic march, stumbled over the keys, shifted to a lullaby and then to a waltz. A spot of red showed on either cheek-bone. Her mouth was tightly drawn, her chin flat and long so that in profile she looked like an old, tired woman.

Amelia came and stood by the table. She turned up the wick of the lamp slightly. As she did so the light picked out the shadows under her eyes, the rigid lines about her mouth, the pale, sandy hair whitening about her temples. Amelia was fifty and was beginning to put on flesh, but she bore herself with a dignified reserve that seemed almost a part of her physical being, so that the grace which was hers in youth still clung to her. She seemed preposterously ill fitted to her environment. Lind was filled with pity as she watched her move about the room, picking up a paper, straightening a doily, or, from a habit Lind realized must have been formed in another life, pulling down the blinds of the windows. Amelia must surely have been worthy of a better lot.

"That reminds me," Caleb Gare began again. "How did you make out with those furs you sent to the Siding. Grini buy 'em up?"

"Ya-a. Gode monney," Skuli said, sucking comfortably at his pipe. "Fur-rrs—naow gode. Grini, he's fool himself. Hee! Hee!"

"Did I show you that wolf-pelt Martin got east of here? Big beast he was too, eh, Martin? Where's the pelt? Find the pelt, Martin. Made a rug out of it, Skuli—you ought to do that with some of yours. Here—Jude—show Skuli the rug."

Martin had crossed the floor to take the rug from Jude. The girl got up slowy. Her resentment flooded in a dark wave across her face.

"Skuli has seen it three times already," she muttered, snatching up the rug. Martin took it from her, a half grin on his face at her anger. Martin had long since learned the futility of indignation. He was twenty, past.

Caleb smiled blandly.

"Skuli forgets what a rug it is. Heh, heh!" His laugh was genial.

The Icelander examined it again, to please his host. He commented upon its quality, then handed it back to Caleb, who sat holding it while he resumed his talk.

Judith called Pete, the dog, and strode out of the room. Amelia sighed and sat down with a lapful of worn stockings and a handleless cup over which to mend them. Presently Judith returned without the dog, and seated herself beside Lind. Caleb still held the rug.

Charlie was playing solitaire at the table.

"Here, Charlie," Caleb said to him. "Bought ye a new deck of cards at Yellow Post to-day. Couldn't think of anything to buy the girls—they have everything."

Judith thrust her shoes out before her. The toe-cap was off one of them. Amelia glanced at her quickly and shook her head in protest behind Caleb's back.

Ellen yawned behind her hand.

"Cheer up, Ellen, my dear; we'll all be goin' to bed soon," Caleb said. "Skuli and I are both tired. Had a hard day, eh, Skuli?"

Judith sprang up.

"Well, I'm goin', anyway!" she asserted.

Caleb looked gently at Amelia, pointing with his pipe at Jude.

"Mother, Jude had better be lookin' to her manners, eh?" he asked in his softest voice.

Amelia's eyes darted to Judith.

"Judie—remember——"

The girl reseated herself carelessly enough beside Lind, but the teacher saw that her hands were clenched. Lind felt then that, like the other members of the household, she would come to hate and fear Caleb Gare if the reason were only the fact of his existence.

IT WAS so arranged that Judith slept with Lind that night. Amelia begged the teacher to overlook the irregularity—Skuli, the Icelander, must be accommodated.

The great loft was curtained off into three compartments—the bedrooms of all the children and such infrequent guests as chanced to come. In the room below Caleb and Amelia slept; their bed was a cabinet during the day, folded up against the wall.

The floor of the loft was composed of pine boards scrubbed white and smooth. You could look down through a knot-hole and see the stove glowing red in the darkness of the room below. Above, the rough, cobweb-hung rafters leaned down upon you; and on a wild night a jet of wind would ripple over your cheek if you lay with your face to the wall. Even tiny siftings of snow might be found on a Winter night in the crease of your pillow.

Judith undressed. When she came to her undergarments she put her nightgown on with her arms free beneath it, so that she might finish disrobing under it.

She watched Lind taking off her trim outer clothing. When she saw that she wore dainty silk underthings she glanced at her more covertly. She made no comment.

When both girls were undressed Judith picked up a string of amber beads Lind had placed on the stand near the bed. There was also a pair of earrings of the same limpid yellow substance.

"Wild honey! Drops of wild honey!" Judith exclaimed in a whisper. "Just the color of you!"

Lind looked at her curiously. "You may have the beads, Judith," she said on an impulse.

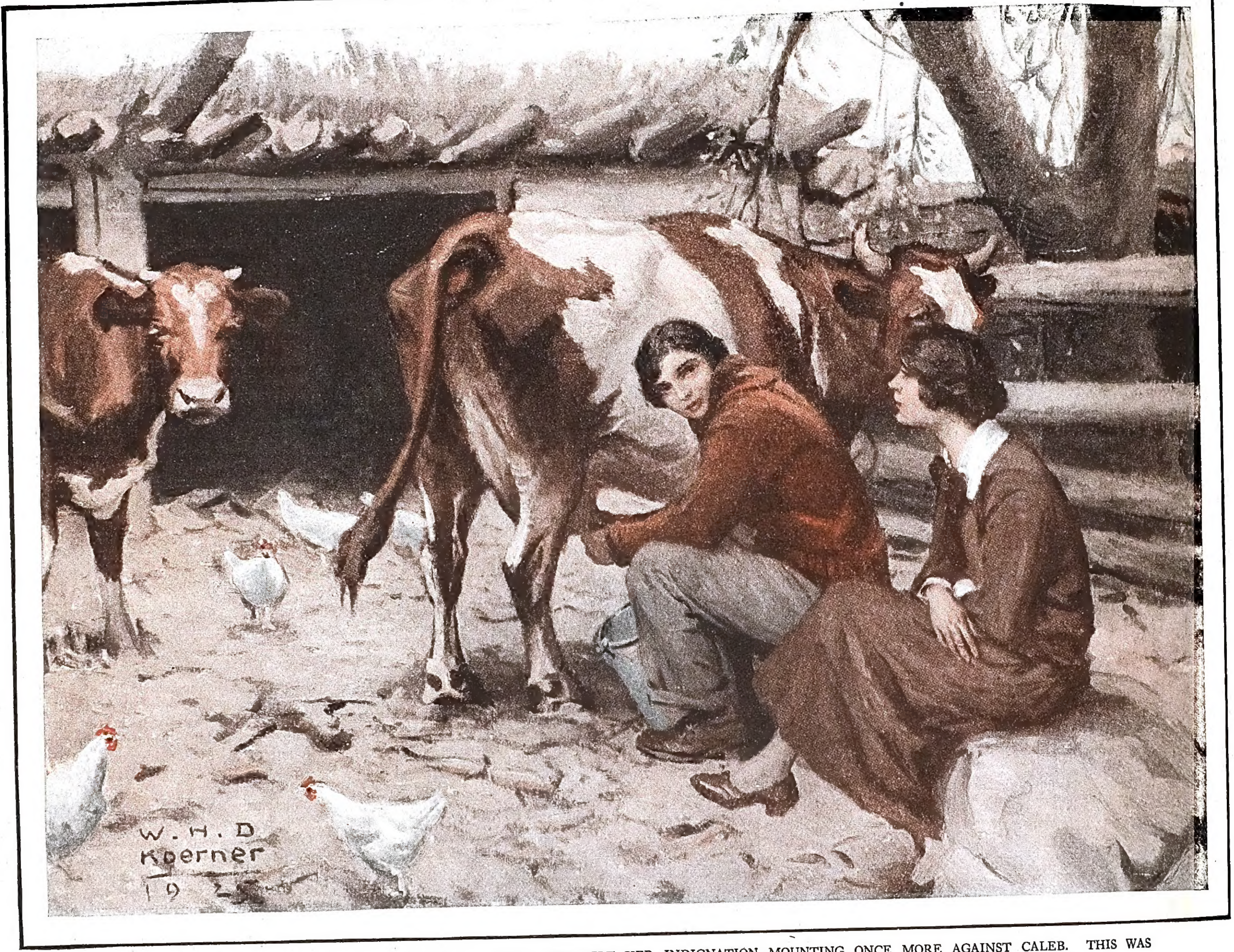
Judith laughed. It was a rich laugh from her deep young lungs. "My, wouldn't I look funny with them on! 'Specially, cleanin' the stables. No, thanks. They were made for you, Miss Archer."

When the girl was asleep beside her, Lind, restless in her new surroundings, knelt beside her window and looked out into the night. There was still a pale glow from the sunset, and the prairie stretched out black and remote under it.

FAR out across the prairie a lantern was swinging low along the earth, and dimly visible was the squat, top-heavy form of a man. It was Caleb Gare. He walked like a man leaning forward against a strong wind. He frequently went out alone that way with a lantern; no one knew where, nor why; no one asked. Judith had once told Amelia scornfully that it was to assure himself that his land was still all there.

Caleb pressed on through the half dark, leaning forward as if against some invisible obstacle. Presently he came to a ridge from which he could look east and west, north and south, upon the land that was his: the two tame hay-fields, separated from each other by a neck of timber belonging to Fusi Aronson (it would be well to own that timber; a fine stand it was); the dark, newly plowed furrows where in another five months the oats would again be stirring like a tawny sea under the sun; the acres where barley and rye would be sown for cattle-feed, vanishing into the blue night toward the south; the small rectangle of wheat that he raised for chicken-feed; the acres of narrow woodland stretching northward like a dark mane upon the earth; and the good, flat grazing-land with two bluffs, that might have extended farther westward had it not encountered the holdings of that miser, Thorvald Thorvaldson; and, beyond the muskeg and a dried lake-bottom, his cherished field of flax.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"LIND SEATED HERSELF ON A STONE NEAR THE GIRL. SHE FELT HER INDIGNATION MOUNTING ONCE MORE AGAINST CALEB. THIS WAS CRIMINAL, DENYING THE GIRL WHAT EDUCATION WAS AT HAND. 'OH, MY DEAR, HASN'T YOUR MOTHER A THING TO SAY ABOUT IT? DO YOU *WANT* TO GO TO SCHOOL?' 'WANTIN' AND GOIN' IS TWO DIFFERENT THINGS,' JUDITH REPLIED"

Southeast, under the ridge, bottomless and foul, lay the muskeg, the sore to Caleb's eye. In the heat of Summer it gave up sickly vapors in which clouds of mosquitoes bred. Cattle and horses, breaking through the pasture fence and heading for the hay-field, had disappeared beneath its spongy surface. South of it lay his flax-field, the most precious part of all his land. To get rid of the useless land and buy in its place the neck of timber held by Fusi Aronson: that was an honest ambition and one to be achieved. That Fusi Aronson would part with his right hand rather than sell him a square inch of ground, Caleb knew all too well. But many a better man had been glad to part with a right hand in certain exigencies.

There was the little matter of Bjorn Aronson's slight dishonesty, for instance, that was not generally known in the community—that little discrepancy in Bjorn's moral balance that hurt Fusi more than any other thing on earth. What a comfort it was to Fusi that Bjorn was now one of the trustees of the Yellow Post church fund, a connection that would surely brace his manhood and beat into him a truer metal! Caleb smiled as he thought of the trusting Fusi. Something might come up that could be used to good advantage. Somehow he would use one brother against the other—he would wait.

Caleb felt a glow of satisfaction as he stood there on the ridge peering out over his land until the last light had gone. He could hold all this, and more—add to it year after year—add to his herd of pure-bred Holsteins and his drove of horses—raise more sheep—experiment with turkey and goose for the Winter markets in the South—all this as long as he held the whip-hand over Amelia.

Amelia's word would start the children; then it would be all over—the results of his labor would be swept from these fields like chaff from a barn floor. He was too old to carry on alone. Hired help was worse than none—lazy, treacherous, rapacious. As long as he kept track of the outcome of that little folly of hers— And, so far, he had managed very well. True, he might at any time lose that little contact—the boy, good Heavens, he must be a man now, might even die. He had come out of the War safely in spite of Amelia's praying—oh, no doubt the woman had prayed that he would die! But it was an uncertain world. Amelia, she was a soft fool, thank God! Not many women would be so conveniently sentimental and self-sacrificing for the sake of a son born out of wedlock—and that son a man grown, and a stranger to his own mother.

Well, if she was loath to have Mark Jordan learn of his parentage, Caleb Gare would not reveal it to him—provided that Amelia kept her place and did not force him to. Mark Jordan was a fine young fellow, too, according to Bart Nugent. Bart had kept track of him very well in the town where Caleb was unable to do his own spying. The good fathers in the mission had taken Amelia's story for truth, and Mark had grown up with the solid idea that he was the last of a family of saints. There was a joke for you!

The War had saved the boy from the priesthood, Bart Nugent had thought, and it had also radically altered his philosophy. He had always been interested in architecture, and had gone into it seriously after the War. Bart had written that a nervous disorder had lately developed from overwork, and that he might take to farming for a spell. Perhaps—the coincidence was not beyond thought. It might not be well, however. Amelia might weaken if she saw him. There was no guessing what a woman's reactions might be.

Amelia had loved the boy's father; that he knew. The knowledge had eaten bitterly into his being when he was a younger man and had sought to possess Amelia in a manner different from the way in which he possessed her now. In that earlier passion of the blood he had found himself eternally frustrated. The man who had been gored to death by a bull on his own farm in the distant South had taken Amelia's soul with him, and had unwittingly left her bearing in her body the weapon which Caleb now so adroitly used against her. His control over her, being one of the brain only, altho it achieved his ends, also at moments galled him with the reminder of the spirit of her that had ever eluded him.

Caleb lifted the lantern and examined the wick. Things would turn out to his liking. He would hold the whip-hand. Judith, yes, she was a problem. She had some of his own will, and she hated the soil—was beginning to think she was meant for other things—getting high notions, was Judith. She would have to be broken. She owed him something. The twins, they would stay—no fear of their deserting. Martin and Ellen would not dare to leave; there was no other place for them. And Amelia, she was easy—yes, yes, she was easy, Amelia was!

Caleb glanced again at the coveted bit of woodland, and turned down the ridge toward home. After he had crawled through the barbed-wire fence that surrounded the second hay-field he turned down the wick and blew out the flame in the lantern. No need of wasting oil.

LIND woke to the comfortable drowsiness of farmhouse lofts and piece-quilts, and the inarticulate outdoor sounds of early Spring mornings. Something had wakened her. She did not know then that it was the three knocks of the broom-handle upon the ceiling of the room below, which was nothing else but the planks of the loft floor.

She lifted herself upon her elbow and looked down upon the dusky-rose cheek of the girl beside her. Judith was more than three years younger than Lind, but somehow there was a wisdom that Lind did not share in the bountiful, relaxed beauty of her body as she lay asleep. An intangible fragrance rose from her, like warmth. Lind touched her slightly to waken her. Jude's eyes slowly opened, veiled like a waking child's. She yawned and stretched her round, strong arms above her head. Then she turned over on her stomach and lay for a few moments without speaking. Lind got out of bed and prepared to wash.

"I hate to get up," Jude declared from the pillows. "Some day I'm goin' to have a silk bed and lie in it forever, and hear cows bellowin' right at my elbow and know I don't have to get up to water 'em."

Lind laughed at the absurd picture, while she saw the pathos in it. Three more knocks sounded peremptorily against the floor, and the teacher turned questioningly toward Jude.

Judith drew herself lazily out of bed and began to pull on her stockings under her nightgown.

"You'd better hurry," she said to Lind. "There goes Ellen down."

Lind wrinkled her brows. "You don't mean that *I* must hurry?"

"He won't let breakfast be kept for anybody," Jude told her briefly.

Lind was thoroughly amazed. "But it must be only five o'clock! Whatever shall I do every morning until nine?" she exclaimed.

"H'm—p!" Jude retorted, relishing the perverse contempt she felt for the teacher along with her admiration and envy. "You might milk a cow or two, or chase skunks. There's lots of 'em in the bush. That's Pete after one now. Hear him barkin'? The smell ain't bad—isn't bad—when you get used to it."

The teacher shook herself free from the annoyance she felt at Caleb's rigor, and resolved to make the best of it. After all, it was rather amusing.

Breakfast, it turned out, was a meal eaten in almost complete silence. It was a fixed duty discharged without zest. Except Jude, the children did not seem half awake. The toil of the day before hung about them still like a tedious dream.

"Guess we'll plow up that fallow field over east, after all, Martin," Caleb said, settling back in his chair while he wiped his mustaches with his hand. "Jude can start it all right this morning, eh, Martin?"

Martin continued eating his porridge. He was a slow eater, as he was a thinker. He could not quite appraise the meaning of his father's words. It was folly to seed the worn-out east field this Spring. And as for Jude's plowing it—it was a heavy field, full of stones, difficult enough for a man. And hadn't there been talk of Jude continuing morning school as she had done last year, so that she might write her entrance examinations?

"Well—" Martin began solemnly. His face reddened as he found himself unable to protest. "Guess I could do it. Kind o' tough for Jude."

"Tough for Jude? Pshaw! Hear that, Jude? He says you can't do it! Guess there ain't a field that'd stump you, eh, Jude? Some girl that, Miss Archer. Look at the arm on her! Bigger'n mine. Heh! Heh!"

It was the first time he had addressed Lind that morning. The teacher shrank from the tyranny so thinly veiled behind his jocularity. She ventured to smile at Judith, who appeared not to have heard her father's sally.

After breakfast Judith went out to milk, and Lind accompanied her. The cow-pen was overhung at one end by weeping willows, which were putting forth tiny buds. Judith led her cow to that extremity of the pen.

"It's a little prettier over here," she explained.

The cattle-sheds and the shelters for the other animals were all of gray logs, the low roofs sodded and showing faintly green now, altho it was still cold and raw. The ruts of the cow-pen, since there had been no rain or snow for weeks, were hard as cement, and reminded Lind of the relief-maps children made at school. The deep tracks of the cattle were almost indistinguishable from the human tracks intermingled with them. The cold of Winter had fixed them there, and only the rains of Spring would wash them away.

"WHEN did you stop school, Judie?" Lind asked. She had seated herself on a stone near the girl, and was watching the straight, white stream of milk striking the bottom of the pail with a thin, churring sound. The cow's flanks were satiny, her tail clotted with manure. The animal looked over her shoulder with a round, vague inquiry, and went on chewing her cud.

"Went half a day last year—every morning. Guess I won't go at all this year. He hasn't said, lately. He talked some about it during the freeze-up, and it sort of cheered me up then. But I guess he didn't mean anything by it."

Lind felt her indignation mounting once more against Caleb. This was criminal, denying the girl what education was at hand.

"Oh, my dear, hasn't your mother a thing to say about it? Do you *want* to go?"

"Wantin' and goin' is two different things," she replied, looking into the pail between her knees.

"But, Judith," Lind said earnestly, bending toward her, "is there no way to arrange for your going—can he not do without you here?"

"He *can*, but he won't. There's no use talkin'." Judith shifted her great body on the milk-stool. She seemed to have grown suddenly shy, with this talk that lay so close to her inmost desires.

Lind rose and touched Jude's shoulder. As she did so Caleb appeared from the end of the barn. He glanced sharply toward the girls once, then looked studiously away.

"You'd best go. He ain't likin' you bein' here," said Judith.

Feeling helplessly a culprit, Lind picked her way back across the rutted ground. She decided to go early to the schoolhouse and air the place thoroughly before the children came. It would give her something to do.

THERE stood the schoolhouse, across the trail from the Gare farm. It was low and square, and built of uneven logs; the white paint of it had peeled and fallen off here and there in large flakes. There it stood in unashamed relief against the gray-green haze of spruce and tamarack.

Lind would have liked Judith's company that first day at school. A teacher who had formerly taught at Oeland had told her of how he had actually been trampled in a stampede that had broken out among the young ruffians from beyond Latt's Slough.

By nine o'clock the schoolroom, the porch outside, and the playground were overrun by the youthful demons who had gathered from miles around for what was an acknowledged holiday. Lind rose from her desk and rang a small bell which instantly brought order out of chaos. There was a general scamper indoors, and a hurried selection of the best and most remote seats by the stronger of the small band. Lind looked down upon the children, and saw that every seat was occupied; a condition that would never prevail again throughout the term. The children, some of them six feet tall and well on in their teens, had come from every direction, even from other districts—half of them with the sole purpose of conveying to their elders their impressions of the teacher of Oeland, and with no intention of coming a second day.

Lind sat at her desk and introduced herself. There was dead quiet while she spoke. Every eye was fixed upon her face.

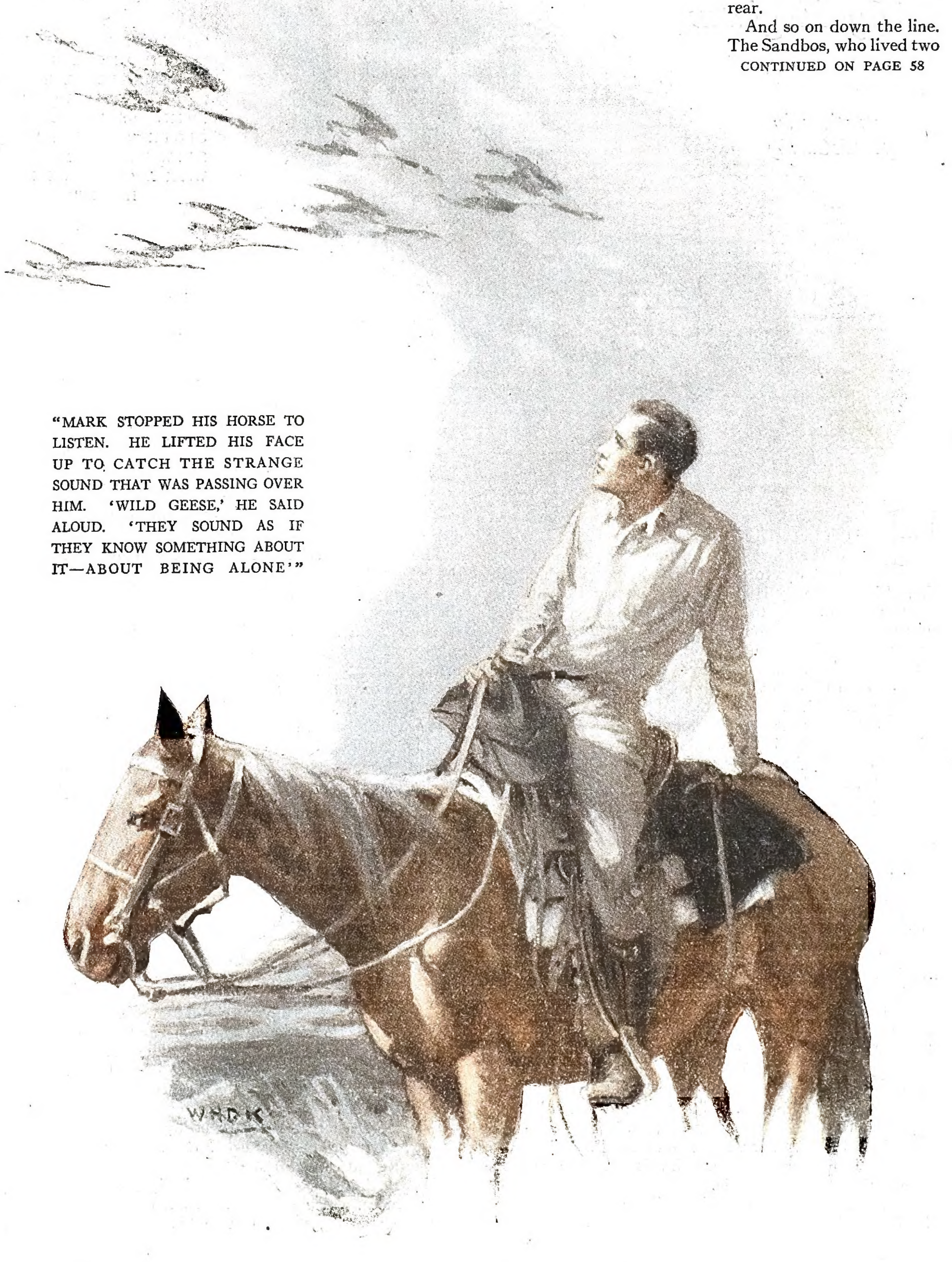
"We are going to have a very nice time together here, I know," said Lind. "You will keep the seats you have for to-day, and to-morrow I shall move you about according to your grades. Don't you think that will be best?" She smiled down at two of the ruddy-cheeked girls who sat together at one desk, and because their opinion was thus sought they nodded their heads energetically, and afterward whispered to each other how pretty the new teacher was.

Lind opened a large black record-book and began to take their names, up one row and down another.

"Thorvaldson—Sophia, Anna, Una," Lind repeated after three little girls in the foreground with pigtails as white as snow. Behind them sat two boys from Yellow Post, half Cree, who did not know their last names and looked back in great fright to their elder brother, who sat in the rear.

And so on down the line. The Sandbos, who lived two

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



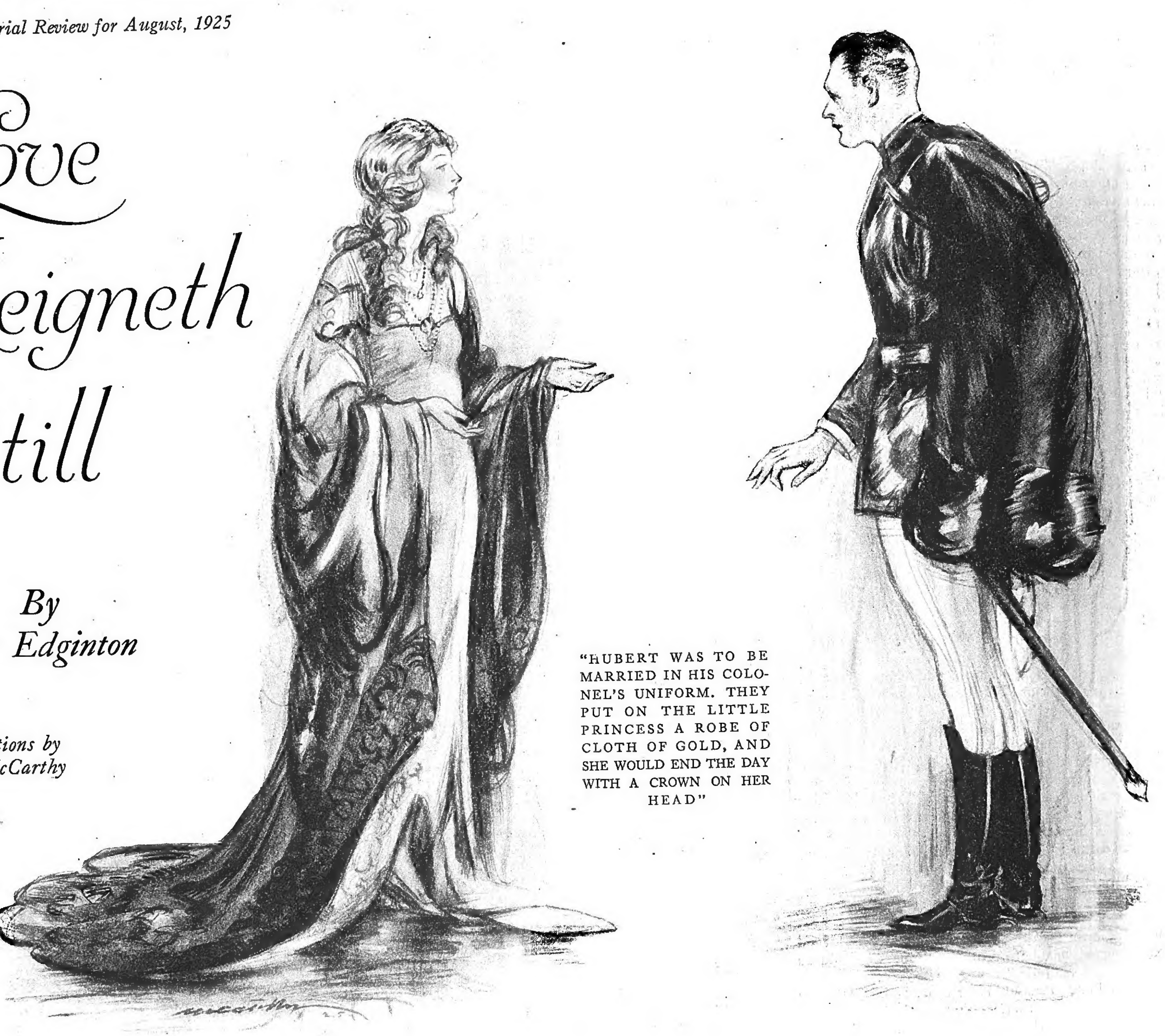
"MARK STOPPED HIS HORSE TO LISTEN. HE LIFTED HIS FACE UP TO CATCH THE STRANGE SOUND THAT WAS PASSING OVER HIM. 'WILD GEESE,' HE SAID ALOUD. 'THEY SOUND AS IF THEY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT IT—ABOUT BEING ALONE'"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Love Reigneth Still

By
May Edginton

Illustrations by
C. J. McCarthy



"HUBERT WAS TO BE MARRIED IN HIS COLONEL'S UNIFORM. THEY PUT ON THE LITTLE PRINCESS A ROBE OF CLOTH OF GOLD, AND SHE WOULD END THE DAY WITH A CROWN ON HER HEAD"

HUBERT sat all alone in a vast gilded writing-room of the Imperial Palace, writing a letter.

It was a love-letter such as any passionate boy might write to the girl of his adoration and desire, altho so shortly Hubert was to be married with the greatest magnificence to another girl altogether; altho so shortly after that he would be crowned a King; altho ever after that—perhaps—such letters must cease.

Or must they? Would they? A King might have a little more of his own will than an orphaned Prince barely twenty years old, dragooned by surely the greatest martinet of a Regent that any kingdom had ever known.

"My dearest Rubia, my darling—" down to the simple tribute of "Your lover—" How full the letter was of heartache, yearning, and despair! And yet it had rapture, too, for somehow that day they would meet; they planned such minutes long ahead with strategy that would have organized an army. Some time that day, between his royal duties and her much simpler common ones, he would hold her in his arms.

"I am so sick of it," said Hubert aloud after the manner of one who, surrounded by people, yet dwells alone, thinks alone, and moves alone. "—— sick of all of it!" And just for a moment he laid his head down upon his arms, sighing.

Hubert had visited most countries of the world in close custody. It had been part of his royal education. He had traveled in a great empire whose young Princes, in spite of performing strenuously all the proper works of such, had an enviable freedom; the very —— of a good time. They were not only allowed but encouraged to consort with commoners. They were full of the laughter of life as well as the seriousness, and they raced and hunted and sailed their yachts, and earned harmlessly gay reputations like any one else. All this was said actually to endear them to their people.

It was not so in the Imperial Palace in the city of Mars in the kingdom of Lorania.

Hubert lifted his head and looked out of the great window nearest him with blurred eyes.

"They say," he thought aloud, "that one gets used to the harness."

Yet he could not believe—never could believe—that, fit the harness never so luxuriously, it would not gall him cruelly. Even when he held up his head before the acclamation of his people—who, he was told, loved him; tho instinctively, from the cradle, he had known that to be a lie—he could not believe that the harness would not gall.

He looked from the great window.

He saw the river, the silver Valia, warmed into blue by the high sun in a turquoise sky. The river skirted all one side of the city, and just where the Palace mounted its banks there was a white bridge of very delicate and beautiful architecture reared over the shining water. Over this bridge passed and repassed his people all day long; horses jingling with bells, drawing their light carts with the big painted wheels, moved across it. While birds seemed always circling above it. On the silver-blue breast of Valia drifted boats with colored sails, and little coracles plying for hire. The boatmen, poor fellows enough, no doubt, sang and plucked at the popular stringed instrument of Lorania, very like a guitar.

On the green lawn beneath the Prince's windows, between the Palace and the river, under the great trees, moved a girl shepherding two children.

Rubia, governess to the family of the Court Chamberlain; Rubia, who would be spirited away, God knows where, and hidden and lost, did any one know!

Hubert looked down deeply upon her from his blurred eyes.

A King need not, perhaps, be quite so careful. One might, anyway, look forward to that.

The Regent came in.

Hubert drew his eyes back, carelessly enough, to the big gilded room, which he hated. It was one of his cozy private apartments, this. But in his travels he had seen the really cozy private rooms of Princes, leathery, smoky; where a man had his cigar and took his whisky just like anybody else.

"You are busy?" said the Regent, but like an autocrat who did not care if his nephew were busy or not.

Hubert drew a sheet of blotting-paper over the letter to Rubia.

"Not too busy to see you, Uncle."

"I have the news you are waiting for so anxiously. The Princess and her parents arrive the day after to-morrow."

Hubert's lips went dry. He did not want to marry any one save Rubia—so soft, so warm, so generous of temperament, such a breast to lean on, such arms to infold her sick-hearted Prince!

He wetted his lips with his tongue and smiled.

"Is the Château Valia ready? So—so soon?"

That was the royal house, on the other side of the white, delicate, and beautiful bridge, which they were preparing for the most important nuptial guests of all, the bride and her royal parents.

"Quite ready, Hubert. It is not, after all, too soon, with the wedding only a week away."

From the windows Hubert could see the domed roof of the Château Valia. All visiting royalties stayed there. It was lovely and had romantic gardens stretching to the river. It had been a favorite playground of babyhood—when he had played, but now a sinister place, with all its eyes fixed expectantly on the Palace just across the water!

"Your betrothed's rooms have been done in pale blue, her favorite color."

"Faint and cold!" thought the Prince sneeringly, aloud.

"Hubert?"

"Pale blue is a faint, cold color, Uncle."

"Very girlish," said the Regent, frowning.

Hubert had his hand lying negligently, for protection, on the blotting-paper that covered the letter to Rubia. Its passion seemed to come through to him, to keep him in contact with all that was warm and living. Ardor like a flame lay just under his hand.

His uncle, the Regent, was an old and pedantic man, harnessed so long to one office of state or another that he was just like an ancient horse tied to the ceremonial coach, and that was all. They said he was a strong man.

"What is strength?" mused the Prince, aloud.

"These irrelevancies—" the Regent began.

"I wonder if she will see," said the Prince, sneering in melancholy fashion, "how my beloved people hate me."

The Regent denied this in a very long, old, cold procession of lies.

RUBIA was in Hubert's arms.

Moon over Valia, star-dust like precious gold over the city of Mars, the city sleeping. It could be managed. There was always some menial fellow who could be bribed by the knowledge that the regency was short and the kingship might be long, and that there are many privy gifts in a monarch's hand. Such a fellow—not worth noting save for his uses—could watch hours and opportunities and bring Rubia to Hubert, or Hubert to Rubia.

A little locked arbor in that part of the gardens nearest the Prince's most private suite—that staged their young passion and their hopeless yearnings.

Hubert used to talk and talk. He used to lean his head on Rubia's pulsing breast, the only place where he could be weak, where he could weep, storm, or love; and those marvelous arms of hers would encircle him.

She knew the marriage was approaching.

Hubert gave her gifts, jewels that she must hide away.

"When I am really King," he would say, kissing her all over her warm face, "it can be different for us."

He said, "I shall have a cold wife, like my father had, chosen for me, instead of you, my dear."

He so wished and wished that he could descend from his high place to her who loved him. He whispered with an aching heart, "You are the only one who truly loves me, Rubia, who would die for me for love. I have soldiers, I have sailors, and statesmen and diplomats who would die for me because they are paid to do it, or because of what they call honor. But you, Rubia, would die for me just for love."

Rubia whispered it back, "I would die for you just for love."

THE little Princess sat under a flowering tree in the fairy gardens of the Château Valia, and she stared across the water. The roofs of the Palace spread shining white in the sun. The little coracles and sailing boats drifted on the river.

Just across the water the fairy Prince—and romance?

The little Princess Irene, who was weeping in a quiet, childish way, made a face at the Palace. She had no illusions any more. Illusions lay behind her in the dreaming country of childhood, in the nurseries, the schoolrooms, the gardens, the forests, the playgrounds at home.

She was seventeen, and about to be the bride of a King. Their mutual coronation would follow hard on their stately wedding; pageant upon pageant.

She had seen Hubert several times altogether at different periods. He had paid a state visit to her home, and traveled the country, accorded the royal train and all privileges of one so distinguished. He had inspected the army and the fleet—looking strangely pale and young and lonely—and been made a toy Admiral, and accepted courtesy honors at learned universities, and gone home again.

She had been uneasy. All her younger brothers and sisters had been uneasy. Underneath all their happiness and simplicity they had been sternly taught. They knew the penalties of being royal.

Dracon.

The Princess Irene's forlorn heart warmed.

Far away, at home, where she played so joyously with her brothers and sisters, there had been plebeian playmates in the fields and forests—Dracon the dearest. Dracon, who grew up with them—tho just a few years older—Dracon, who had followed in their train, showing them how to make splendid bows and arrows, teaching them wild, fine games, leading them to the rarest birds' nests; Dracon, the son of the second house-steward in the royal home.

When she had told Dracon—but bravely—of the terror to befall her——

She could hear Dracon's voice still, as they stood under the trees of the forest, just by the wide, green ride where they all raced their ponies:

"If you go away to be a Queen I shall go, too, to be near you."

"Why, Dracon?" she asked, half child, half woman. "Do you love me?"

"It is a secret, of course," said Dracon humbly, "for you are you and I am I, but I would die just for love of you."

"Oh! if just one friend were near me when I am in Lorania!"

"You will be a Queen," said Dracon. "But—you can stretch out your hand, Highness."

Wherefore the Princess Irene had a secret.

Dracon was now here!

From humble lodgings, near the Château Valia, he had let her know, so cunningly.

If one were not a Princess, soon to be a Queen; if one might love Dracon!

"Soldiers and sailors die for us," thought Irene; "it is their duty. Servants serve us; they are paid. Only Dracon would serve and die for love."

She was less forlorn for the thought of it.

Last night he had come beneath her window—slipping by the guards—and held up a branch of flowers to her. As she leaned out he had climbed, holding on by the great knotted branches of the wisteria on the wall, so that she could take the flowers.

When she was a Queen, this, her most faithful one, should be preferred. Her innocent heart did not yet think guiltily of secret lovers.

She looked out over the white and exquisite bridge over which soon, it was understood, Hubert would come driving to pay his respects. That cold, old, gray man, the Regent, would sit beside him.

She knew that soon she must go in so that they might dress her golden hair, tumbled with lying in the grass under the flowering tree.

Indeed, at that very moment a scandalized, pitiful lady-in-waiting came seeking her.

SHE was to receive Hubert alone.

In a white Summer gown she sat in the pale-blue boudoir that had been arranged for her, and waited.

Hubert came in, and they looked at each other long and strangely, courteously, yet with hostility and self-compassion. He saw her "faint and cold." She saw him, the aloof and wretched boy who had visited them last year; the dark, tall, delicate, injured boy so remote from her and her brothers and sisters. He did not now wear any of those courtesy uniforms in which he had been so splendid and so ridiculous at banquets and levees; he was in a suit of pale gray, with a camellia buttonhole, and looked entirely reluctant and very precise.

He advanced with grace, and kissed her hand.

They sat together, but a yard apart, on the pale-blue brocade window-seat overlooking that bank of Valia.

They made talk.

At last the talk came, by way of discussion of the art galleries of Mars, the scheme of the fairy garden of Château Valia, inquiries and answers as to those members of her family left at home, and such like postponements of the dread subject, to the ceremonial of the wedding, which even then in preparation occupied hundreds of skilled brains, eyes, and hands.

Hubert told her, in accents of which he did not realize the despair, of the plan for the state procession. There were trivial details on which could be allowed the courtesy of asking her wishes.

She had no wishes.

All her wishes lay behind her, in her dear playgrounds with her dear sisters, her even dearer brothers, with their dear ponies, their dear dogs, their dear rabbits and birds and cats and mice and hens and the sweet motherless lamb that the youngest of that royal family was bringing up by milk-bottle. There was nothing to wish here.

Her fair hair felt suddenly heavy on her head, like a gold crown.

"Did you want to come?" said Hubert in a gentle, cold voice.

"I am afraid not—if that doesn't offend you."

"It doesn't offend me. I did not want you to come either, if that does not offend you."

"I am not offended. It is really rather friendly to be able to tell each other."

"And it has to be."

They looked at each other with patient eyes.

Hubert rose, took her hand, and bent over it.

"I shall try to make you happy," he said, thinking—with what despair!—"Rubia! Rubia!"

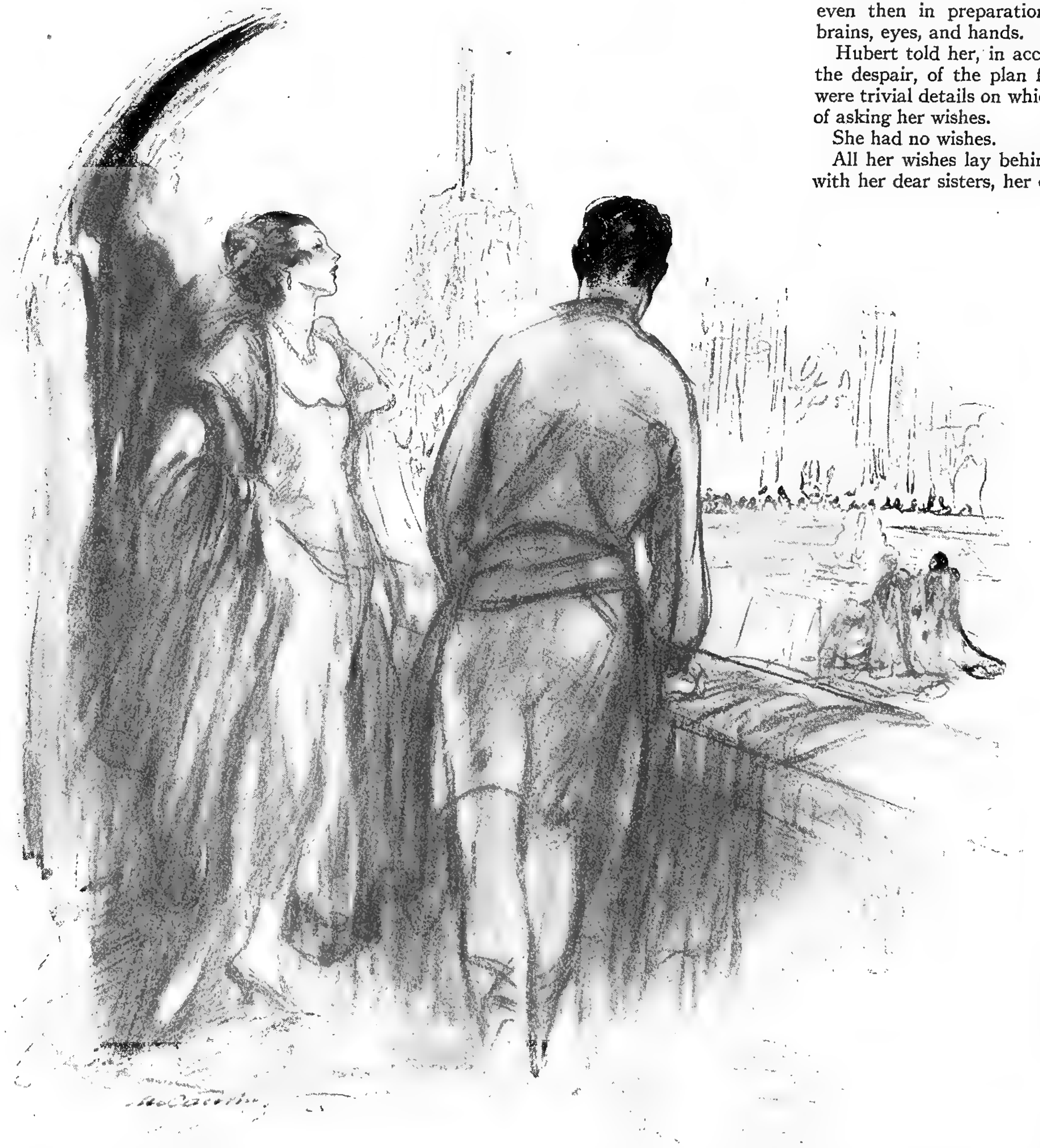
"Thank you," she answered.

Hubert straightened himself, looked at her a little dubiously, kissed her cheek. It was a wistful kiss, longing to be on Rubia's red lips.

The cheek was cold.

"There is a luncheon, as you know, at the Palace to-day," said Hubert, "and to-night the banquet to all the Ambassadors."

He bowed himself out.



"RUBIA AND DRACON WERE WITHDRAWN A LITTLE FROM THE OTHER GROUPS IN THE GALLERY. PETTY OFFICIALS STOOD SOMEWHAT HAUGHTILY ALOOF FROM A GOVERNESS AND HER PEASANT FRIEND. 'SHE LOOKED UP!' SAID RUBIA. DRACON ANSWERED WITH A SMALL LAUGH, 'I GOT A MESSAGE TO HER. SHE KNOWS THAT I AM HERE'"

THERE was a man who was very diligent those days. That was a man called Dracon Talli. He did not disguise his name. Why should he? It was an obscure one. He was lodging in the city in a humble street not so very far from the loveliness of the Château Valia, and he was an expert in precious stones. He was seeking a position among the fashionable jewelers of Mars. He had studied his trade in Amsterdam and in Vienna, he said, which was true. He had the advantage of brief courses of study in both places. He came from the Princess Irene's country and had done a good deal of work there. This also was true.

He had been already allowed, even at the age of twenty-two, to do small repairs to the jewels of the ladies there, for he was very handsome; a gallant to look at. He was rather like a faun of the woods, or, perhaps, for he was not small-built, one would say he was like the king of fauns. Among the jewelers of Mars—being himself a visitor of some interest owing to the connection between his nationality and the approaching nuptials—he picked up the political and Court rumors of Lorania, returning them in kind.

This young man, Dracon Talli, was setting himself to find out how the land lay around his Princess. He wanted to hear what sort of a fellow, privately, Hubert was; he wanted to hear of the etiquette and routine of the Court, and of its composite human parts, and of its intrigues, and of the temper of the people.

He heard it barely whispered, on the breath of a wind as it were, that the Court Chamberlain's family had a beautiful young governess. And some one said that some one said that some one observed the Prince looking down upon her as she walked with her charges past the windows in front of the Palace. The Prince, it was said, had this habit of sweeping the river and the town with a very fine pair of field-glasses. It was wondered whether he did not observe more than he was supposed to do; more than that —— autocrat of a Regent; if, in fact, he had not observed for himself the temper of the people.

The temper of the people! This young stranger with the attuned ears of a faun heard it quaking and rising from far, far down where, beneath the strata of beauty, of pomp and wealth, misery was crushed, smoldering.

The governess of the Court Chamberlain intrigued this stranger. He thought: He must meet her, talk with her, somehow, as she walked with her charges along the boulevards of the city.

There was an ornamental park, owning a pond with swans upon it, where she took these two children sometimes to play.

Dracon Talli sat upon the same seat with her. The seat ran round the trunk of a flowering chestnut-tree. One smelled the extraordinary sweetness of the chestnut-blossoms. The governess did not read or knit or sew, or scribble letters after the manner of her kind, while the children fed the proud black swans, but she sat with her hands fallen idly into her lap, looking toward the shining roofs of the Palace that reared above the city.

The king of fauns, who had played with a wild bunch of royal children and taught them wood-lore and bird-lore and beast-lore, knew woman-lore, himself, too. Observing Rubia, he observed the fulness of her carmine lips, the greed of life on her lovely face, and the strength of her and the craft that she brought to bear upon life. She had long eyes, that slanted a little upward at the outer corners, fascinatingly, orientally, and soon she turned these upon Dracon.

Soon they were speaking, while the children fed the black swans. Soon she was learning that he came from the royal bride's country, while he understood that she was a subject of the royal bridegroom.

Soon he knew how true were his thoughts, and the whisper that had been barely whispered as it were on the breath of a wind.

Soon Rubia, with her wits all alive, had begun to ask questions about the Princess.

Had she wished to come?

Did she want to be Queen of Lorania?

Did she love the Prince, who did not love her? said Rubia, in a flame of female triumph.

Was she as pretty as the newspapers were told to say?

Was she really as simple and virtuous——?

Dracon knew here that Rubia understood him. He touched her hand respectfully, noting at the same time its velvet texture.

"You and I," he said, looking to the dome of the Château Valia, just visible between the trees that, here and there, fringed the river, "are passengers in the same ship; wanting the same shore. It is strange that we should meet."

"We should be able to help each other," said Rubia.

"So beautiful a woman as you needs no help."

He looked back from the Château Valia to Rubia, to the thick, velvety damask of her cheek. She was a strong, glorious girl, voluptuous, and yet shrewdly clever; of the stuff of which great courtezans are made.

"I want to be able to show some of my work to the ladies at the Palace sometimes," he said. "I make jewelry."

Rubia answered, "I could arrange that for you through the Chamberlain's wife."

And she said, "There is a great banquet to-night to all the Ambassadors. I should like to look over from the gallery and see your Princess."

"No more than I should like to look over from the gallery and see your Prince."

"I can look if I like," said Rubia; "it is a privilege allowed to a few people on the staff of the household."

"Seeing how we could help each other, I really think—"

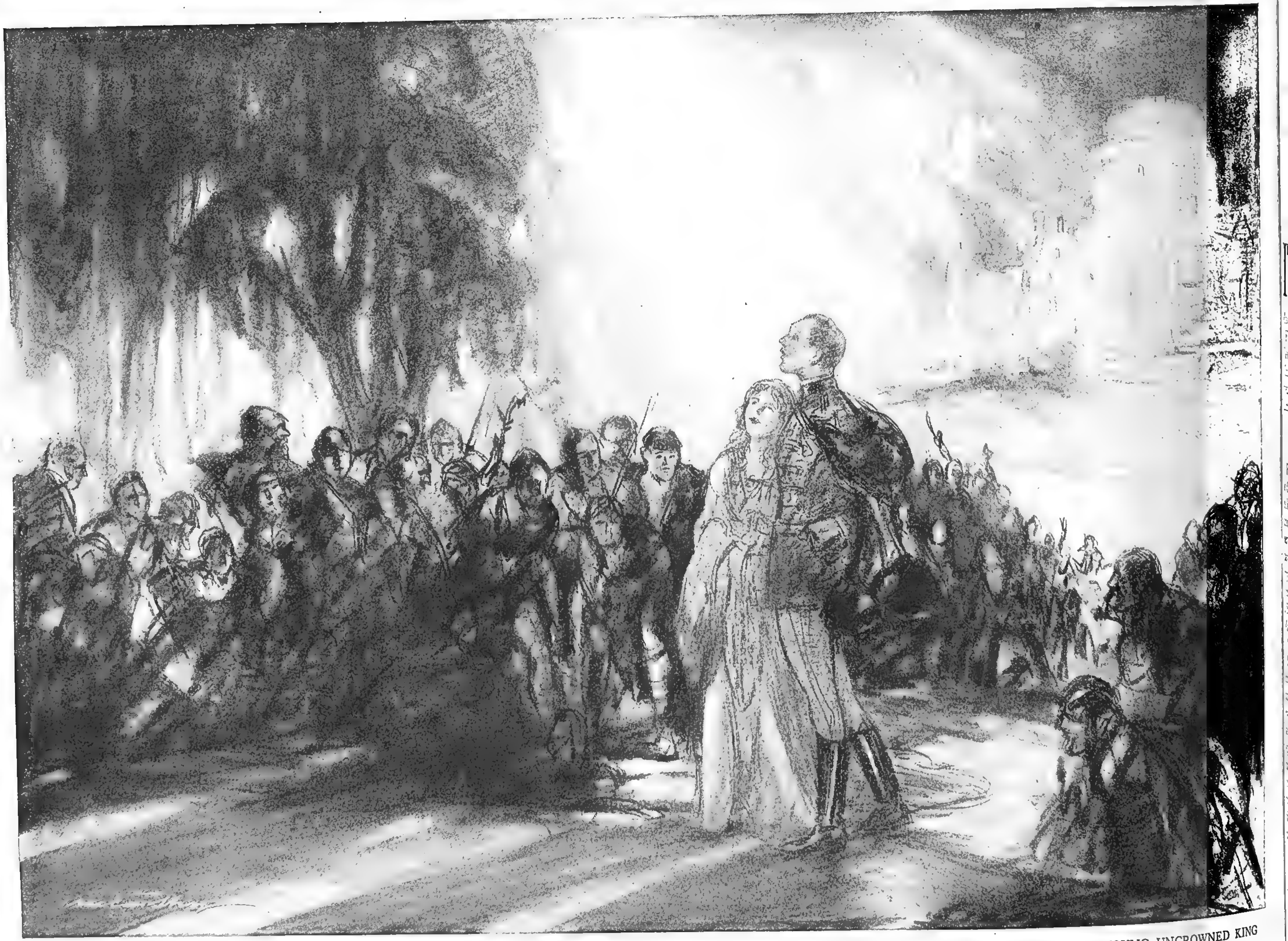
"I am allowed to take a friend, whom I can vouch for," said Rubia. "But you had better give me your name so that I can arrange the passes with the Chief Steward."

"Dracon Talli. If any difficulty arises, an appeal to the Princess herself——"

"Or to the Prince," said Rubia jealously.

The Palace guard was drawn up in two lines, flanking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89



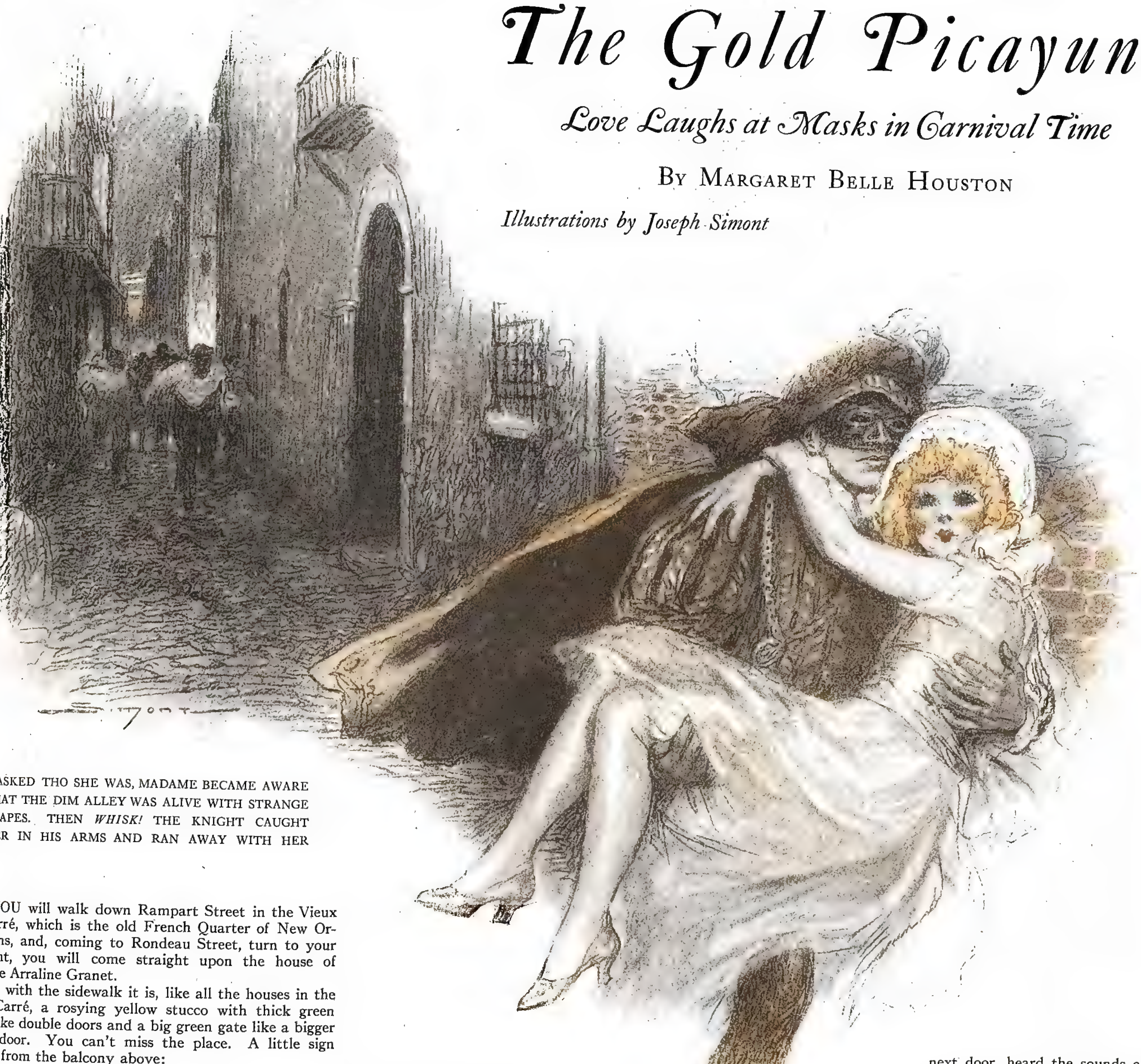
"THEN THE PEOPLE SAW THEM COMING, THE TWO WARRIOR-CHILDREN ABOUT TO DIE. THEY SAW THE YOUNG UNCROWNED QUEEN AND HER YOUNG UNCROWNED KING IN HIS BEAUTIFUL UNIFORM OF BLUE-GRAY ALL LACED WITH SILVER, THE SUN SHINING UPON THEM. THE CONFUSED CRIES OF THE THRONGS OF PEOPLE CEASED SUDDENLY, AND THEY STOOD STILL IN JUMBLED CROWDS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE WIDE, WHITE ROAD"

The Gold Picayune

Love Laughs at Masks in Carnival Time

By Margaret Belle Houston

Illustrations by Joseph Simont



MASKED THO SHE WAS, MADAME BECAME AWARE THAT THE DIM ALLEY WAS ALIVE WITH STRANGE SHAPES. THEN *WHISK!* THE KNIGHT CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS AND RAN AWAY WITH HER

IF YOU will walk down Rampart Street in the Vieux Carré, which is the old French Quarter of New Orleans, and, coming to Rondeau Street, turn to your right, you will come straight upon the house of Madame Arraline Granet.

Flush with the sidewalk it is, like all the houses in the Vieux Carré, a rosying yellow stucco with thick green blinds like double doors and a big green gate like a bigger double door. You can't miss the place. A little sign dangles from the balcony above:

MADAME GRANET
COSTUMES POUR LE CARNAVAL

Perhaps that is what you have come for—a *costume pour le Carnaval.* Well, pull the little chain that hangs from a hole in the gate. You will hear the tinkle of a lazy bell, and presently will come Bobo, Madame's little black serving-boy, and you will enter from the sun into a brick-paved patio, shaded and cool, with bushes of flowering myrtle and Cape jasmine, pinks and honeysuckles, and yonder a parrakeet dozing on his perch, and at your right a little, curved green stair. And down this stair will come Madame, for she sews up-stairs.

"*Bon jour*, my frien'. Go in de parlor. I will come."

She has said this so many times that she speaks it quite intelligibly. So you go into the first door off the patio into a room whose blinds open on the street—if they are ever opened—a room with the highest ceiling you ever saw, and long mirrors in tarnished gilt frames, and a black square piano, and a big fireplace—a beautiful, indolent, dusty, old room. And presently will come Madame, followed by Bobo, his loose sandals slapping the floor, his rigid black hands bearing a tray on which repose a plate of little cakes and glasses of iced orange-juice, or, if the day is not too warm, cups of black coffee.

Oh, she will treat you very nicely, will Madame, and she will rig you out in as beautiful or as bizarre a costume as you may desire, and she will charge you enough, to be sure, for *le Carnaval* comes but once a year.

Funny little Madame Granet! But she isn't Madame, really; she's Mademoiselle. She never had a lover in her life, to say nothing of a husband. But that is the way with the Vieux Carré. Arraline should have become Madame twenty years ago (at the very least!), so the Vieux Carré had gradually and firmly christened her as such. And Arraline had acquiesced in the tactful ceremony and hung out her sign. She didn't know why she hadn't had a lover, but she surmised, and you and I would have known immediately on seeing her.

That funny little face! Even twenty years ago, at the proper time for marrying, it had been a funny little face—like a monkey's, with bright-brown eyes and an incredibly funny nose. If a young man of those days had heard what a gay heart had Arraline, what stored-up treasures of tenderness and sunshine—if he had heard and said, "I will go and make her my wife," he might have gone, but he would never have proposed. He would just have fallen alaughing at that funny little face. I don't mean that it was repulsive. It was just comical. And marriage is no joke. It was just the face of one to make you a clown costume or a goblin suit, to rig you out as a gnome or a brownie, but not to sit opposite you at breakfast for the rest of your life.

Ah, well! Arraline was forty-three now, and she had about quit worrying over it. Sometimes she felt that a little memory or two might have helped, but even so, she was very happy at times, happier than any *man* among us would believe.

In fact, on the day of which I write Madame was simply too happy to be hot. She sat in the high-ceilinged front room and played "Showers of Pearls" on the black square piano. Old Clotilde, who kept the needle-and-pin shop next door, heard the sounds and said, "Arraline feel good. She have finished sewing. She will go to de parade ter-morrer."

And that was true. To-morrow would be the last day of the Carnival, when *Rex* would enter in state, the big iron key to the city lying on a cushion on his lap, the gorgeous procession of floats trundling behind, and all the people in masks. Madame had gone to that parade every year of her life. She had never been a part of it, except in the masks and costumes she had contributed, but it was a part of her. Her child-heart—without which no one may actually enter the kingdom of Mardi Gras—loved all the sounds of it, all the tumult and the tinsel and the smells. Yes, she was going.

But that was not why she played "Showers of Pearls" on this hot March day. She played because Julie was coming, and because she was going to surprize Julie with the loveliest costume in the world.

Julie was Madame's niece, her brother's child. She lived on a plantation between New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Julie came in every year for the Carnival, but always before she had been just a little girl. She had merely held to Madame's hand and watched. Now she was eighteen, which was very different. First she was going to a luncheon up-town with twenty other girls and boys. They were to dress as dolls, and after the luncheon they were to put on masks and enter the parade in a decorated float.

Julie should have come in before, but she had been delayed. There were smears and tear-stains on the letter she had written Tante Arraline, a letter not clear to

Madame at best, for Julie's mother was "Américaine," and Julie was not being raised on "gumbo French."

What Madame did discover from that letter was that Julie was to attend the party in a white dress with blue ribbons, a dress she had worn as a child. Would Tante Arraline save her a mask?

Julie wear an old dress to the Carnival! Madame passed from horror to inspiration. The word "doll" exalted her. She fed on it as a poet feeds on a word. And the dress that she evolved was a poem, indeed—a joy, a dream, a delicious miracle of a dress. Madame began to sing as she played "Showers of Pearls."

A tinkle of the gate bell. Madame was up and down the step before the first slap of Bobo's sandals.

Julie! Julie with red roses in her hat! Julie with her cropped black curls, her lashes, her little white teeth, her gold-brown glance.

"Oh, *ma petite!* You's a lit' bit early. Bobo, you lezzy goat, de bags! Oh, I so hap' dat you come so quick, Julie!"

Julie was little and gay like Madame, with Madame's tiny hands and feet. (Moreover, you *noticed* Julie's hands and feet, which you never did with Madame's.) Indeed, Julie was Madame all over except for that funny little face. Ah, but Madame was glad that the *bon Dieu* in making Julie had left off that funny little face!

"Regard de patio!" Madame was delaying the moment when she should surprize Julie. "Bobo have sweep him for you." She pointed to the persimmon-tree by the parrakeet's perch. "See de lit' pussy-man tree. He bloom for you—and Josephine," indicating the parrakeet, "he wek up be-cause you come."

Julie regarded these familiar wonders affectionately. But she must go up-stairs and shake out her things. So they followed Bobo up the stair and along the balcony of the patio to the room Julie always slept in.

And there was the dress spread over a chair—chiffon pink as a peach-blossom, the flounciest, filmiest, softest, rosiest thing you ever saw.

Julie stopped still.

"Whose is that?" she whispered.

"Yoze!" cried Madame, hands clasped under her chin, her eyes shining into Julie's.

Julie moved, touched the dress, lifted the short skirt. And there on the chair were all the little pink underthings, the pink-silk stockings, and the tiny silver slippers.

Perhaps you have seen slippers like those, shining and arched with pointed toes and little straps held down with rhinestones. Julie never had. They don't grow on plantations. She turned with a wild breath and flung her arms about Madame's neck.

"Put dem on," whispered Madame. "Tek off yo' thangs and put dem all on."

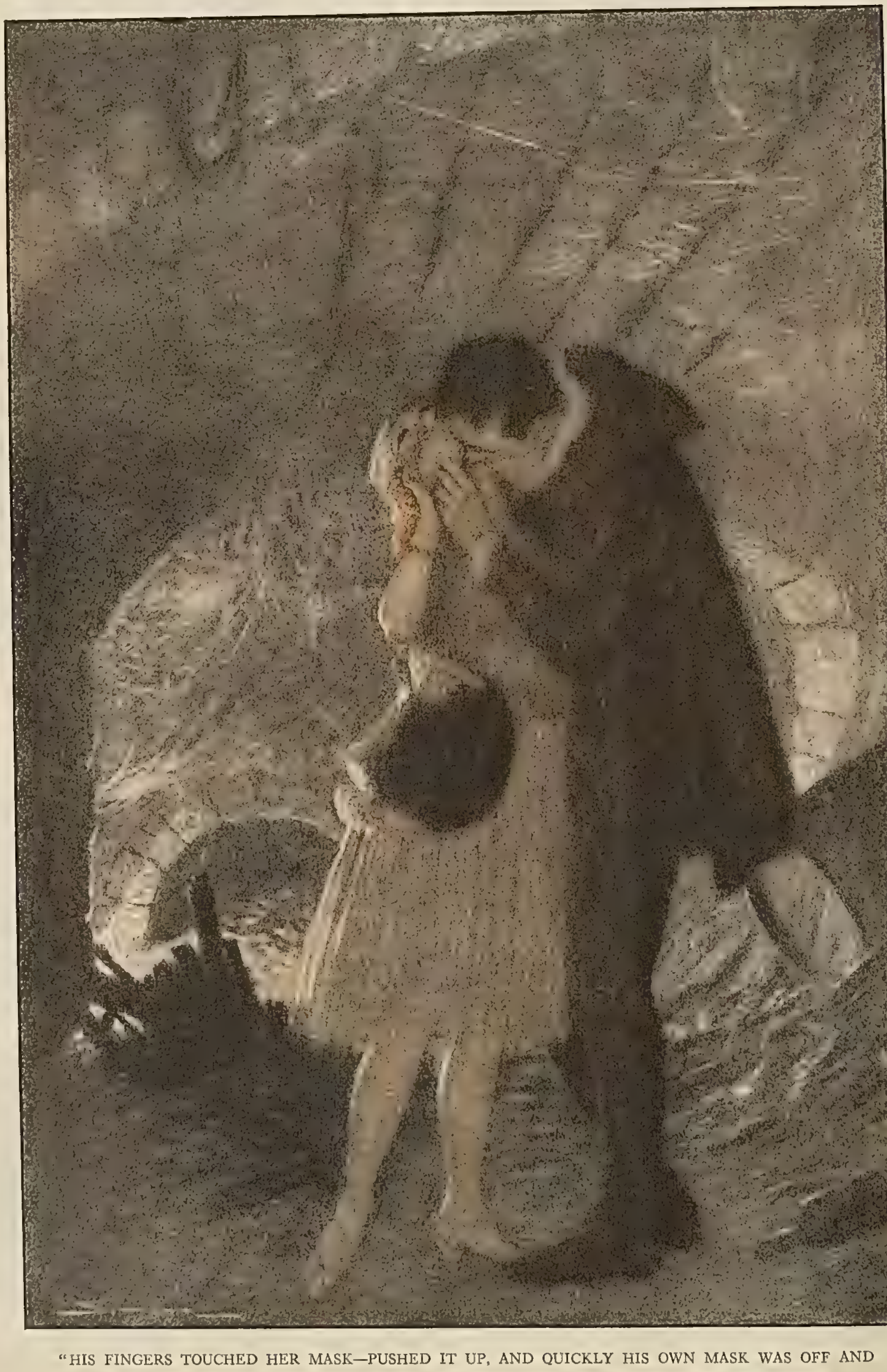
Julie obeyed. It was like the sudden blooming of a rose. She twirled before the long mirror. She danced. Madame, who had seen Julie happy many times, had never seen her so happy as this. She was laughing, but her eyes were wet.

"Oh, deze slipp's!" laughed Julie, dropping into the dialect as she did sometimes. It had been the "baby talk" of her first years. "Oh, deze pink dress!"

Madame nodded, watching her.

"You love dat draiss be-cause he is de fust party-draiss you have. I be sorry, me, when you git so many draiss, so many party you ain't laugh and cry sem time no mo'.

"Julie, listen. One day I find a picayune. I ain't never have no money. Dat when I's a lit' chile and tek music-lesson. Dey whip me to mek me set on stool down-stairs. Dat time I find de picayune I so hap' and glad I learn 'Showers of Pearls.' He de only piece I learn clair through. I play him now when I git hap' and glad. But I ain't nev' so hap' no mo' when I gits money—dollars, five dollars, honderd dollars. Dat picayune—he were jus' a lit' copper picayune, but he were de fust one, de only one. He were gold."



"HIS FINGERS TOUCHED HER MASK—PUSHED IT UP, AND QUICKLY HIS OWN MASK WAS OFF AND HIS FACE AGAINST HERS. 'YOU DEAR—YOU DARLING! YOU WON'T SEND ME AWAY'"

Julie was humming softly.

"Is there a mask, Tante Arraline?"

There was. There was also a wig of golden ringlets and a pink-tulle hat that tied under the chin. Julie laughed again.

"Now I know," she said, "now I know why I have felt all along that I should meet *him* at the Carnival. I'm going to meet him, whoever he is. Won't it be thrilling?"

"De fust one. De only one," said Madame.

Julie had put on the mask, a beautiful, blank, pink-and-white countenance of molded gauze that hid her dusky, glowing face completely. Even the eyes were painted over, blue as violets. Julie put on the hat.

"In this dress and this hat," she said, "how can he help loving me?"

"Yes. Often it is de draiss. Any man muss love you in anythang. But many a man have marry a draiss of mine."

Julie sat down and took off a silver slipper. It hurt her foot, she said.

"*Mais, non!*" cried Madame. "Yo' foot is no bigger dan mine. Put him back on and stretch him."

But Julie took off the other slipper.

"I will wear the white ones that I brought," she said, and looked very tired.

"Oh, my *pauvre petite!*" cried Madame. "You muss go to bed early. I will give you yo' sup'—queek. He is a long ride from de plantaish'. You go to bed and rest, and in de mornin' doze foot—he will be li'l' ag'in."

IT WAS late in the night that Madame heard the scream. She knew that it was Julie's scream even before she was thoroughly awake. She rushed barefoot upon the balcony, into Julie's room. And there stood Julie before the mirror, a lighted candle in her hand.

"Look at me!" screamed Julie, and turned to Madame a face—oh, such a face! A face that looked as if it had a plum in each jaw, a face like a distorted moon.

Madame clutched her.

"Who have do dat? Oh, my po' Julie—is you crezzy?"

For Julie was pushing her off.

"It's mumps. Keep away, or you'll get it too."

"Kip away!" Madame was infolding her in a tight embrace. "How you git doze mump?"

"I was exposed. They thought the time was up and let me come. I was feeling awful, but I came." Julie looked again in the mirror and flung herself on the bed.

"Oh, to think," she wailed, "to think I spend the year at the plantation where there's nothing but pigs and mud andd arkies and mules and my face is perfectly good, and now I come in town and look like——"

"Po' lit' Julie!" Madame covered her with the big white spread. "I nev' have doze mump. I don't know what you give him. I go next do' and tellyphone. You be 'fraid by yo'self?"

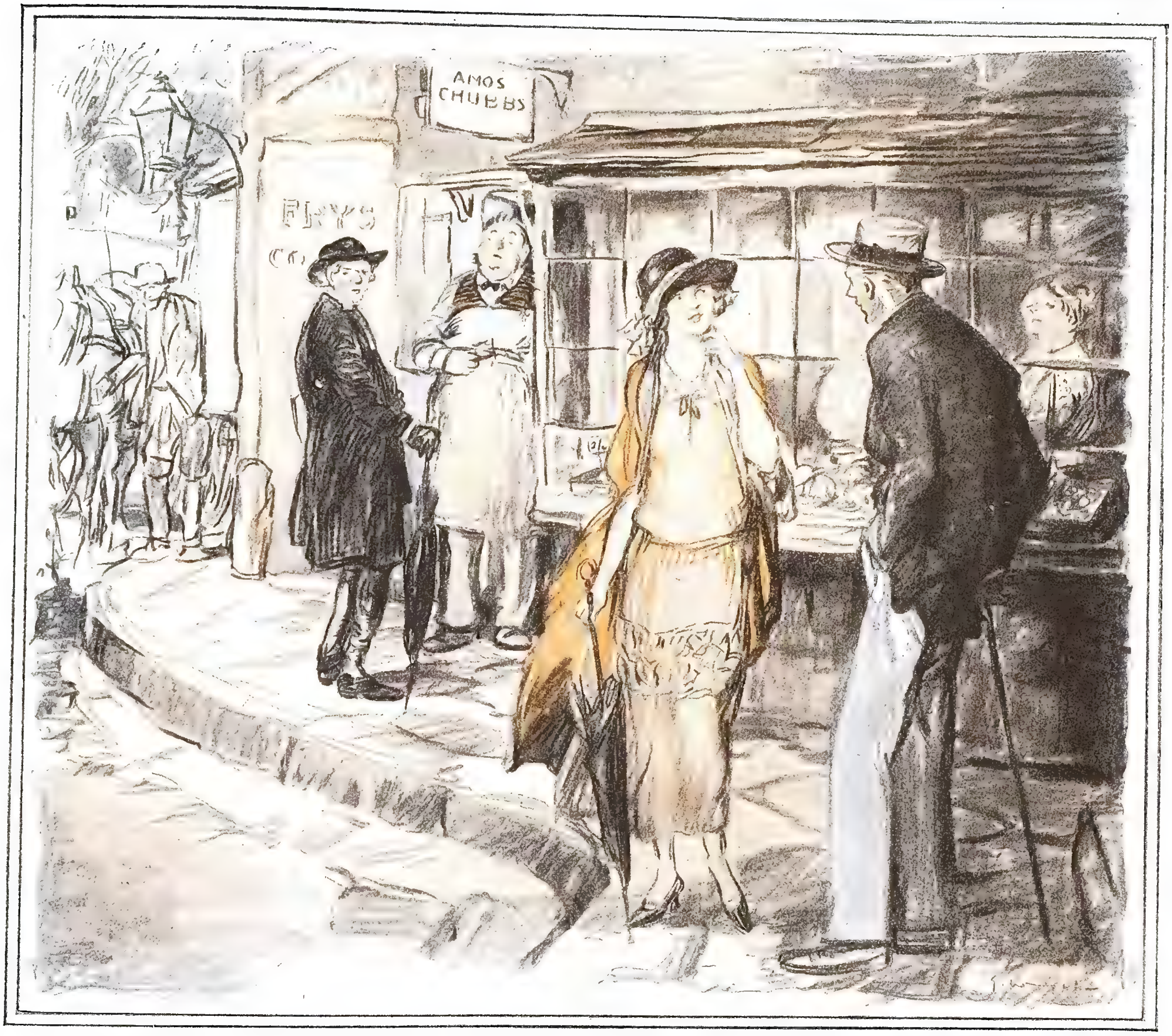
"What should I be afraid of?" demanded Julie. "The worst that can happen has happened to me."

"Po' lit' Julie!" The up-town doctor, the only one Madame could get, pronounced the stern mumps law, sentenced her to bed, sentenced her to prison in the little room with all the world of Mardi Gras outside. He sent a nurse to sit with her, and Madame—and Bobo, too, whose past was innocent of mumps—was left outside. The nurse was fat and tired, and grateful for this easy case. She dozed most of the time, and Madame came often to the window and looked at Julie.

That very morning Madame took out the dress and carried it into the room where she sewed. It was the room above the parlor, and its blinds opened upon the balcony from which hung the sign. All morning Madame heard the revelers running along the rue Rondeau, laughing, shouting, singing; and when she looked through the blinds she saw them—in costumes of every color, in masks of every shape and kind. There wasn't a mask among them so beautiful as Julie's mask.

Madame went back to Julie's window, and the nurse was awake and scolded her. Madame went back to the room where she sewed and picked up Julie's mask. If Julie wore the mask, couldn't she go to the Carnival? Madame went back to the window and mentioned the idea to the nurse.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93



"MISS CHARLESWORTH, THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER, BEGAN TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN HIM, AND FOR A NICE GIRL TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN HIM WAS, HIS MOTHER KNEW, THE BEST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO HIM"

Henry and The Muse

Youth Will Have Its Fling in Spite of Doting Mothers

BY SUSAN ERTZ

Illustrations by George Wright

IT IS rarely true of mothers that they love their unsuccessful children more than they love their successful ones; they are merely, in their pity and loyalty, anxious that the world should think they do. Anxious, moreover, that the failure should think so too.

That he was his mother's favorite son was one of Henry Sharland's few profound convictions. She preferred him, he believed, to the robust and flourishing Ernest and Robert—therefore he was superior to them. He took pride in the fact that he lacked every one of their qualities. He had no ambitions whatsoever. He hated work or any sort of effort. He couldn't, poor soul, concentrate on anything long enough to finish it, whether it were a jig-saw puzzle, the latest book, or the mowing of the front lawn. He was an odd and unhealthy child born into a particularly normal and healthy family. A throwback, probably, for in two generations of Sharlands and Gwynnes there had been no one in the least like him.

If his mother grieved over him, she grieved in secret, and it was not until he had reached his twenty-fourth birthday that she began to grow seriously concerned about him. He was quite content, it appeared, to do nothing whatever for the rest of his days. He was content to moon about the village, to sit about the house, to play little, harmless practical jokes on Laura, the cook-general. Mrs. Sharland found the contempt that her two elder sons felt for her poor Henry hard to bear. And not only they but her friends as well took her to task about him.

"You pamper him," they said. "Turn him out-of-doors. Make him work. It's high time he did. Let him scratch for himself."

But she had no desire whatever to turn him out, and no belief, either, in the efficacy of such a step. It wasn't only that she dreaded having to live alone; and the idea of Henry scratching for a living was ludicrous. He wouldn't scratch long. He would either succumb or return miserably to the maternal roost.

And he was companionable enough, especially when he wasn't trying to show off. Then he was apt to be very tiresome indeed, as he had a way of repeating, parrot-like, any stray sayings that struck him as clever or odd, and, having no opinions of his own, he was overhospitable to the opinions of others, particularly those that, being cheap, sounded profound.

He turned white with fury when Robert sent him a second-hand set of Kipling for his birthday.

"Kipling! Good Heavens! Kipling! All about soldiers and strong men and the empire and the Queen."

"Well," said his mother, "surely those are all good things."

It was all so hopelessly out of date, he explained, making futile gestures with his long arms. As for the empire, it was decaying, and the sooner it decayed the better.

"The sooner we become a second-rate power," he declared, fidgeting with his collar, and feeling nervous lest he should have forgotten what he wanted to quote, "the better. Then perhaps we shall stop being a race of beef-eating Philistines, and poetry and the arts will have a chance to flourish."

"It's strange you should talk like that," his mother protested. "If you cared anything for poetry and the arts—but you don't."

"I dislike them less than I dislike most things," returned Henry.

"Well, I often wish," she said, seizing the opportunity to slip in a forlorn hope of hers, "that you would try to write. There have been several writers in the Sharland family and one quite famous one in mine."

Henry's upper lip expressed contempt.

"If I did write," he said, "it would be worse than useless. Look at the taste of the public to-day."

She tried not to mind his saying this.

"The public has all sorts of tastes," she told him quietly. "It likes every sort of thing. And never in the history of the world has it been more tolerant."

He shook his head.

"I would never be understood."

She blushed for him and changed the subject.

Poor Henry! But, after all, he had no bad habits. He spent hardly any money; he was kind to children in a patronizing and grown-up way, and he did not dislike animals. Cats he admired very much, for he said their thought-processes interested him. Sometimes he forgot himself and was quite simple and natural, and didn't try to cover up his lack of wits with smart sayings. And sometimes he was boisterous and lively and laughed very loudly, and enjoyed chasing the hens, and liked to dress up in ridiculous clothes.

At such times Mrs. Sharland told herself that there really was more in Henry than met the eye. If only she could manage to persuade Robert and Ernest and the world in general that there was! Their contempt wounded her cruelly. And because she was so often unhappy and anxious she sought solace in her own room overlooking the garden, and in her own thoughts. And one day she made up her mind that she would try to write.

As a girl she had written a little, and had been told by friends that she showed promise, but she married young and fell on unprosperous times, and the children came, and her husband died, and there was no time for writing. Now, while Henry was away on long, rambling walks, or amusing himself with cheap magazines, she began again. She tried verses, and sometimes essays. She thought the verses better than the essays, but there was no one to whom she could show them, or to whom she could go for advice. One day in early Spring she wrote a little poem that really pleased her. It went as follows:

> Some see God's finger only in the might
> Of towering iron peaks whose icy heads
> Scoff at the Summer and the dark embrace
> Of clambering pines; in blasted river-beds,
> In chasms and glaciers, and the race
> Of giant storms. But I
> See God in quiet fields where daisies turn
> Their faces to the sun. Here at my door
> An earthen pot encloses palest shoots.
> I bend above them, filled with silent awe
> To feel His impulse stirring at the roots.

SHE was amazed at herself when she had finished this. She read it over and over, sometimes aloud and sometimes to herself. She liked it. In riming lines she had managed to express the thoughts that had come to her as she was looking at her seedlings the day before. She put the poem into a drawer, and a few days later she took it out and read it again.

"Did I really write that?" she asked herself.

She now definitely decided to write nothing but poetry, and worked for two hours every day. She was presently surprized at the facility with which she was able to put her thoughts into meter, and she found that the most unexpected fancies came to her. She wrote a poem about rain in the night; and another about moths. She wrote steadily for six months, and at the end of that time she sent half a dozen of the poems she liked best to a magazine that gave an unusual amount of space to poetry. A week later she received this astounding letter from the editor:

> DEAR MADAM: I have to thank you for the six poems you sent to me. I like them very much. I like them so well, in fact, that I propose, with your permission, to publish them, altho you only asked me to criticize them. They have a quite unusual charm, and I shall be happy to receive as many more from your pen as you care to send me.

There followed an offer which she considered fair, even generous, and as she sat reading and rereading the letter her face was flushed and her eyes were shining. This thing was almost unbelievable. It might quite easily happen to other people, but to happen to oneself—! She was so stirred and excited by it that she didn't answer when she presently heard Henry calling her, but slipped out of her room and out of the house by means of the back staircase, to go for a walk, alone.

She was nearing sixty. She was the type of woman you might see facing you any day on any London omnibus, or doing her shopping with a basket on her arm in any village in England. And now she had discovered that she could write things the world was willing to read and to pay for. She had always felt a longing to find some means of expression. She had believed she was expressing herself in her children, but as they grew up she realized that they did not express her at all. Ernest was—well, earnest. Solid, good, and dull. Robert was a clever businessman and a satisfactory son, and very little else, and altho she loved them both she saw their defects. And Henry was just—Henry.

"If it had only been Henry instead of me!" she said to herself as she walked rapidly away from the house. She felt a sort of shame at finding herself the possessor of a gift—small and flickering tho her light might be—that she had always longed to discover in one of her sons. Particularly in Henry. Surely, surely, she thought, that oddness of his must mean something. Eccentricity she looked upon as the matrix wherein jewels are found. People who were so different from other people ought to possess some special aptitude denied to the common herd. But the jewel of Henry's genius was as yet undiscovered.

It was indeed, she thought, a strange world.

She wrote to the editor the next day. She thanked him for his interest and accepted his offer. And then as she was nearing the end of the letter one of those thoughts came to her that come now and again to most of us—thoughts that strike so sharply across the normal currents of our minds as to make us feel that they have come to us from outside ourselves, so unconscious are we of the cerebrations that led to them.

"I wish," she wrote, eyes somewhat dilated and lips parted as tho she were surprized at the words she was writing, "to publish these poems under the name of Henry Sharland instead of using my own name, Mary Gwynne Sharland. I hope you will be good enough to keep my real identity a secret."

Then she went out quickly the moment she had stamped it, and dropped it into the letter-box, which was situated in a wall a hundred yards away. As the letter left her fingers—fingers that were inclined to cling to it lest their owner should change her mind—she thought exultingly: "Perhaps Ernest and Robert will think better of Henry now."

SHE decided not to break the news to Henry for some time—not until the poems were actually published. And when the time came at last and she had the magazine actually in her hands, her courage threatened to leave her. She maneuvered him into the garden eventually, and there, after a struggle with herself, she began.

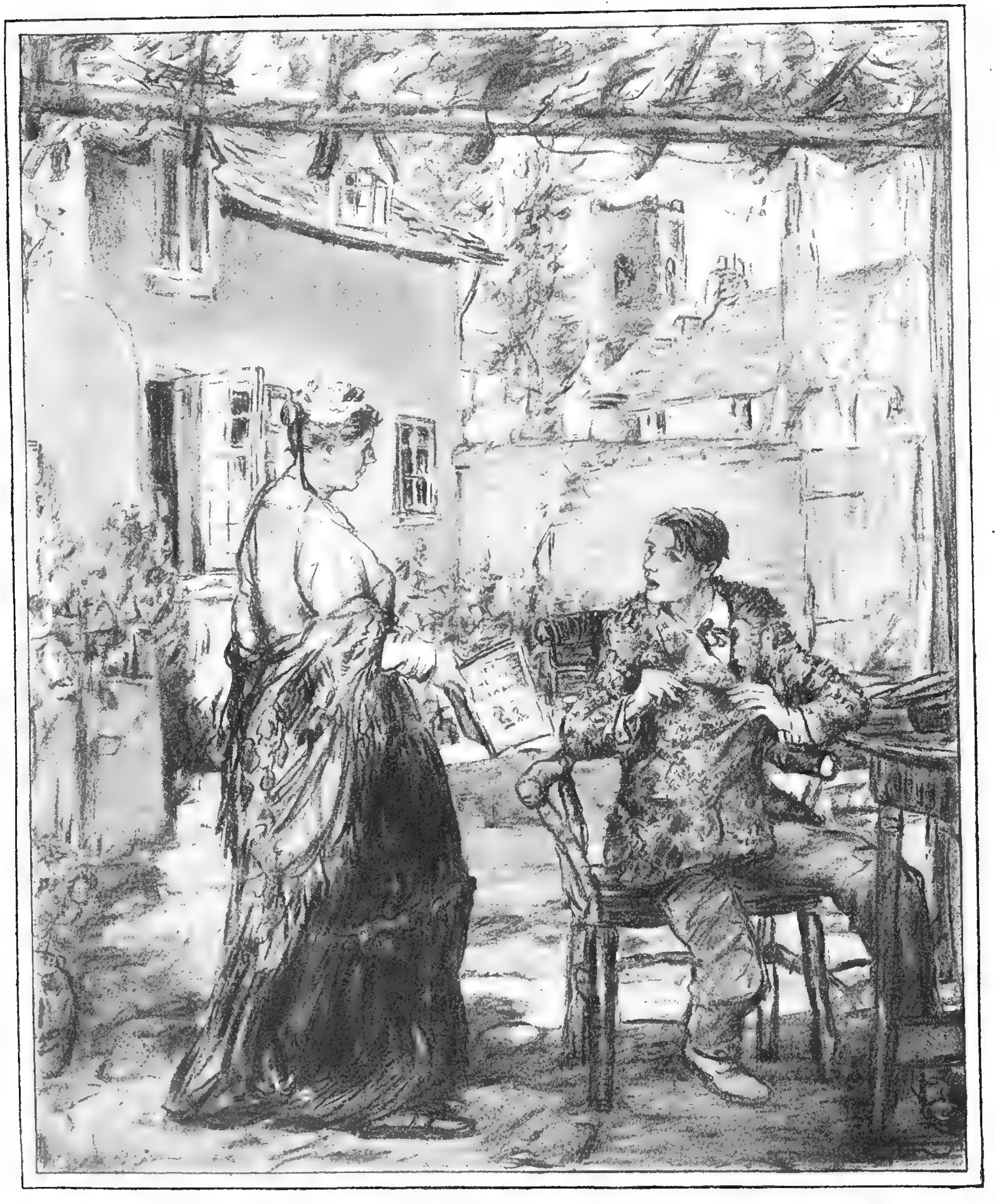
"Henry, I've done something you may not like at all, and I feel I ought to tell you about it. At the time I thought it was just a little thing, but now I—I'm rather frightened."

"If it's anything to do with investments," said Henry, who loathed business matters, "I'd rather not hear about it."

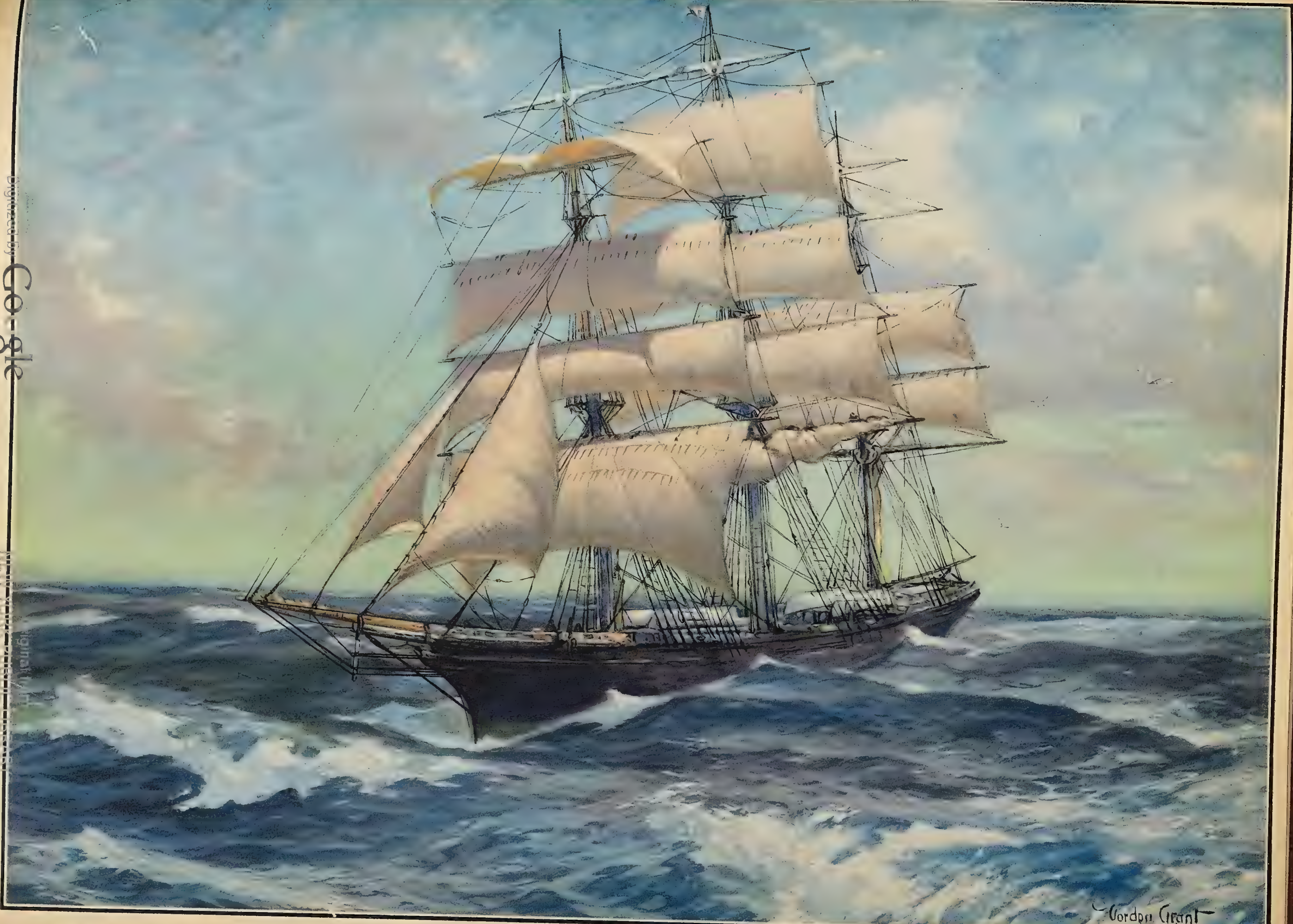
"Oh, no, it isn't that. I never interfere with Robert. It's something quite different."

She looked at her youngest son, and the appearance he presented was not encouraging to her. He was wearing an old tweed coat to which clung, covering every inch of space, innumerable burrs, placed there by himself. It was a work which had occupied him the entire morning. He had scoured the countryside for the burrs, and the result seemed to please him, tho he had to take great care not to lean back in his chair. He would presently occupy himself by picking them all off again, for it was in this way, and in similar ways, that he whiled away the hours. His mother thought it wise to make no reference to his appearance.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

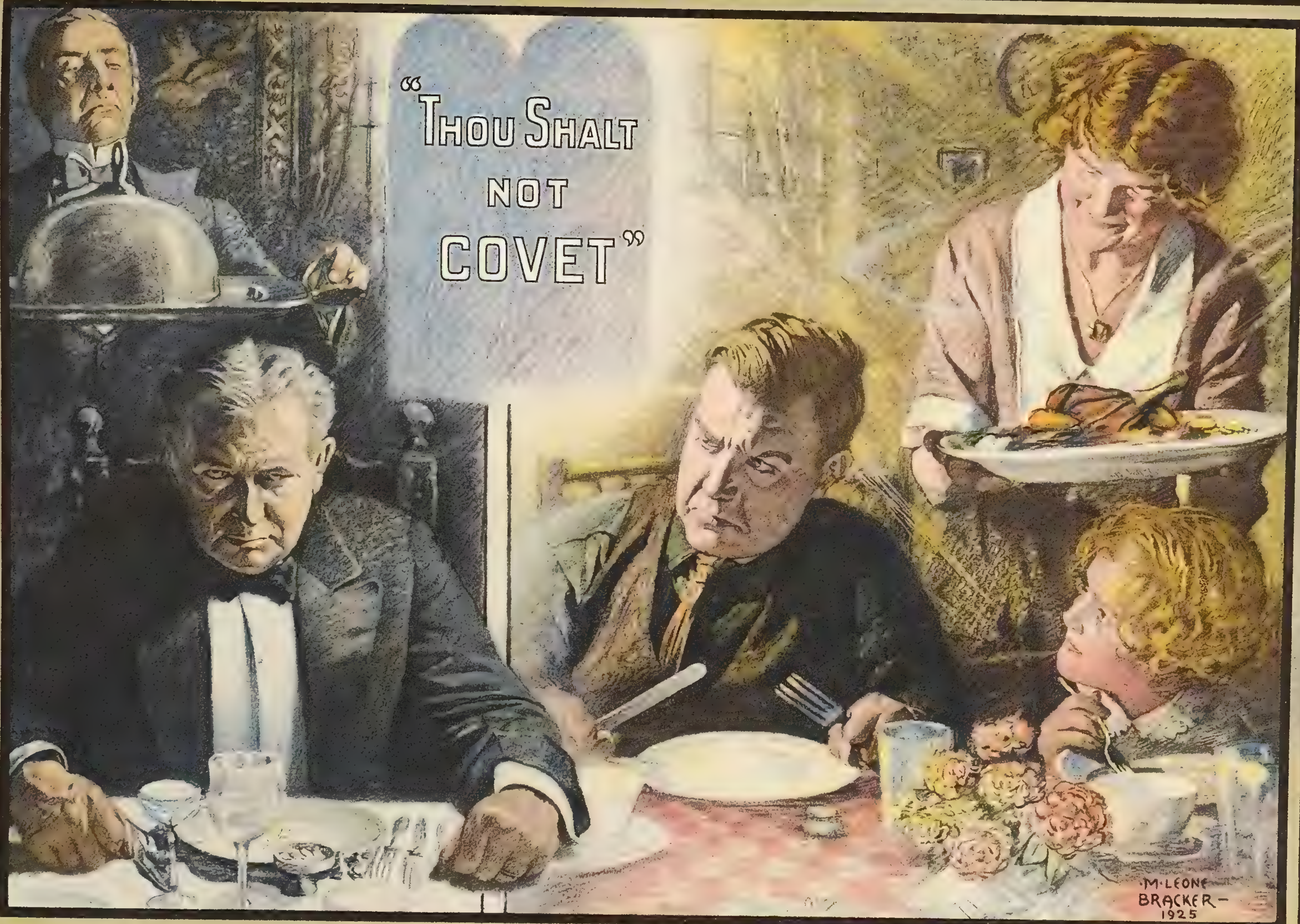


"'YOU KNOW, HENRY,' SHE WENT ON, 'HOW I'VE ALWAYS LONGED FOR YOU TO DISCOVER SOME TALENT. I ALWAYS FEEL CERTAIN THAT THERE ARE THINGS HIDDEN AWAY IN YOU THAT ONLY NEED DEVELOPING'"


Gordon Grant
'24

COURTESY HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES

"WAYS OF COMMERCE" BY GORDON GRANT


"THOU SHALT
NOT
COVET"
M·LEONE
BRACKER—
1925

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
"Thou Shalt Not Covet"
TENTH COMMANDMENT

Copyrighted 1925 by Pictorial Review

The Internal Feminine

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

ANOTHER club year has closed. The tumult and the shouting ring in our poor, tired ears no more. The captains and the queens have departed. Those who live in the city have gone to the country to rest and recuperate, and those who live in the country are refreshing themselves among those same things from which their city sisters have fled as if from a plague. Change, change, give us change at any price! Our kingdoms for change! We are all dead tired—captains, queens, and just plain club-members alike.

This is an era of golden opportunity for women. We used to sit around and wait for Opportunity to knock at our door. We have been taught that if we didn't answer the first faint rap of the radiant maiden she would never knock for us again. Now we know better. We know that we don't have to wait. All we have to do is to open the little doors behind which we have been prisoners and walk right out into the open where opportunities beckon to us from every direction. We know that the Nineteenth Amendment pried the lock from those doors.

Women's millennium is not here, but it is on the way. We can hasten it if we will stop whining about our opportunity—or our lack of it—and assume our responsibility, for our new responsibility of citizenship is the acid test of our will to function effectively in the exercise of those rights which, as human beings, we have demanded.

Responsibility is the acid that will eat away the rust and dust accumulated during the centuries of our social, economic, and political imprisonment. Every well-regulated feminist believes that there is gold under that rust. But the only way to prove it is to accept the responsibility of citizenship as a sacred right, as we have accepted our responsibilities of mothership, and thus give the acid a chance to work.

At the Feet of a King

YES, this is woman's golden age of opportunity. We have more than a hundred women in the parliaments of the world, and women are edging slowly in on international commissions and committees. In nearly every important country women have entered all of the professions, and practically all lines of business are open to them. Why, even the King of England has a woman chiropodist!

In our own country we have women in Congress, and women Governors, and women in State legislatures, and women in many other offices of public trust in city, State, and nation.

We are impatient. Everything considered, we are doing fairly well. Habits and customs and mental attitudes acquired through centuries are not changed overnight. Perhaps the most dangerous tendencies in our organized efforts to do our share of public work are speed and superficiality. If we might only have some speed regulations in our national organizations, and especially at our national conventions!

We fall and collide and run over one another in our mad rush to get somewhere, and many of us are not at all sure where we are going. We have not been in from the start, and we are dazzled by the glitter and the speed of it all. We've been in the quiet fastness of the home so long that an ordinary convention looks to us like a huge merry-go-round. The fascinating thing turns so fast the ponies look like poodles, and, not being able to decide what we want to ride on, we jump on at random and light where luck lands us. You see, we women are like that. That is the internal feminine. We want to do everything there is to be done, and we want to do it all at once.

The continuous stream of raw recruits flowing into the ranks of women's organizations is what keeps them fluid and alive and at the same time makes them unwieldy. Some one has suggested that they should be divided into classes and rated as freshmen or seniors according to their experience and knowledge

When women do really get down to business they will most likely find some new ways of doing things. The final word may not have been spoken as to how to run a campaign or a convention. Mathematics existed for centuries before some one had the wit to substitute the Arabic for the Roman numerals. Now children are able to solve problems that could formerly be approached only by a few of the most erudite scholars. Maybe we women can find a new alphabet or new tools with which to work at our problems.

A $4,000,000 "Roughage" Ration

A MAN at a zoo, seeing an elephant pick up a broom and swallow it, handle and all, rushed excitedly to tell the keeper of the calamity. "That's all right," said the keeper, "he knows what he wants." When the American Women's Association started out to build a $4,000,000 club-house in New York some people got scared. They thought they ought to tell somebody about it so somebody could do something about it. Now, nobody knows what (if anything) was in that elephant's mind when he swallowed that broom. But a food specialist says the elephant knew he needed "roughage" to assist in digesting his food.

Two women decided that the business women of New York would never take hold of and digest their problems if they didn't have some "roughage" to go along with their daily food, and they thought that $4,000,000 was about right for a "roughage" ration for a big city like New York. They knew precisely what they wanted when they started on that club-house.

We have women in America with million-dollar minds. They see things in the large. They do not think in terms of pennies. Among these are Mrs. Medill McCormick, who directed the Women's World Fair, held in Chicago in May, and Anne Morgan, and Gertrude Robinson Smith, who are directing the project for the $4,000,000 club-house in New York. Miss Smith is a practical dreamer. Her system is to build a castle in Spain and then move into it.

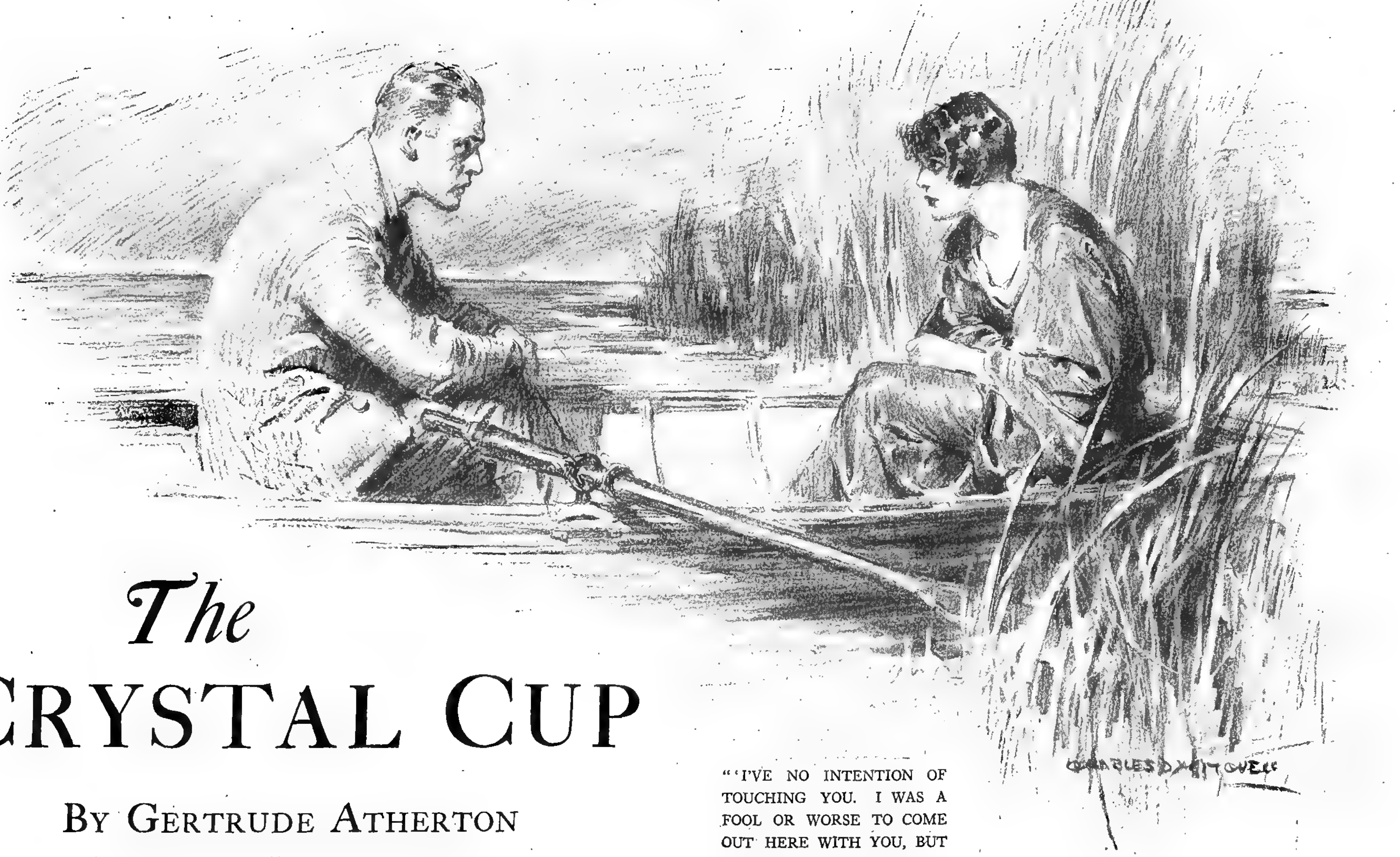
This club has 5,000 charter resident members and a large list of non-resident members. The $4,000,000 club-house will be the exclamation-point in the story of woman's achievement. It will furnish concrete evidence that we are really moving and not merely being drawn on a moving sidewalk. Let's have "roughage" instead of all-day-suckers in our club programs next year.

The Ten Commandments

TENTH COMMANDMENT

"Thou Shalt Not Covet"

NO MAN would willingly give house-room to a set of thieves who would steal his treasures, and in like manner no *thinking* man should give mind-room to such despoilers of his happiness as envy, jealousy, and covetousness. It is a man's mental attitude, not his material possessions, that colors existence for him, and the unfortunate being who suffers from covetousness jaundices his whole outlook on life and produces his own misery. Mr. Bracker's modern interpretation on the preceding page eloquently portrays the spirit of the Tenth Commandment



"'I'VE NO INTENTION OF TOUCHING YOU. I WAS A FOOL OR WORSE TO COME OUT HERE WITH YOU, BUT IT WILL STOP AT THAT—' 'I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE'"

The CRYSTAL CUP

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Author of "Black Oxen"

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

Concluding Instalment

EUSTACE had been carried up-stairs. A nurse had arrived. Dr. Pelham was extracting the bullet from his patient's shoulder on a hastily devised operating-table, while Elsie and Gita sat silent before the fire Topper had made in the library.

It was evident that Gita intended to make no confidences, and Elsie could only guess what had happened. She herself had almost fainted when she saw Eustace lying there, helpless, unconscious, looking as if every drop of blood in his body had run out. Then for the first time she admitted to herself that she loved him. She believed that if he had never met Gita Carteret she could have won him. He had admired her and had sought her out whenever they had happened to meet. She had given up too easily; had, in fact, cheerfully sacrificed herself to Gita. No doubt there had been also a desire to serve him. And for this! She knew from Gita's cold, disdainful face that he had played his last desperate card and lost.

She asked abruptly, "Will you tell me why you have worn that gown and powdered your hair?"

Gita jumped. "Good Heavens! I had forgotten all about it." The color flooded her face. "I had a fancy—a notion— If you don't mind, I think I'll not explain."

Elsie made no reply; but well as she knew Gita she could think of nothing that may have possessed her to dress up as her great-great-grandmother.

Gita turned and looked at her. "You are very angry with me," she said. "Wouldn't you have shot a man if you had found him prowling about your house at midnight in pitch-dark?"

"I don't see how you could have helped knowing it was Eustace. Surely he must have spoken."

"Well, I didn't and he didn't, and that's all there is to it." Her eyes hardened. "You look at me as if you hated me."

Elsie shrugged her shoulders. "Eustace is a great man, and if he dies American literature will be the poorer."

"He may be a great writer, but he's not a great man. Some difference. I don't know that I'd even call him a great writer. There's not a great moment in one of his books——"

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't dissect the poor man's books when he may be lying dead up-stairs!" And then Elsie added irresistibly, "*We* think him great, and perhaps are better able to judge."

Gita laughed. "I know you think you are! He has indisputable talent and intellect, but not genius."

"He's a great psychologist."

Gita's lips twisted. "His psychology has a few holes in it. I'm not as incapable of judging as you think. And at least I think for myself."

This unseemly quarrel was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Pelham. Elsie sprang to her feet.

"Is he——"

"All right for the present. But his shoulder is badly shattered. I've given him an opiate and he'll sleep for several hours. I'll be over in the morning and bring a second nurse."

Gita had risen also. "Come over to the dining-room," she said. "I've told Topper to make coffee and sandwiches."

Then she saw that he was staring at her—that dress—her powdered hair— Why on earth hadn't she had her wits about her and changed before they came? "You'll excuse me," she muttered. "I'm terribly bowled over. Topper will look after you—I can't thank you enough—" And she fairly ran out of the room and up the stairs. They heard a door slam.

"What does it all mean?" asked Pelham, turning to Elsie with a puzzled frown.

"Can't you guess?" asked his sister shortly. "Well, if you can't I'll not tell you. If you don't want that coffee let's go home."

"But surely you'll stay—with her?"

"No, I'll not. I'm not sure I'll ever enter this house again. Please come. I'll make coffee for you at home."

"Very well. Certainly."

And with his brows still drawn and his mind racing he followed his sister out of the house.

GITA blinked at the sunlight in astonishment. She had believed she was in for another wakeful night, yet she must have fallen asleep at once! She preferred not to think at present, but after a cold shower her brain felt disconcertingly clear. She hummed a tune and rubbed herself into a glow. As she left the bathroom she met the nurse in the hall. "How is the patient?" she asked politely.

"His shoulder is very painful. I've just telephoned to Dr. Pelham. He'll come at once."

Gita nodded and went into her bedroom and dressed slowly.

She was aware that she had slept off her cold fury, and felt something like sympathy for Eustace, disabled, and suffering no doubt as much in mind as in body. Probably a man did have a grain of excuse when he loved a woman and despaired of winning her with charm and good manners. Lost his head, poor wretch! He must feel like a fool. She did feel sorry for him, for she had admired him prodigiously and loved him in a way.

She was devoutly thankful she hadn't killed him. He'd live to write more books—perhaps better ones. Might even marry again, altho he'd done well enough as a bachelor. He'd had his *grande passion.* And no doubt he would live to be grateful to her.

At all events, one thing hadn't happened. She remembered that some time last night she had a fleeting fear that that horrible episode would destroy all her power of appreciation and enjoyment, all her new adaptability, all interest in the future.

But altho she would always think of last night with a shudder, it had not revived her old abhorrence of men because one man had mauled her. No doubt her sense of justice—of proportion—developing unconsciously, had balanced her unalterably.

She put on a dark-blue skirt and sweater, automatically rejecting the bright colors, and even powdered her face, to subdue her own color. And if she didn't feel hard she certainly felt severely practical as she went down to meet Dr. Pelham. Romance had toppled over the horizon.

He looked at her keenly as he entered and asked professionally, "I hope you got a little sleep?"

"Disgraceful, but I did. Reaction, no doubt. Where's Elsie? She's angry with me because she thinks I shot Eustace on purpose. I never knew Elsie to be unreasonable before."

"Oh—I'm sure she can't think that! But she's very sensitive under that calm exterior, and she had a bad shock last night. I suppose you haven't seen my patient?"

"Nurse said I couldn't."

"She must get some sleep as the other nurse can't be here before night. Perhaps you'll sit with him for a few hours?"

Gita turned pale, but answered steadily, "Certainly, if you think he can stand having me near him."

Dr. Pelham smiled for the first time. "I'll put him to sleep again." And he nodded and ran up the stairs.

Gita wandered about the garden until he came down, but she thought neither of him nor of Eustace, but of Elsie. She must win her back. Life would be unendurable without Elsie. Of course she was in love with Eustace. Well, here was her chance for an ideal marriage. Why had Eustace been so blind?

"Idiots, all of us." And she sighed.

Dr. Pelham emerged from the house and joined her. She wished she were actress enough to feign wifely anxiety.

"How is he?" she asked.

"Well enough so far. There's always danger of infection, in spite of every precaution. I shall watch him, of course."

They were both as emotional as clams, regarding each other as if their slender past were obliterated.

"Tell Elsie to come along and not be a fool," she said. "She'd be a brute to leave me alone. I don't want to sit there all by myself, eaten up with remorse, and if you've put him to sleep we can talk."

His eyes, which had been almost blank, became keen once more. He opened his mouth as if to ask an irresistible question, then turned on his heel and was gone.

WHEN Eustace had arrived with his luggage on the day after the wedding, Gita, anxious to make every amend for her thoughtlessness, had given him the state bedroom—Mrs. Carteret's. Altho she had entered this room many times since her grandmother's death she had always avoided glancing at the bed, fearing that her lively imagination would project a vision of the old lady, high on her pillows.

She stood for a moment beside the bed after she had dismissed the nurse, wondering if she would always see Eustace there in the future. What a contrast! No doubt, if she loved him she would be yearning over him with those maternal sensations that surged up in every woman as soon as she fell in love. Well, she didn't feel maternal a bit, but she certainly felt sorry for him. Elsie could do the maternalizing. Why didn't she come?

But Elsie had telephoned to Polly, who was with her at that moment.

"I didn't want Geoff to marry you," she was saying. "I don't mind telling you that. But Gita sha'n't have him. I'd rather see him dead."

"Gita?" Polly was sitting on the desk in the study, swinging her feet, thrilled by the tragic tale of which Elsie had given her a bare hint on the telephone. "I don't understand."

"Oh, she's in love with him and he with her. I've known it for some time."

"Then mother was right," muttered Polly. "But it's hard to believe it."

"She's only recently waked up to the fact—I can't say just when—I've felt it in the air. He's been interested from the first; that's the reason he stayed away from her in town. I've seen a good deal of him this last Winter. I took lunch with him next day after your mother's party and he was as nervous as a cat and wouldn't let me mention Gita's name——"

"I know!" And Polly repeated the shrewd observations of her mother.

"There you are! I don't propose to have my brother's life ruined. I don't know what Eustace will do after this. I should think he'd never want to see her again—but possibly he *might* consent to divorce her, and then Geoffrey would see no further reason for standing aside. That is, if he could still love a woman who tried to murder her husband—but when men are mad about a woman's black eyes——"

"But you surely don't think Gita knew it was Eustace?"

"Yes, I do. She might have run up for her pistol, thinking it was a burglar, but he must have spoken——"

"Not if he went there with the purpose you think. I can't quite work it out. Didn't she give you a hint of how it all happened? May there not have been an interview in which Eustace lost his head—and the pistol went off accidentally?"

"I'd think that a plausible explanation if it were not that the shooting took place down-stairs in the library, and she's not the sort to carry a pistol round, even at night—she hadn't gone to bed, either. No, she heard him in the library, went up and got her pistol, then guessed who it was, saw her chance, and shot him."

But Polly shook her always reasonable head. "Gita is no double-dyed movie villainess. I believe her story—and I'm rather surprized at you. It's not like you, you know."

Elsie sighed. "I don't enjoy being hard and suspicious, but I feel as if I never could forgive her—and I simply can't go there at present. But you must. Gita sha'n't have Geoffrey! Everything she wants! It would be a little too much!"

Polly stepped down to the floor. "I'll go. And if it's war to the knife, all right. Gita'll not get him, while I'm on the job. Trust me."

"Geoffrey isn't the man to think about the wife of his friend lying helpless," Elsie reminded her insistently. "He'll turn to you with relief. That's your chance. Take it. He must half believe that Gita did it intentionally, and he is the sort of man to be revolted. I wish human nature were more of a chart!"

GITA, hearing the door open softly, turned expectantly, and was amazed to see Polly instead of Elsie. She drew her over into a corner of the room, and Polly whispered:

"Elsie telephoned, and of course I came at once. Have sent for my trunks and I'll stay till he's well. She's got to a place in her new novel where she doesn't dare drop it, but she knows you'll understand."

"Oh! That's the first clumsy lie I ever heard you get off. It's plain Elsie still thinks I tried to kill Eustace. Poor Elsie! Well, I'll give her every chance. But I can't think why she doubts my word." And her lip, for the first time since she was a child, quivered.

Polly patted her hand. "Cheer up. I'll make her see daylight as soon as she gets over this attack of temperament. That's what it amounts to. She's every bit as fond of you as I am."

FRIENDSHIP between men may survive rivalry in love. Men have stood shoulder to shoulder through the centuries in the hard business of life, but there is usually something artificial in the friendship of women. It is a harness lightly worn and has a faint suggestion of carnival about it. Flowers must bedeck the harness, flowers of propinquity, common interests, ambitions, tastes, above all a dissimilar taste in men. When the flowers wither the harness falls off.

Elsie realized this with a sigh. She knew that she had a certain nobility of character and lofty ideals, and had believed they would survive any test. But they seemed to have staggered under the first hard blow.

Gita had nearly killed the man she herself loved. She told herself she had idealized that girl, blinded by her novelty and personality, and now for the first time saw her for what she was. Her instinct of self-protection was strong, and if she were to retain her self-respect she must not hate, but despise Gita.

Moreover, knowing the latent fierceness and ruthlessness in Gita's nature, she felt she was quite honest in her belief that the shooting had been deliberate; moreover, that if Gita had never met Geoffrey it would not have happened. Fine wife for an ambitious, hard-working surgeon! When a woman like that woke up she'd whirl to the other extreme. Have lovers. Snap her fingers at the world. Ruin her husband's life and career. She'd ruined one man. Quite enough.

In the course of a week what Polly called her attack of temperament wore itself out, and she conceded unwillingly that she may possibly have been unjust. Her brain had felt as if a hot wind were blowing through it. When it whispered itself off, and she had enjoyed one night of unbroken sleep, she blushed a little as she regarded herself in the mirror. Horrid to have been a mere female. And Eustace may not have spoken, after all. She had never seen Gita frightened, but any one, even an amazon, might be susceptible to panic once in her life.

Then her conscience became active. Love Gita again she never could. That was over. But she could do the decent thing. Moreover, she was curious to see how Polly was conducting her campaign.

She telephoned to the manor and told Topper to inform Mrs. Byland she would be over at once. She knew that Geoffrey had told Gita she was in bed with a heavy cold, and at least she would be spared the discomfort of an apology. But she sighed. She had lost something. Well, life was life.

GITA was sitting on the edge of her bed when Topper brought Elsie's message.

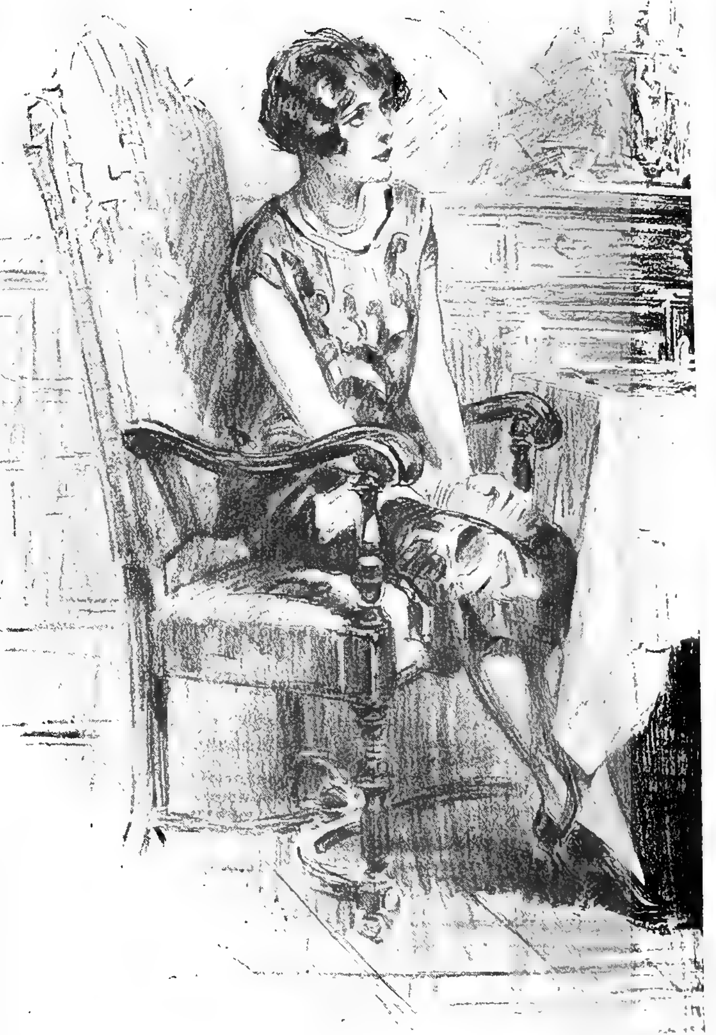
"Tell her to come up—no, show her into the drawing-room."

She had been beating her heels on the floor, frowning at the window. It was open, and voices drifted up from the garden. They were Polly's and Geoffrey Pelham's.

It had been a trying week! Polly had "wooed" Geoffrey under her very nose. And Geoffrey had almost clung to her.

Gita ought to hate her, but she didn't. Odd, but, after all, why should she? Certainly she couldn't accuse her of treachery; Polly knew nothing of her feeling for Geoffrey.

"Oh, Heavens, what a mess!" She sighed. "Eustace wants me. Elsie wants Eustace. Polly wants Geoffrey. Geoffrey wants me. And I? Nothing apparently. I feel as empty as an old hogshead on a junk-pile."



"'HOW DARE YOU USE SUCH A WORD TO ME!' HE SHOUTED, HIS FACE BLAZING. 'AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH—DONE—RENOUNCED! YOU LITTLE TIGER-CAT! I WISH YOU WERE A MAN!'"

And in truth she had never, not even in the old days, felt so depressed. Her three friends were lost irretrievably. To resume any sort of relationship with Eustace was unthinkable. Polly would drift away, absorbed in her husband. Elsie had betrayed her. She felt a deep and harsh resentment toward Elsie. Not for a moment had she believed in the "cold." Perhaps she had loved Elsie more than any of the three, and the hurt had gone deeper. Well, she loved her no longer. And she indulged in some bitter musings of her own on the friendship of women.

But she felt terribly alone. Stranded. And she had lost that old boyish independence and hostility to her kind which had made loneliness far from insupportable. Well, she must erect another superstructure.

Polly's laugh floated up, sustained, as it were, on the deeper notes of her playmate.

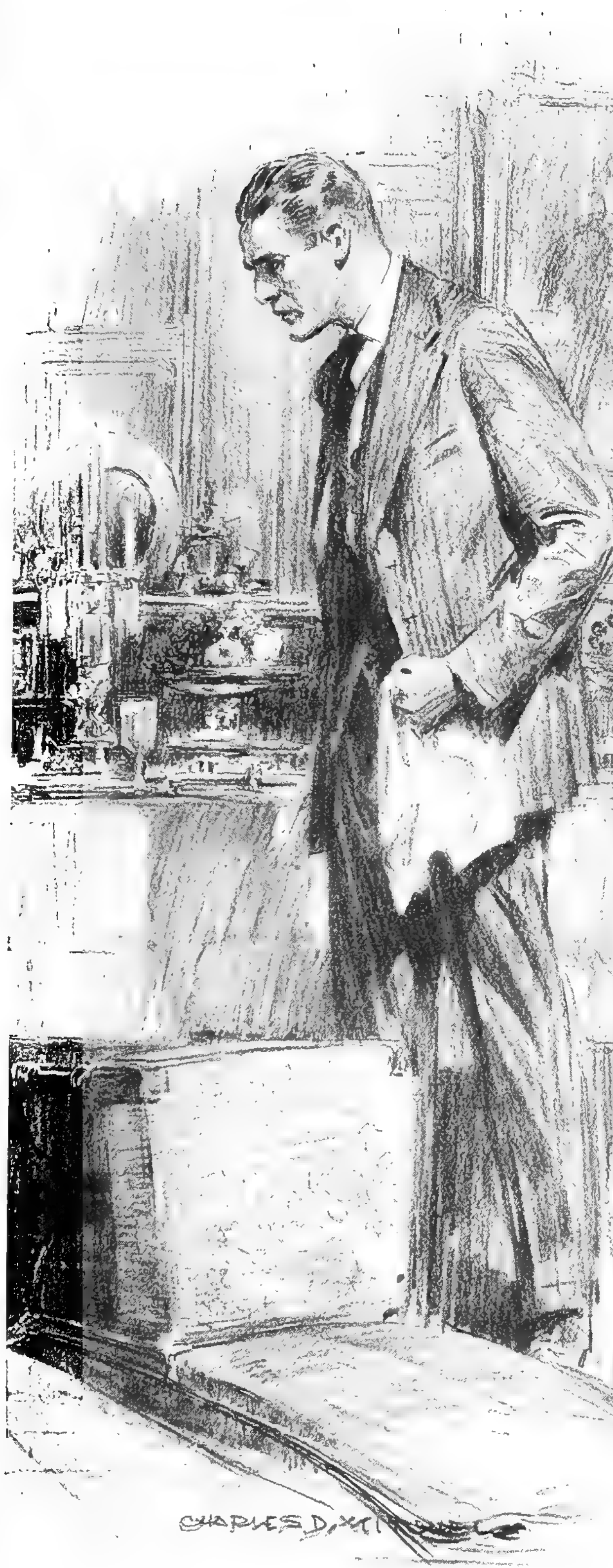
"Come."

Some one had knocked on her door. The day-nurse opened it. She was smiling as one who had a pleasant message to deliver.

"Dr. Pelham promised Mr. Bylant he might see you when he waked up; he's so much better, and is looking forward to your visit."

Gita managed to get to her feet and walk steadily over to her dressing-table, where she lingered over these superfluities of her toilet as long as she dared. Finally she rose from her chair and looked at the nurse much as her grandmother might have done.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"You may go out into the garden," she said. "And kindly tell Mrs. Brewster, when she arrives, that I'll be down presently."

"You'll not stay too long?" the nurse suggested mildly. "Ten minutes, I should think. He's not very strong yet."

But Gita was crossing the hall, apparently afflicted with deafness. She hesitated a moment with her hand on the knob, her knees shaking a little. What would be his cue? Well, whatever it was she would take it. Invalids must be humored.

Bylant was propped up in the bed, very pale and thin, but he smiled whimsically and put out his hand. She shook it limply and sank down in a chair by the bed, her gaze wandering to the window.

His voice was as whimsical as his eyes. "You served me right, my dear," he said. "Don't imagine I've held it against you for a moment."

"Of course I didn't know it was you," she muttered.

"Of course not! And I hope you won't hesitate to shoot the next man who breaks into your house. Be sure it will not be I!"

Gita stirred uneasily. But she was relieved that the interview was not to be pitched in the tragic key. Trust Eustace to carry anything off!

"It is I who should ask to be forgiven," he continued. "But I went progressively mad after you left. Do you remember a book I once gave you to read, 'The Caveman Within Us'? Well, the caveman in me got the best of several centuries of superimpositions. But I promise you that my veneer sha'n't rub off again."

"Your psychology failed you," said Gita dryly.

"It did!" he said smiling. "It did!"

She thrust out her foot and gazed at the toe of her shoe. When she glanced up, he was looking at her pleadingly.

"You haven't said you forgive me."

"Oh, yes, of course I forgive you. Forget it and get well."

She rose, but he put out his hand and detained her. "I'd like you to stay."

"The nurse only gave me ten minutes, and Elsie telephoned she was coming. She must be down-stairs now. It's the first time. She thinks I shot you on purpose. Elsie is a very loyal friend of yours—more than she is of mine!"

"Is she?" His voice was indifferent.

"I'll ask her to read to you as soon as you are better."

"I detest being read to. It makes me nervous."

"Well, tell you all the news, then. You know you'll be glad to see her——"

"I want to see you. You'll come in every day?"

"Oh—of course—as often as you like. I owe you that much." And she smiled ruefully. But she gave a deep inner sigh of relief as the nurse opened the door with a sprightly:

"Time's up, Mrs. Bylant."

SHE found Elsie at the window of the drawing-room watching her brother and Polly Pleyden, who were retreating down a path.

"Hullo, Elsie. Hope your cold's better."

Elsie turned swiftly, and was annoyed to feel her face flushing. "I'm afraid you think me a brute," she stammered.

"Not at all," said Gita briskly. "A cold must be a beastly affliction. Have a cigaret?"

"No, thanks—bad for a cold."

Gita's eyes were hard and bright. She sat in a high-backed chair, her head very erect. Her resemblance to the portrait of her grandmother behind her was marked.

"Geoffrey tells me that Eustace is getting on splendidly," she said. "I'm so glad to hear it."

"Your brother is an admirable surgeon. Lucky for Eustace he was in Atlantic City that night. Lucky more ways than one. Averted a scandal, no doubt. I've just seen Eustace, and now that he's so much better I hope you'll give him some of your time. He always enjoyed talking to you. You wouldn't like to move over again? Eustace will probably go abroad later, but not for quite a while. I'll be glad to have you come."

Elsie darted a swift glance at the haughty figure in the stately chair. What scheme lay behind that careless invitation? She fancied she could guess!

"I'll come, of course, if you want me. And I'm glad Polly was able to be with you this week. She's not wasting her time, by the way." Elsie craned her neck toward the garden.

But Gita would not discuss Polly with Elsie. She had ranged herself on Polly's side instinctively.

Dr. Pelham appeared at the window. "Why are you sitting in the house on a day like this?" he asked. "Come out into the garden. How did you find Eustace, Mrs. Bylant?"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mrs. Bylant. I'm Gita Carteret to every one else. He seemed all right when I left him. Where's Polly?"

"Just gone. Her mother's car came for her some time ago. She asked me to explain, as she thought you were still up-stairs with Eustace."

Gita placed her hands on the low sill of the window and swung herself out on to the grass. "Coming, Elsie? Or will you go over and get your things?"

Elsie hesitated. "I'll telephone for a taxi, if I may," she said. "I don't feel equal to a long walk and I'll catch more cold in a trolley."

She strolled with them in the garden until the taxi arrived.

POLLY had made up her mind to marry Geoffrey Pelham and felt no misgivings, for life had given her confidence in herself and her power to charm. For five years men had admired, loved, and pursued her, and when she wanted a thing it was hers. Why not? Nor was there a rival in the field. If Geoffrey had been captivated by Gita for a time, it was quite patent he had given her up as a bad job. Pelham might have been an automaton for all the effect he had on her. Gita was not in love with him, probably never would be in love with any man, unless remorse drove her back to Eustace. And Geoffrey was as indifferent to Gita as she to him.

Whether he had discovered he was in love with one Mary Endicott Pleyden she was not yet sure, but that he sought her as a matter of course, and was exhilarated in her society, was as plain as the nose on her face.

Gita had given Geoffrey to Polly with a grand gesture, convinced on her part that she alone was the obstacle to the happiness of her friend.

But they knew even less of what was going on in Geoffrey's mind than they did of each other. Nor had he the remotest idea of what either of them was up to.

That Gita loved him he had never had the happiness to suspect, and he refused to believe that Polly's regard for him was anything but bright friendship spiced with coquetry. She certainly amused him, let him down, sent him back to his work refreshed; and during this last week she had been as Spring water in a thirsty desert. That Polly was too proud to reveal a glimpse of her deeper feelings until he gave her her cue, was the last thing that would have occurred to him. Love alone would have shattered his obtuseness, and his love-stream was flowing turbulently in another direction.

After that first meeting in his mother's house he had found himself thinking of Gita at the most unexpected and inopportune moments. He had been profoundly annoyed at this, but attributed the phenomenon to her unusual appearance. Those fierce black eyes and extraordinary eyelashes and that spirited head would probably haunt any man.

When her unexpected invitation to the Christmas party arrived he had accepted it in the hope that a second meeting would lay the ghost. But when he entered that great hall lit with pine torches, flaring down on men and women in white wigs and by-gone costumes, as gorgeous a scene as even that old manor-house had ever witnessed, two centuries seemed to drop out of life, and he had a quiet conviction he had been there before and was here again for some more definite purpose.

The romp that finished the minuet had brought him out of his hallucination, and he had moved forward merely to find his hostess and do his first duty as a guest. When he had stood staring for a moment at Gita, hardly knowing what banalities he might be uttering, again with that iridescent cobweb flung over his brain, his impulse was to fly incontinently. But after a dance with Miss Pleyden, during which he believed that ridiculous illusions had fled forever, he had deliberately sought Gita in the drawing-room, determined to have done with nonsense forthwith.

He was a practical man in a practical age, a surgeon with a brilliant future, a man who wanted no woman in his life to distract him. Certainly not the wife of Eustace Bylant. A surgeon, of all men, should find nothing romantic in the most resplendent of women. To idealize them was as nonsensical as to idealize passion and call it spiritual love. Even what personality they might possess was due to the balance of hormones in their ductless glands. Anything further was the result of imitation and artifice.

Women somewhere in the dawn of time had concocted a set of tricks, and some were more skilful in the use of them than others, some had a more arresting beauty, some a more powerful magnetism. They were the vehicles of the race, nothing more.

His scientific mind restored to its balance, he walked into the drawing-room where Gita sat with the candle-light playing on her white wig and golden gown, flickering in the depths of her black eyes, and, without more ado, fell incurably and uncompromisingly in love.

Afterward he wondered how he had refrained from pouring his passion over her in a flood. But he had clung tenaciously to the thought of Eustace Bylant, even when she casually announced that she was entering upon a travesty of marriage. That had filled him with exultation, but left him as little at liberty to speak.

At the altar he renounced her, altho he felt as if the world were sinking under him, and managed to shut her out of his thoughts for a week, and then welcomed her back. He thought of her not only as a woman but as a case. He understood that case thoroughly. He also knew its cure, but he was helpless even if she loved him, and she did not; altho he never doubted he could win her if her husband were any man but his best friend.

He had asked no questions of Elsie that night he had been summoned to the manor to save Bylant's life, but he had thought of little else, arriving at conclusions not far from the truth. He fancied he could reconstruct the scene! Eustace had been a brute and a fool and got his just deserts. By this time he knew Gita's history. What either she or Polly had not confided in moments of expansion Elsie's keen, analytical mind had divined, and she had found both pleasure and profit in discussing the girl with her brother. Pelham felt an immense pity. If the time were two centuries earlier he would have snatched Gita from Eustace at the foot of the stairs on the night of her marriage and dashed off with her into the darkness. But, altho his imagination had shown unexpected activities, he indulged in no longings to mount with Gita into the empyrean and dwell with her in spiritual contact. He was a man, and he wanted her because he loved her; he was suffering from no mere gust of passion. Any man some time during his life will want some woman in particular, and will move heaven and earth to get her. Well, he had come to that pass, and he wished that codes had never been invented. Certainly that he had met Gita Carteret before he had known Eustace Bylant.

He had suffered torments enough during that Winter in New York. Gita and Eustace—companions, friends, almost intimates. How could the man fail to win her? He had sometimes gone out at night and stood in front of their house, paralyzed in a sort of nightmare, then fleeing like a man possessed.

But on the night after he extracted the bullet from Bylant's body he knew that one phase of his torments had been a waste of nerve energy. Gita could not have been more cruelly indifferent if she had wounded a criminal just out of Sing Sing.

But on this he dared not dwell. She was still Bylant's wife, and Bylant was his patient. He devoted his skill to saving the man's life, avoided Gita, and turned to Polly for distraction. And for all he knew Gita might really be consumed with remorse; or if undergoing a profound revulsion of feeling, needed only that first interview with her prostrate husband to melt into pity and the determination to atone with a lifetime of friendly devotion—not love. For Gita was by no means the type of woman to translate pity into love. But she might immolate herself, nevertheless.

TOPPER announced luncheon. It was served in the dining-room, as Gita had taken a dislike to the breakfast-room, so intimately associated with Eustace and Elsie. The room was high and dark and austere. Black-browed Carterets in tarnished frames seemed to look out of the wall itself. Places for two were laid at one end of the long table. Topper had suggested a small table in front of the fireplace for herself and Polly, but Gita was in no mood for compromise. She would sit where her grandmother had sat alone for so many years, save on the rare occasions when she had summoned the county to a formal and depressing function.

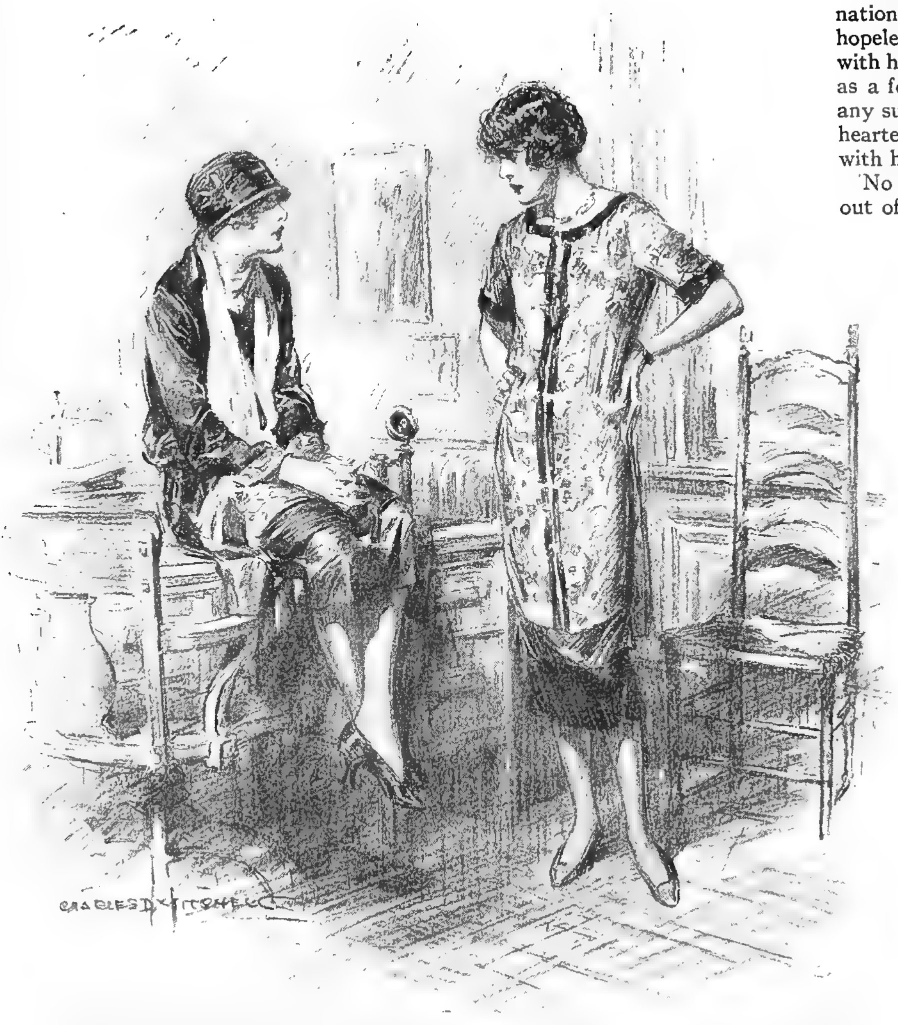
Topper too was uncompromising. If he could not have a symmetrical small table he would not crowd his beloved silver at one end, leaving a long expanse desolate. Candelabra and massive pieces were arranged with precision from end to end.

Pelham felt that he had enough to endure without being asked to eat in a tomb. His mother talked sometimes of the past glories of her family, whose ancestral mansion had been in Massachusetts, but he was thankful he was descended from the Dedhams on the petticoat side and had been brought up in a light and airy house in Atlantic City, however unhistoried and architecturally debased.

And Gita, sitting in her grandmother's high-backed armchair, looked less like a descendant than an ancestress. She had been brittle but vivacious during that half-hour in the garden, but here she looked as if the mantle of these infernal frowning Carterets had frozen the blood in her veins. For the moment she once more interested him as a case.

He mentioned Eustace for the first time since he had made his perfunctory inquiry after her visit. "I was very much worried for a time—afraid of infection. But Eustace has the constitution of an ox."

"Your good doctoring." Her smile was grimly gracious.



"'I DIDN'T WANT GEOFF TO MARRY YOU,' SHE WAS SAYING. 'I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU THAT. BUT GITA SHA'N'T HAVE HIM. I'D RATHER SEE HIM DEAD'"

"Surgeons and nurses can do so much and no more. He may thank his sturdy Dutch ancestors and the healthy life he has led."

Silence.

"I am afraid that shoulder will be permanently stiff," he went on impatiently. "Hard on a writer."

"He can dictate, I suppose."

"He once told me he couldn't endure the idea of any one in the room with him when he wrote. Jealous, or something of the sort. Wanted to be alone with his characters. Authors are afflicted with temperament, you know."

"He could tap it out with one hand. I've noticed one generally manages to do what one has to do. If not one way then another."

"True. I'm glad he'd just finished his novel. By the time he is ready to begin another——"

"It would be a good idea for him to travel for a time. You might suggest it. He's been talking of a trip to South America. How soon will he be able to travel?"

"Not for two or three months yet. Shock must be taken into consideration. South America. Good idea. Interesting country. You would enjoy the trip yourself."

He kept his eyes on his plate.

"I have no intention of going to South America. I expect to live in this house for the rest of my life."

"Oh—rather a monotonous life, that, for a girl of your age. And rather rash to be so certain of anything, isn't it?"

"Nothing rash about me," muttered Gita. "When I make up my mind to do a thing, I do it."

Pelham cast out another line, thankful for the discretion of Topper, who remained in the room as little as possible. "I can't imagine Eustace shut up in an old manor-house in Winter. New York owns him, body and soul."

"There will be nothing to keep him out of New York. He's welcome to stay here as long as he's an invalid, but when he goes it will be with the understanding he has seen the last of the manor."

A brief silence, and then Geoffrey stammered, "Do you intend to divorce him?"

"How could I? What excuse?" And then she burst into a peal of laughter. Her mantle fell from her. "Don't ask me what I was laughing at! Poor Eustace! If he chooses to divorce me he can do so on the ground of desertion. We could meet in Paris. And of course he will want his freedom in time."

The precipitation of the past week had suddenly resolved itself an hour since into a half-conscious determination to show Polly her place and Pelham that he was still hopelessly in her toils. But when she found herself alone with him in the dining-room she had anathematized herself as a fool and retreated in stiff panic from the results of any such exercise of power. Now she suddenly felt lighthearted once more. Her intense self-consciousness fled with her gale of mirth. Blessed be humor.

No reason why they shouldn't be friends until he went out of her life altogether. And she realized sharply that her most crying want this past week had been some one to talk to, a confidant. She had got used to talking things out.

She, too, threw out a line.

"Too bad Polly had to desert you to-day. I'm a poor substitute. Don't know exactly how or what I've been feeling this last week. Remorse, I think, for not feeling remorse. Better not try to diagnose me, tho." His gaze was very intense. "Are you and Polly engaged?" She shot out the question and then dropped her eyes in consternation. She had had no intention of being direct.

"Certainly not. Neither I nor Polly has ever thought of such a thing."

"You're as blind as a bat." She fastened her eyes on him with her fiercest expression. "Of course she expects you to marry her. So does everybody else. You'd be a cad if you didn't——"

Pelham gave a violent exclamation and sprang to his feet, overturning his chair. "How dare you use such a word to me!" he shouted, his face blazing. "After what I've been through—done—renounced! You little tiger-cat! I wish you were a man!"

He felt no love for her at that moment. He almost hated her. "Yes, by Heavens! I wish you were a man. I'd beat you black and blue and rub your nose in the dirt."

Gita had gazed at him, fascinated for a moment, and then dropped her eyes. A curious thrill rippled over her nerves, and she hid her hands under the table.

"I'll take it back," she said hastily. "You know how carelessly and exaggeratedly we use words these days. I only meant that any girl would expect a proposal—after such devotion——"

"Devotion! She knows I enjoy her society. She knows I've never given anything further a thought—any more than she has herself. There's never been a glance of sentiment between us. She amuses herself with one man after another. She told me so herself. What—how could you—after what I told you——"

"Yes, yes, I remember." She did not raise her eyes. Geoffrey had not looked so attractive in costume as with those flaming, furious blue eyes—almost black with temper, exactly like an indignant schoolboy unjustly accused of raiding an orchard. "Please sit down. I've apologized. You should forgive me."

He lifted his chair and dropped into it. "You don't deserve to be forgiven," he growled, altho his anger was ebbing. "But we'll settle this once for all. If I've made Polly conspicuous there is but one thing for me to do. I'll place Eustace in the hands of a local practitioner and return to New York. As she will spend the Summer here we shall drift apart naturally, and any one who has gossiped—if any one has—will forget it. There are too many to take my place. But as a matter of fact, I don't believe any one has thought of such a thing but you."

"Oh—I don't think you should do that—leave Eustace. I——"

She felt unaccountably nervous. Cold. There was a slight tremor in her knees.

She was on the point of telling him that Mrs. Pleyden and Elsie had expressed themselves forcibly, and that Polly was serious—that would settle it. But she could not—or would not. Moreover, Topper entered at this moment. Gone was the desire to show Polly her place, but Polly had had her chance and lost out. Why should she sacrifice herself further? Sacrifice? She frowned down at the unsteady hands in her lap. What did she feel, anyhow?

Then that zealous little censor she had firmly dethroned reinstated itself slyly. Why, of course, she wanted his friendship. She must have a friend. She'd not make a second mistake and marry one—not she—a man whose eyes burned like blue rockets—rather interesting, a friendship with a spice of danger in it. Her friendship with Eustace had certainly lacked that.

But it attracted her uncannily in this man, in spite of the fact that she had nothing to give him. Well, she'd have him for a friend if she could manage him. Heaven knew she needed one. Being a hermit in an old manor-house didn't really appeal to her at all. No drama in that. Here might be the bridge to something new. What, after all, was life but successive links in a chain?

Topper had brought in a lemon pie as light as a soufflé and retired. She looked up and smiled, a hesitating, curiously girlish smile. Geoffrey's face was calmer, but his eyes still burned.

"You won't really go?" she asked pleadingly. "You know how Eustace depends on you. It might set him back. And now that you're no longer worried about him you're enjoying your vacation. If it's all right about Polly there's no need to bother. And nobody else will be here but your sister. Mrs. Pleyden thinks Eustace wrenched his shoulder and has only telephoned once to inquire. Topper and the gardener won't talk. Nor those nurses, I suppose. The other servants think he slipped and fell down-stairs. And I don't want a strange doctor here. And as Elsie's coming to stay, no doubt Polly will go home. Do, please, stay."

There was no coquetry in her manner, but he looked at her probingly. There was a new intonation in her voice and her face had softened curiously. She looked not unlike a coaxing child—not quite. But his mind felt a little dazed. She had been so many different kinds of female since he had seen her, less than an hour ago, sitting under that portrait of her grandmother. But he was not too bemused to ask pointedly:

"Do you want me to stay?"

"Yes, I do. You see—I haven't a friend left. I'll never even like Eustace again. Polly may not be in love with you, but she takes no interest in me or any woman when she is concentrating on a man. I've barely seen her except at table since she came here, and then she's almost as silent as myself. I'll never forgive Elsie. Perhaps you've guessed she cares a lot for Eustace?"

"Yes, I think it possible."

"He should have married her—no doubt will in time. I've asked her to stay here and give him a chance to find out his mistake. But she failed me when I needed her most. I've been like a lost soul this last week and would have given everything I possessed for one good long talk with her. So, you see—" and her eyes, so recently fierce, wicked, arrogant, looked as if pleading to Heaven, and she smiled tremulously.

He turned pale and gave the table a sharp rap with his fork. "You place me in a beastly position," he said harshly. "You are asking for friendship, and—well, Eustace is up-stairs, wounded——"

She lifted her head, looking less like a madonna than a Carteret. "This is my house, and he is my very unwilling guest—unwilling on both sides."

"He is still your husband."

"He never was my husband." She saw where this digression was leading, and added hastily, "Not that I want to hear about anything else. I suppose I should have loved you if I could love any one. But I can't. That's final and I don't want to talk about it. But if you don't want to be my friend——"

"I'll be your friend until you and Eustace have put an end to your marriage farce. Then, by Heaven—oh!"

Polly's laugh rang through the hall.

Gita sprang to her feet. "Go out. Don't let her come in here. Tell her I've had to go to the kitchen——".

He followed her precipitate retreat and caught her by the arm. "You must——"

She was cowering away from him. "Let go! Let go!" she said through her teeth. "I hate being touched."

He dropped his hand, but his eyes flashed. "I'd not do anything you disliked—thought you disliked—for the world. But tell me when I can have a talk with you again. How can we be friends if I never see you alone? Polly and Elsie both here—there's Elsie's voice— Have you ever been on the salt-marshes at night?"

"No." Her eyes sparkled. "I've always wanted to."

"I'll meet you at the manor gates at ten o'clock to-night and take you for a row. Don't fail to be there——"

The door opened, and Polly entered, followed by Elsie.

GITA scowled. Geoffrey ran his hand through his hair until it stood up like a rooster's comb. Polly's eyes glittered. Elsie set her lips.

Gita turned on her heel. "Topper gave us your favorite lemon pie, Elsie," she said over her shoulder. "I'm going to tell Amanda to make another for dinner." And she marched off.

"I must go and take a look at Eustace." Geoffrey made his exit.

Polly turned to her ally. "What's happened?" Her eyes were more frightened than angry. "They look as if he had just kissed her."

"That's nonsense, of course. But something's happened. Their dessert hasn't been touched."

"Do you suppose he told her—told her— Oh, it can't be possible he still cares! Oh, no! I suppose she'd intrigue and fascinate any man if she took the trouble, and it looks as if she had. She told me once she was as vain as a peacock, and she's become so used to admiration—no doubt she's been missing it—" She grasped Elsie's arm. "Tell Eustace not to let her go!" she cried. "Make him believe he's only to hold on, has everything on his side—I forgot! You want him yourself and I'm out in the cold!"

Elsie was still frowning. "No, I'll not do anything sly and detestable. It's not a pleasant sensation to despise yourself. You're quite equal to managing your own affairs and you're on the ground. You can see to it they're never alone."

Dr. Pelham was heard running lightly down the stairs. The two girls went hastily out into the hall.

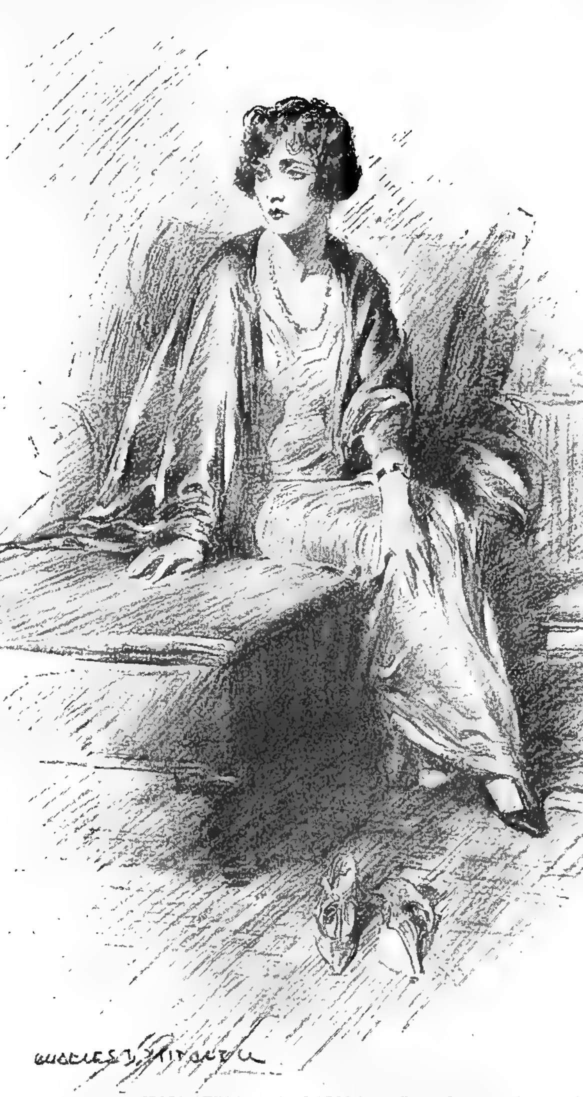
"Well, I'm off," he said. "Eustace won't need me again to-day."

Polly moved toward him. "I was going to take you for a drive to Cape May this afternoon——"

"Oh! I'm sorry. I promised I'd meet a colleague at three and take him for a tramp. He's only able to get down to Atlantic City for the day. I'll be over in the morning. Go up and sit with Eustace for a few moments, Elsie. He'll be glad to see you." He smiled and nodded to Polly, and a moment later he was striding down the avenue.

Gita entered through a door at the end of the hall.

"Amanda has two more lemon pies," she said encouragingly. "Intact. She made apple dumplings for the kitchen table. Bring your things over, Elsie?"



"'OH, HEAVENS, WHAT A MESS,' SHE SIGHED. 'EUSTACE WANTS ME. ELSIE WANTS EUSTACE. POLLY WANTS GEOFFREY. GEOFFREY WANTS ME. AND I? NOTHING, APPARENTLY'"

"Topper took them to my room. Geoff just gave me permission to sit with Eustace for a few minutes."

"Splendid. Go right up."

She took one look at Polly and then made for the stairs herself. "I'm going to lie down," she announced in a high, clear voice. "Awfully tired. Don't sleep well. Amuse yourself, Polly."

"Gita!"

Gita paused on the landing and clutched the banister. A show-down? Well—surely Polly must see there was no excuse for her to stay longer. "Yes?"

"Oh, nothing!" Polly swung on her heel. An explosion, and she would have to go. She had no intention of going.

Gita ran up to her room and locked herself in. She had never felt less tired. Nor did she want to think. She could always lose herself in a good novel, and she had a new one.

But half an hour later she slipped out of the house and tramped until it was time to dress for dinner.

THE dinner was almost gay. Each girl had her part to play and each was too clever to play it self-consciously. By common consent both Bylant and Pelham were ignored as topics of conversation, and they talked of the past Winter in New York and the Summer distractions planned in Chelsea.

"I feel like a movie," announced Polly as they left the dining-room. "Come along, girls. We can all crowd into my car."

"I can't go, of course." Gita bit her lip. "Must do the decent thing. What time do you suppose you'll be back?"

"Round ten, probably."

"I don't think you should drive on lonely roads at night."

"Nothing very lonely between here and Atlantic City, after we get out of that avenue of yours. But if you don't want to stay alone—there's always mah jong——"

"I detest mah jong. Run along. I'll be all right."

She shrugged her shoulders as the two girls ran up-stairs to put on their things. She could hear the car, anyway. Easy enough to hide behind those thickly planted trees in the avenue.

"I'll stop at the house and ask Geoff to go with us," said Elsie as the young gardener brought Polly's roadster to the door. "Then he can take us to one of the hotels for supper. Polly says she feels like making a night of it."

"Good idea," said Gita coolly, and wondered what excuse Pelham would make.

She tapped softly on the door of the sick-room. The nurse whispered that her patient was sleeping soundly, for the first time without an opiate.

That duty done she sat down firmly with her novel. She resolved not to think, and promptly began thinking.

Fine performance for her—sneaking out at night to meet a man and indulge in a semiromantic episode on the salt-marshes. They'd probably freeze. Better wear her fur coat. Not in the least did she feel like one of those old Gita Carterets. Doubted if they ever felt really romantic. Not enough imagination, probably. Merely sentimental. Well, she didn't feel romantic either. No ultimates to look forward to, no romance.

What on earth had possessed him to suggest such a thing? She could have got rid of Polly somehow and found plenty of opportunities to talk with him in the house or garden. Not because he wanted to make love to her—moonlight—solitude—night—all the rest of it. Just an impulse, probably. Felt he had more to say and wanted to get it off his chest. No idea of making love to her; she need have no misgivings. He had a hot temper but a cold code of honor. Wonderful to break down his self-control, if things were different and she were different. But she had her own code.

Well, if their teeth didn't chatter it would be something to remember when she was old. She really wanted to go more than anything else in the world. Oh, yes, *wanted* to go. Must have her drama—loved beauty, and the night was heavenly in spite of the cold.

SHE changed into a thick skirt and heavy sweater and discarded the fur coat in favor of a dark warm cape she had bought the year before, to wear when she prowled in her woods at night. At five minutes to ten she walked swiftly but alertly down the avenue.

As she approached the gates she saw Geoffrey standing before his car in the full moonlight.

"Be careful," she called out. "Polly and Elsie went to a movie and may be back any minute."

"They won't be home for two hours yet—later probably. Elsie came in to ask me to go with them, and I made her promise to say I was out. Then Polly came in and called up two of her admirers, and they were all to meet on the board walk—go to supper after the movie. Getting into the house without running into them may be the problem——"

"I left the library window open."

She stole a glance at him as he sat beside her in the car. The set grimness had returned to his face and his eyes looked more gray than blue. No doubt he regretted

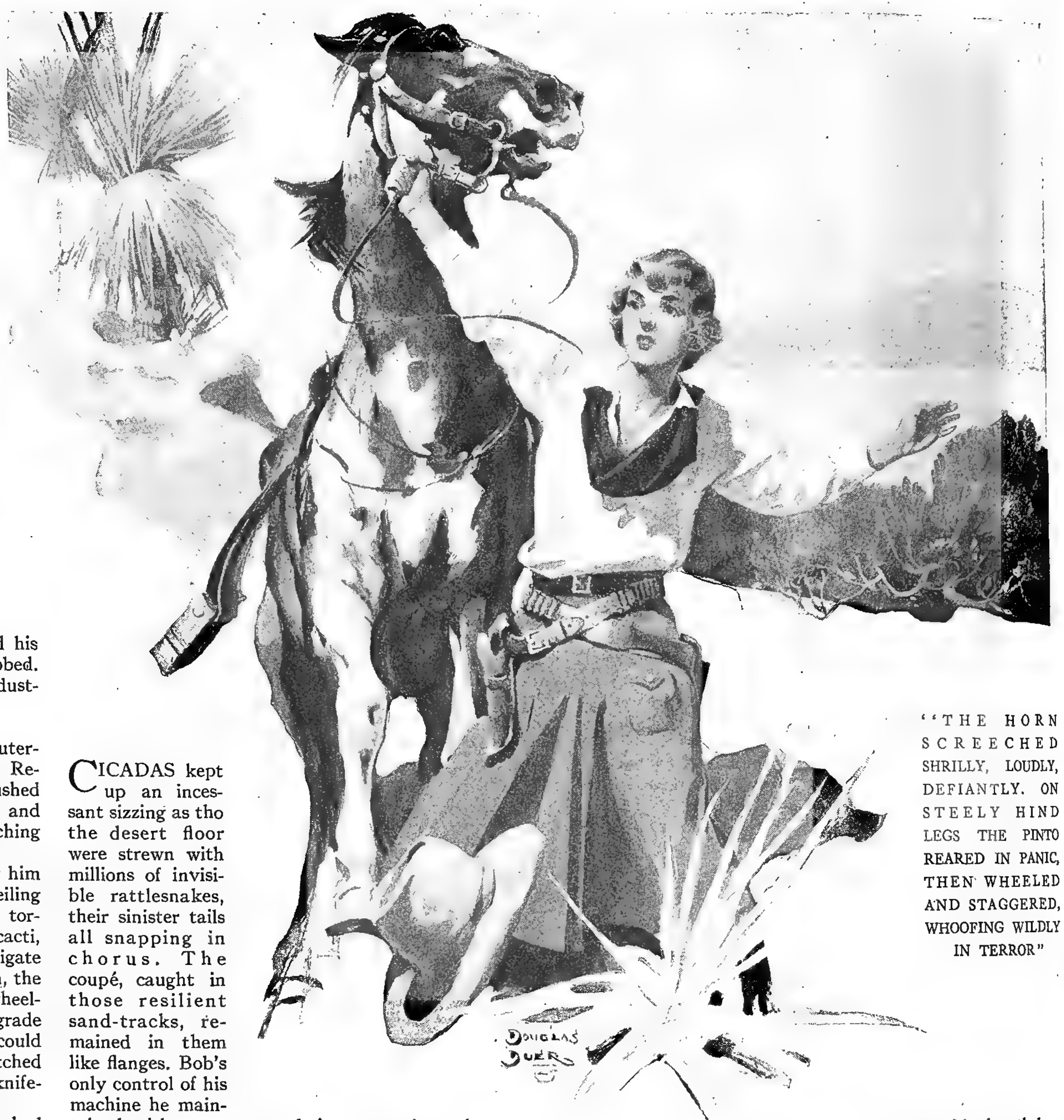
CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

The Right Miss Wright

For East Is East
And West Is West
And Sometimes *the*
Twain Do *Meet*

By William Dudley Pelley

Illustrations by Douglas Duer



"THE HORN SCREECHED SHRILLY, LOUDLY, DEFIANTLY. ON STEELY HIND LEGS THE PINTO REARED IN PANIC, THEN WHEELED AND STAGGERED, WHOOFING WILDLY IN TERROR"

BOB HOBART "killed" his engine and allowed his coupé to roll to a halt. His head throbbed. Arms and shoulders felt afire. He whetted dust-caked lips.

"So this," he sighed wearily, "is the desert?"

He rode alone in the heavy machine, camping accouterments barnacled on running-boards and bumpers. Relaxing his grip on the big scalloped wheel-rim, he pushed up the rakish handkerchief that bound his forehead and surveyed the expanse of sun-baked immensity stretching off into haze.

He had reached the edge of a cedar mesa. Below him western Arizona had become a universe with its ceiling melted off. The sun's rays poured into a world of torturous aridity, of sand and lava-ash, yucca and cacti, seemingly without a sieve of intervening ether to mitigate the searing refraction. As far as his eye could discern, the Santa Fé trail narrowed to a pair of drunken wheel-tracks, hub-deep in sand, curving down the near-by grade and off into gridiron distance. For twenty miles he could see it ahead—as tho some capricious deity had scratched the burned, browned surface of things with a sharp knife-point and the earth bled yellow gravel.

It was desert with a vengeance. The tourist searched a vista built on two planes only: vertical and horizontal. Nowhere else in the world did the sky lift so high or the panorama open so wide. The serried summits of lava mountains far to south and north resembled the backs of titan elephants herded motionless in distance through the eons.

Not even one lone buzzard flapped up in that measureless vault; not a sign of human life lay disclosed on all that expanse spread below. Once, an hour bygone, coming over a mesa mountain with scrub cedars dotting it like olive polka-dots on dun-colored fabric, Bob thought he discerned another car, not unlike his own, crawling miles and miles on ahead like an ant. But he had lost sight of it long since. Now he had the earth to himself.

"And I must cover all that," he groaned, "before I can get more grub or water!" He looked at his wrist-watch. Thirteen minutes to five. Two hours more and then sunset. He would try for the public camping-ground at Kingman before calling it a day.

He thought of his own Green Mountains of Vermont as he screwed the cap back on his smaller canteen and rolled a fortifying cigaret. He recalled cool rills, mossy ravines, inviting openings into green pastures and along still waters where a supper trout might rise to a fly. That was God's country.

He fell to wondering how Mary would react to such blistering distances hour after hour and day after day. She had never been keen about touring; his message that he intended to drive his machine across America and persuade her to end her California visit as "something other than a friend" had met with lukewarm response.

"Wonder if I'm making the mistake of my life?" the man had asked himself a hundred times on that lonely trek. "I like this sort of thing. She thinks it's barbaric. If I'm worried about her endurance on a twenty-day journey in a car as comfortable as this coupé, what am I letting myself in for life? Oh, well," he laughed, "they're all alike; only their names are different!"

Despite the hundred and eighty miles he had driven since morning, he knew he could not tarry longer. His starter whined; his motor sprang alive, and the car moved forward down the grade.

There just below him on those scorching reaches his great adventure lay in wait.

CICADAS kept up an incessant sizzing as tho the desert floor were strewn with millions of invisible rattlesnakes, their sinister tails all snapping in chorus. The coupé, caught in those resilient sand-tracks, remained in them like flanges. Bob's only control of his machine he maintained with one cramped instep against the accelerator.

After traveling through four or five miles of yucca, greasewood, and Needles of the Lord he came suddenly upon an impassable barricade. The trunk of a dead yucca-tree had been dragged out across the trail. Against this "log" a board had been leaned. On it were red-chalked letters: "TURN HERE!" and an arrow pointing southward.

Bob Hobart swore. Such a circuitous route meant additional miles of driving before he could reach the day's destination. Nevertheless, glancing back to make certain no tourist car followed into which he must crash, the Vermonter reversed his gears and churned in retrograde to a place allowing him to mount out of the flanges. Then between patches of brittle, gruesome vegetation he began twisting his way, steering around yucca-trees, boulders, buttes, and dunes, down along the dried-out bottom of a prehistoric river.

Down, down, down—lower and lower—into country momentarily growing wilder and rockier—his car nosed its way. Buttes and ranker vegetation shut off the northern view completely and a mammoth basin floor opened ahead.

"I'm lost!" Bob cried. "This isn't any trail. I've been side-tracked—off down here in this crazy chaos."

Not a sign of a tire-track revealed that any other car had passed that way before him. He worked his way up the waterless river-bed until queer, square ledges showed ahead. He mounted a slight incline.

Then ahead in the corridor of open sand appeared the prostrate body of a man!

Bob halted—sat staring. Legs and feet thrust out from the cacti, gruesome boots upturned, torso and head out of sight in the nettles. No way of circling him was apparent. Bob must stop and remove him or crush him.

In one of his suitcases the tourist had an automatic. The first week in this desert country he had worn it beneath his shirt. Then he had carried it stuffed in the crack of his cushions, finally packing it away altogether. But the sight of those mute legs so startled him that no thought of the weapon entered his head. Some desert "rat" had toppled or fallen down the butte, landing dead or unconscious at its base.

Bob fumbled with the handle and got the door open. Out on the running-board he stepped, and down on the sand. Leaving his throttled engine turning over softly, he approached that grisly figure. He got abreast of it and stared blankly.

No man lay there—only a pair of old trousers stuffed with straw. Boots had been added to supply grim realism. Queer practical joke, this! Did anybody think——

Then an acrid voice sliced the silence:

"*Reach for a star, stranger! Any star'll do! But reach for it quick. And don't make the least fumble!*"

In reflex action Big Bob raised his eyes. Twenty feet from him, atop the low butte, stood a woman. She had one arm through the bridle-rein of a nervous calico pinto. Yet Bob saw more than girl and horse. He looked up into the ugly black holes of revolver-muzzles resembling twin tunnels opening into diasater.

"Did you hear what I said? Get your hands toward heaven and get doin' it quick!"

"My—dear—young—lady——!"

"You needn't dear-young-lady me! You hoist those hands!"

No such command had ever before been addressed to Robert Hobart of Paris, Vermont. His obedience was therefore slow and clumsy. A lady road agent!

"Now, then, turn 'round!"

Still feeling foolish, and not a little nettled, Bob did that also. Then woman and horse slid down the butte. Cold steel punched in the small of his back. A business-like hand patted around his belt, the pockets on his hips, the bulge of his khaki shirt beneath the arms.

"Whar's your gun? You got one. Griggs said so."

"In the car I've got a gun. But what's the large idea? Movie camera hid around somewhere?"

"You'll wish it was that. Whar you got Griggs's boodle?"

"Griggs's what?"

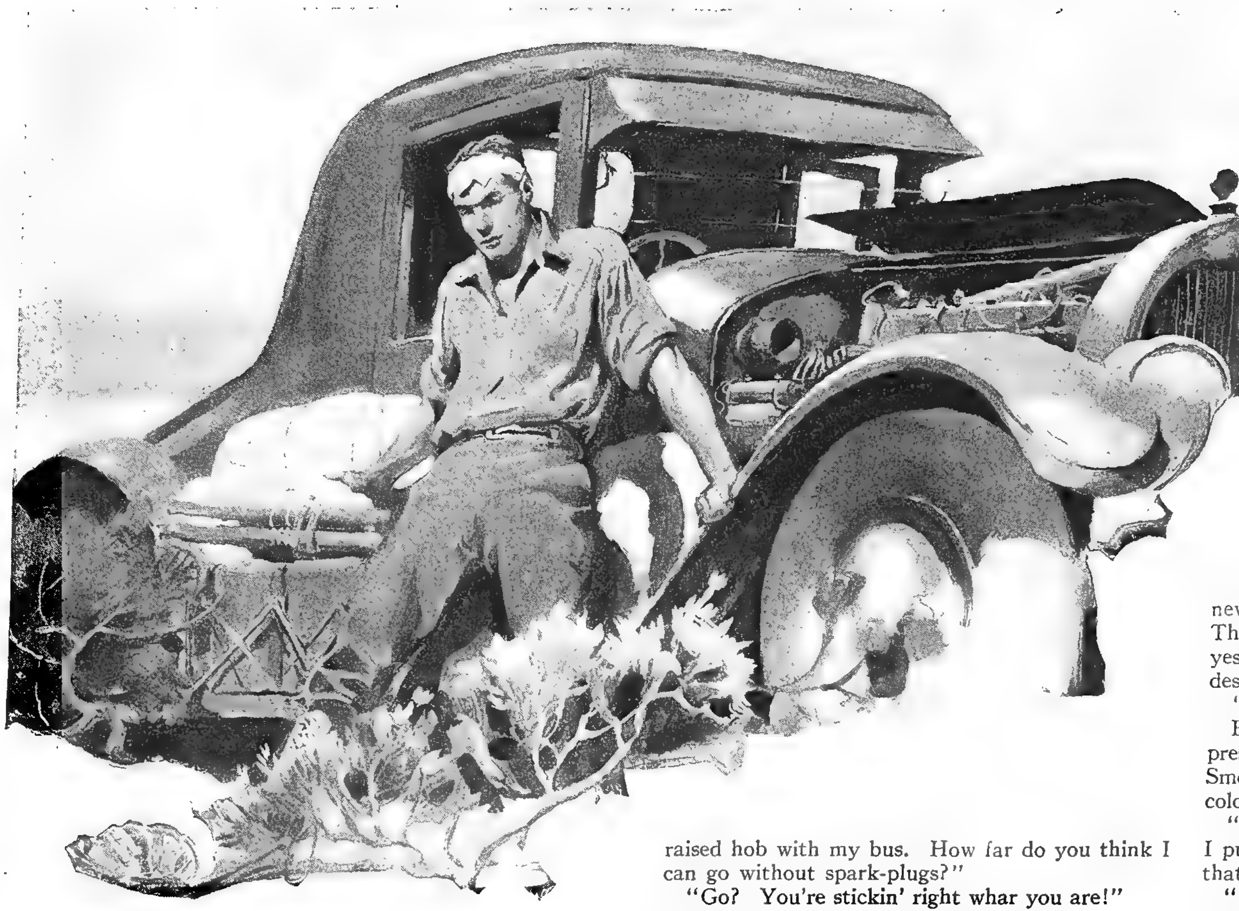
"You needn't try to act innocent-like. Reckon I've met your kind befo'. Wharever you got it, you can shove it out quick."

"May I turn around now?" Bob's uplifted arms made agony in his tired shoulders.

"Yaas, you can turn 'round. But don't try no fumi-diddles."

Hobart faced about. A girl in her middle twenties

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



—about Bob's age—in short brown riding-skirt and blouse-waist opened on a sunburned throat! On the horn of her saddle she had hooked her big cow-hat. Bare of head in consequence, her hair was a flood of molten gold. Comely she looked, yet her shapely body had the resiliency of rawhide and steel. The man asked whimsically:

"How did you ever get away off here—so far from the 'Follies'?"

"So far from what?"

"The 'Follies.' You never heard of the 'Follies'? It's a Broadway show——"

"Never you mind any Broadway shows! Keep your hands lifted, stranger. I could drill you dead right this minute and get the reward just the same. So you remember it and be careful!"

"Reward for what, for pity's sake?"

"For you—if you don't know it yet."

"There's a reward out for me? For doing what?"

"Keep up those hands! I'm not an infant."

"No, I wouldn't call you an infant. But you're not exactly a lady, either—making me hold my arms up so with my shoulders afire from driving so far. Is this the way you treat visitors down here in Arizona?"

"When they've acted like you have, yes?"

She was an amazing girl. There was no doubt about it. Half a head shorter than Bob she stood—and the Vermonter was six foot one—built like a Juno and tempered like a valkyr. Her eyes were brown-topaz, her features ample, her color high with repressed excitement. The mass of her golden hair ended in a single, thick, hawser braid that fell to her supple waist behind.

Her pinto, however, promised trouble. Plainly it didn't approve of Bob's auto. It snorted, pranced, and showed the whites of its eyes.

"My dear young lady," cried the flabbergasted Bob, "I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about."

"You get back to your car—and just to make sure you don't start off you lift up your hood."

Bob made a grimace. "Why lift my hood?"

"I'll show you. And don't you reach for your gun! If you do I'll settle you, stranger. I give you my word!"

Back toward the coupé the puzzled fellow moved, and the girl followed after—pulling the horse.

"Now up with that hood, or befo' Gawd I'll drill you!"

With an uneasy laugh the Vermonter unclasped the spring-hooks and raised the great tin cover.

"Now you stand back! Get away ten or twelve feet. I could shoot these things out, but I'm takin' no chances on emptyin' my guns!" And springing toward the car, keeping him covered with one revolver, she struck savagely at his spark-plugs with the barrel of the other.

One, two, three, four, five, six blows she dealt beneath that hood. The engine went dead with an expiring backfire and the spark-plug wires swung loosely. As quickly she sprang away—or perhaps the horse pulled her.

"Well," pronounced Bob glassy-eyed, "you sure have raised hob with my bus. How far do you think I can go without spark-plugs?"

"Go? You're stickin' right whar you are!"

"I'll say I am. Now what's it all about?"

"You start turnin' out what you got in your car. *I want Griggs's money!*"

"What's put it into your head I've got Griggs's money—whoever he may be?"

"Reckon the make o' your car is enough for me."

"Aren't you mistaking me for some one else?—and haven't you overlooked my Vermont license-plates?"

"I'm not aimin' to palaver much longer with you, stranger. You never was courtin' calamity closer than you happen to be right this minute!"

"I can't make head or tail of what it's all about, but you're going to owe me a whale of an apology in about five minutes." And the nettled, exhausted fellow turned toward his carefully packed machine. The vehement Amazon pulled the plunging pinto closer. Up toward the running-board Bob lifted one foot. Suddenly he stumbled, lost his balance, lurched inward against the wheel. Down on the horn-knob came his heavy forearm.

Gr-r-r-r! The horn screeched shrilly, loudly, defiantly. It was a powerful, blood-curdling siren.

On steely hind legs the pinto reared in panic, then wheeled and staggered, whoofing wildly in terror. The bridle broke. Leaping clear of the ground, the horse went one way, its rider another.

Ten seconds later Bob Hobart held both guns and the girl a broken bridle. The bronc was racing down that river-bed, head and tail lifted, stirrups slashing against thorn-brush and greasewood. In twelve-foot jumps it vanished in the far-away pear.

Bob straightened, grinning. "Well, turn about's fair play," he bantered. "You put my bus on the blink. Now I've shooed off yours. Don't you think it's time to talk this little mess over?"

"G-g-give me my g-g-guns!"

"Let's see you get them."

The girl glanced down at her empty holsters.

"Waal, I reckon you've trumped my ace, stranger. That loco bronc has plumb busted everything!"

BOB "broke" the weapons, shaking out the cartridges and thrusting them in his trousers pocket. Producing his keys, he unlocked the lid of his running-board tool-box. In it he dropped both guns and snapped the lid back. "You really might hurt somebody with these, Miss What-ever-Your-Name-Is——?"

"My name's Wright," she announced, a bit defiantly.

"It's *what?*"

"Wright. Mary Wright, if it does you any good to know."

"Huh?"

"What's the matter with you? Can't you hear?"

Bob's jaw had dropped open. His eyes were wide. He pulled the rakish handkerchief from his forehead without taking his eyes from her face. "Heavens!" he gasped weakly.

"What ails you? What of it?"

"I'm bound for Pasadena—right now—to ask a girl named Mary Wright to——"

"Waal, what's so strange about that? Reckon thar's more'n one Mary Wright in this country. I got mail for another when I went one time to St. Louis, but, look here, stranger, what you aimin' to do with me?"

"I'm not aiming to do anything with you—that I know of, yet."

"I don't quite get your game, stranger. You seem to talk and act like a gentleman."

"Why on earth shouldn't I?"

"But how could a man who talks and acts like a gentleman do such a rotten thing as to rob old Griggs?"

"I haven't robbed old Griggs—or anybody! Unless I did it in my sleep."

The sun had begun its descent down the west. Bob moved around with his back toward it, to get its glare from his eyes. The girl drew closer to the coupé, sinking down on its running-board weakly. "Whar was you at nine o'clock this mawnin'?"

Bob reflected. "I'd say I was ten or twelve miles from Williams—heading this way."

"Can you prove it?" the girl demanded.

"I can prove I stopped on the camping-grounds in Williams last night. I bought a new tire in a Williams garage just before sundown. That's it on my left hind wheel. Perhaps the bill, dated yesterday and receipted, would convince you I'm no desperado."

"Let's see it."

Bob found the paper in his wallet. He was carefully preserving all such to later compute the cost of his outing. Smoothing it out, he handed it across. Her face took on color. "And whar was you night befo' last?"

"Holbrook," he answered. "And the night before that I put up at the Harvey Hotel in Albuquerque. I've got that bill also."

"How'd you happen to be one lone man drivin' through the same stretch o' country in the same kind o' car as that Eastern feller who looted old Griggs?"

"I didn't know I was. It's a stock car—this coupé. There's a thousand like it. Are you after a bandit—alone?"

"I was!"

"Where did this looting occur?"

"Down to Kelson, on the new State road to Prescott, about seven o'clock last night. But it warn't discovered till after the feller left this mawnin'."

"How far's this Kelson?"

"Ninety-eight mile—by the road. But the way I took across Pisgah Cañon shortened it to thirty-one."

"As a matter of mileage, could I have been down around Kelson and in Williams, too?"

"No, reckon you couldn't, stranger."

"Were you responsible for making me detour, back there on the trail?"

She nodded.

"I kind o' figgered you'd come this way. And when Mister Griggs offered a thousand dollars fo' recoverin' his money, and the Kelson sheriff says get the bandit dead or alive, I reckoned I'd work my hunch. I brought some red chalk fo' the sign, and, stoppin' at the deserted shack in the cañon fo' a board, I found the dummy—the posse used it last April to trick the Dyker boys the same way. Then when I saw you turn from the trail, I threw the sign away and followed you myself."

"Will your horse come back?"

"Reckon he won't—not without a bridle. He'll lope home to Kelson." She looked around in flaming mortification. "And now I've smashed your engine so you can't get out o' here yourself—and it's six mile back to the trail, with night comin' on. Oh, oh, oh!"

Bob sank on the sand. "Seems funny to be sitting here talking to a lady with the same name as the one I thought of asking to marry me. You live in Kelson, wherever it is?"

"I run a ranch a little way outside, with three or fo' cow-hands. I took over the place when my uncle died. I live thar with Hester. She's my cousin—and crippled. Are you really an Easterner? You really come from Vermont?"

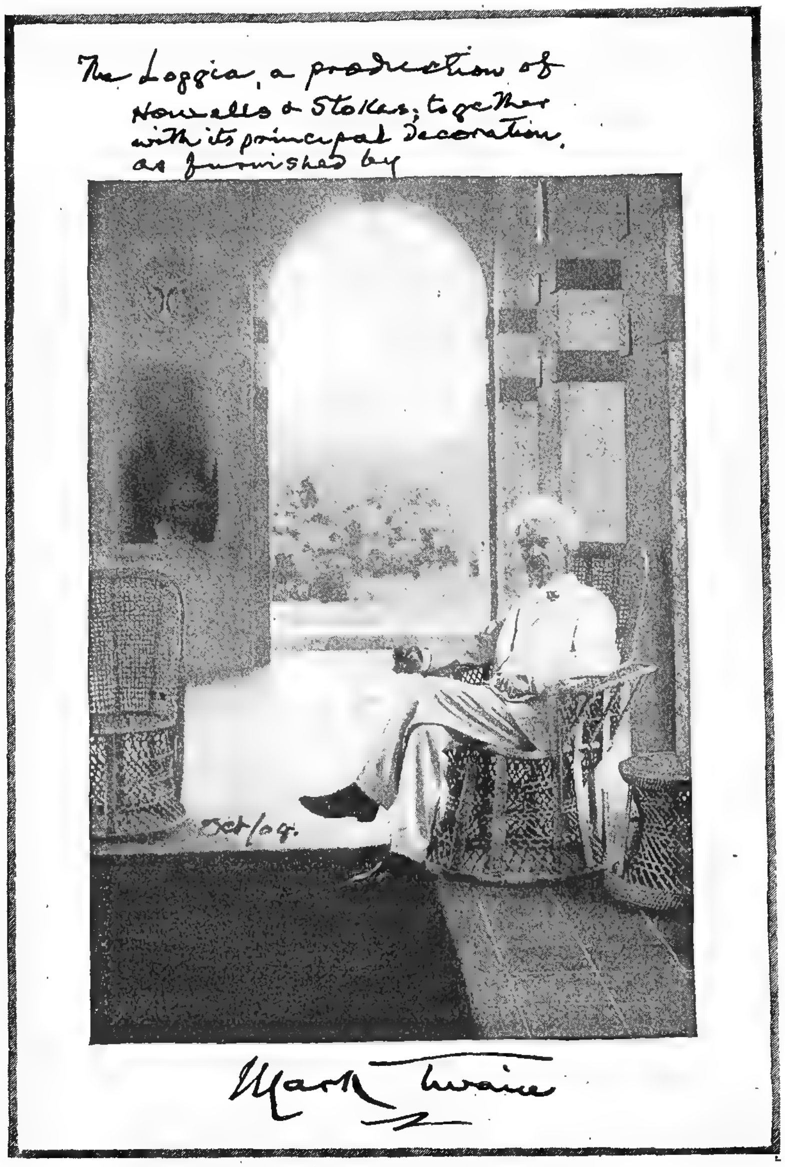
"A little one-horse town called Paris, away up in the heart of the mountains. Hobart's my name—Bob Hobart. I own a pulley-factory and machine-shop up there. But I had to break away this Summer and see a bit of America before I settled down—or go crazy. Same old program from Monday morning till Saturday night. I thought I'd see something of the world when the War broke out. But I caught the flu down to Camp Devens. By the time I'd recovered the show was over."

"It's the first time you've ever been down here?"

"It's the only time I've been west of Chicago in my life."

Her gaze dwelt on him closer—his splendid physique, his wavy brown hair, the strength of his features, the kindly humor in his eyes, the wistfulness about his mouth. Her color rose. "You're goin' to be married, you said?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



The Loggia, a production of Howells & Stokes, together with its principal decoration, as furnished by

Oct/09.

Mark Twain

"MARK TWAIN" IN ONE OF HIS FAMOUS WHITE SUITS, AT HIS REDDING, CONN., HOME. AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

Part Five of the Memories of Katy Leary, for Nearly Forty Years His Faithful Servant and Friend

TRANSCRIBED BY MARY LAWTON

THE Prince of Wales and Mr. Clemens got to be real good friends, I believe, and then he got invited to one of their garden-parties—but that was in London, after Queen Victoria died. I don't remember exactly where. But he went, anyway, and then the Prince of Wales was King Edward; and Princess Alexandra was the Queen.

There is a story about how some one introduced him to Queen Alexandra, and it was kind of a chilly day and Mr. Clemens had a cold and was very hoarse, and when the Queen noticed that, she says, "Why, Mr. Clemens, you talk as tho you had a cold. You must put your hat right on." (Of course he was standing with his hat off when he was talking to the Queen.) But Mr. Clemens says, "Oh, no, no! I couldn't put my hat on when I'm talking to the Queen." "Well," she says, "then if I am the Queen, *I command you* to put your hat right on!" So of course after that he put his hat on quick.

While he stood talking with her a good many people was passing by, and looked very cross to see him talking with the Queen with his hat on, and one man, they say, went up to Mr. Clemens and says, "Don't you know you're talking to the *Queen? Remove your hat, sir!*" The King heard that, and he put his hand on Mr. Clemens's shoulder and he said:

"What was that man saying to you?" "Well," said Mr. Clemens, "he told me to remove my hat, but, you know, Your Majesty, that I was just commanded by the Queen not to remove my hat, so I couldn't take it off." "No," the King said, "that's all right. Don't you remove your hat." So Mr. Clemens kept it right on, and stood there talking with all the royalty. The royalty was always chasing after Mr. Clemens; the name "Mark Twain" was just like magic. People was crazy to see him wherever he went, and nothing could ever have been more wonderful than those two Winters that we spent in Vienna.

It was just one wonderful thing after another that was happening. Mr. Clemens, he wrote a lot of things while he was there, too—for magazines and newspapers, I think they was. You see, everything had all smoothed out then. It wasn't such hard times with him any more, and they was very prosperous again, and altho they never got over the death of our little Susie—it was always a shadow somehow in the background—still everything was very gay and pleasant and they enjoyed themselves. And Mr. Clemens, he just reveled in every bit of it—and it was right that he should.

Of course they was beginning to think about coming home to America again. But there was one sad thing, tho, that was just beginning to trouble them—that was Jean. She began to be kind of sick. You know, she had quite a serious trouble and the doctors thought it was something like epilepsy. It was really a most terrible thing, because Jean was so lovely and it seemed so cruel to have anything like that come upon her, for it made her almost an invalid at times. So this was a terrible grief, right in the midst of all the gaiety.

They kept planning to return to America that Spring but they kept postponing it. They didn't know where they was going when they got to America—Mrs. Clemens or Mr. Clemens either. They just dreaded the thought of going back to the Hartford house now that Susie was dead. No, they couldn't even bear the thought of that. So they kept staying on in London, and finally they took a place in the country—an awful pretty place; it was called Dollis House.

They used to say that Gladstone come there when he was alive, as he was a friend of the man that owned the place. 'Twas very peaceful and sweet and Mr. Clemens, he really loved it. Mrs. Clemens, she just adored it too, and they used to spend a lot of time setting out under them beautiful trees. Of course there was always a lot of company there; everybody used to come out from London, and all the Americans that was there, they used to come along, too.

In October they sailed for America. And, oh! how glad Mr. Clemens was to get home. All the reporters was there to meet him on the dock and he laughed and joked with them, and told them how glad he was to be home, and said if he ever got ashore he thought he'd break both his legs, or something terrible like that, so as he could never leave home any more!

We began hunting right away for a furnished house in New York and got one pretty soon, too. I think it belonged to Mr. Doubleday—he was some kind of a publisher. They rented his house at 14 West 10th Street—a great, nice, spacious house. And they was very lucky to find such a place as that to move into.

Everybody was just crazy about having Mr. Clemens back, and that house in 10th Street become a regular landmark. The street was always full of people just walking by to see the place where "Mark Twain" lived 'cause he was very famous then and all his books was read by everybody in America. Everybody, great and small, was very proud of Mr. Clemens.

Oh! There was something very funny happened when we was at the 10th Street house. The number of our house was *14 West 10th Street*, and there was a woman, it appears, that was living at *10 West 14th Street*, and people kept coming to her house to ask for Mr. Clemens or "Mark Twain," to know if he lived there. They'd got the addresses mixed, you see, 'cause they was so much alike—14 West 10th Street or 10 West 14th Street.

Well, this kept up for a long time, and finally she got so sick of it she called the police one day and said she wanted to inform them of a man that was living at 14 West 10th Street—that he ought to be looked after, because he was really living under *two* names! Well, that was such a good joke (on her)—'cause she didn't know who "Mark Twain" was—that the policemen laughed very hearty and thought it was so funny they come and told Mr. Clemens about it; and Mr. Clemens, when he heard that, says, "Thank God! Thank God! There's one woman in New York don't know me!"

YES, that was a wonderful Winter that we spent in the 10th Street house, and all Mr. Clemens's old friends was there a great deal, which made him very happy. Mr. Howells, of course, and Mr. Rogers and Mr. Gilder—he used to have that *Century Magazine*, yo. know—and Mr. Aldrich, and then, of course, Chauncey Depew—mustn't forget him—he was a very famous kind of a public man. He was a Senator, too. Well, all them great clubs in New York—I can't remember all the names of them—but they was always asking Mr. Clemens to speak at them great dinners they'd give. Why, somebody said, even, that he ought to be made the next President. But he never took that serious, of course. I think myself he might of made a wonderful President. He'd have been an honest one, any way.

Of course, Mr. Clemens, he was writing all the time, pieces in the newspapers, and oh! I don't know what not, and was always interested in some new invention or things like that; and I think it was about that time he got interested in a kind of a health food that you mixed up with water, and it was going to make you strong. He believed in that, and used to take it himself, drink it—or whatever they did to it. And I believe he put quite a little bit of money into it too; but that never come to much.

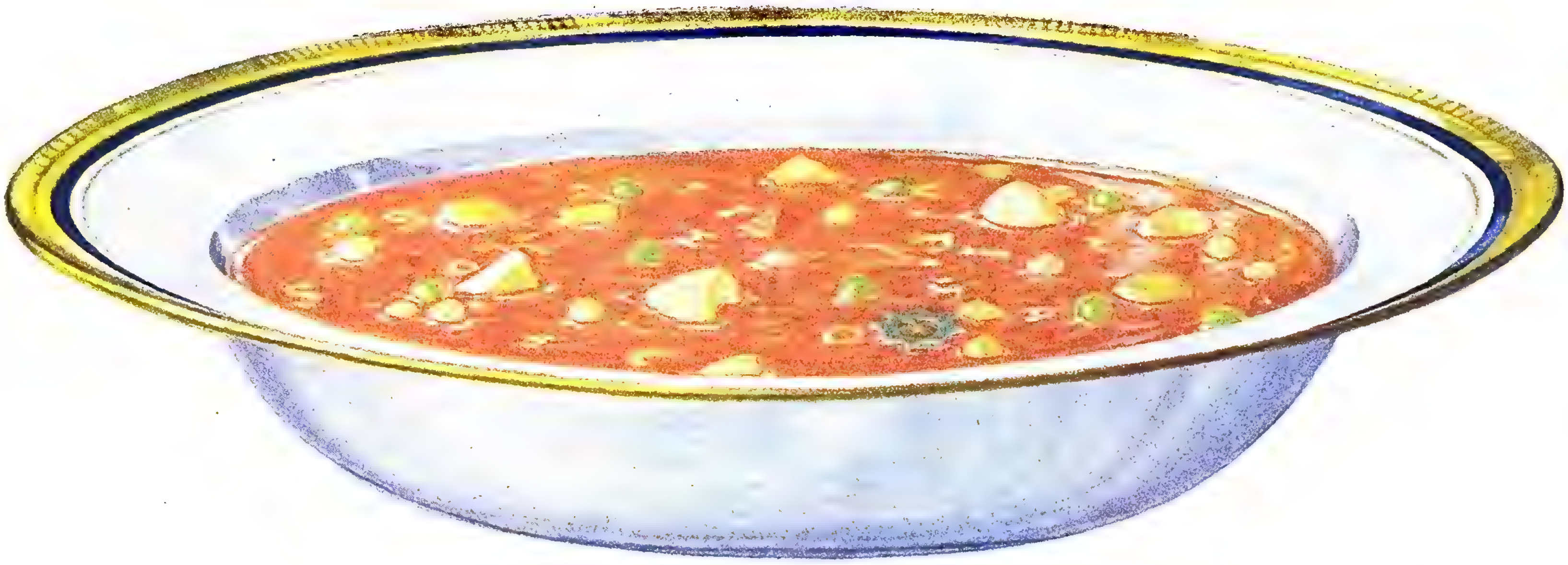
I meant to of told you that Mr. Clemens was always awful funny and fussy about his food; he always had lots of fads, as they call it, about food. Sometimes he would just leave off eating everything except one thing, and he would live on that all the time. Then there was a certain kind of bread he would have to have; and he took it into his head once to live on breakfast food, and he ran all about with his breakfast food, telling everybody about it. Yes, he would even go to dinners and parties and carry that old breakfast food with him. And then he got very interested in what you call—well, not exactly religion, but something like a cult, and he would follow it up to the very end.

Of course people always said that Mr. Clemens didn't have any faith in God; but I know that wasn't so, because everything he did showed that he did have faith in something anyway. He wasn't religious the way most people was, but he did believe—and I know it. But he certainly loved Mr. Twitchell very much. Mr. Twitchell was the pastor in the old church in Hartford, and I told you something about him in the beginning—how Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and the children all called him "Uncle Joe." And oh! Mr. Twitchell and Mr. Clemens was just devoted to each other. Mr. Twitchell used to influence him a great deal, I think—more than anybody else, except Mrs. Clemens.

Mr. Twitchell used to preach at the Congregational Church in Hartford, and at first Mr. Clemens went to church every Sunday—never missed. But after a while he kind of dropped off and Mr. Twitchell, of course, he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



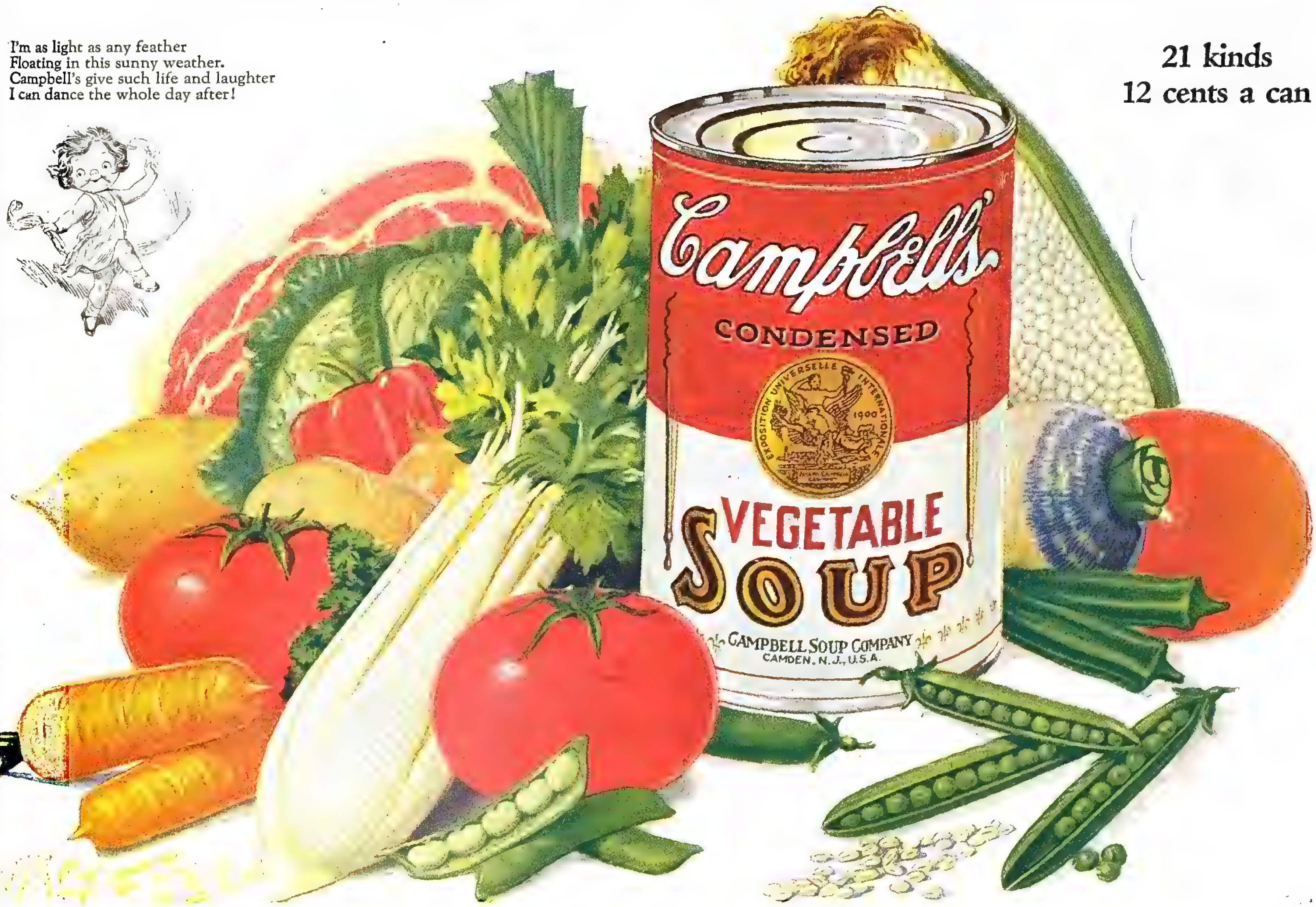
For the one hot dish of the meal!

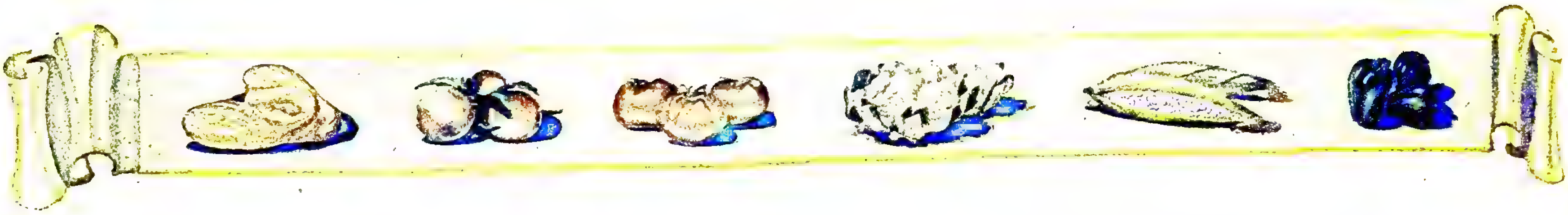
And such a delicious dish, so tempting to the appetite, so richly substantial and nourishing! At this time of year especially, Campbell's Vegetable Soup will appeal to you. Keep a supply on hand and you'll be surprised how frequently you'll find it the most attractive and convenient food you can serve for those meals where you have but one hot dish. It's so satisfying, too!

Indeed this famous soup is so hearty that people constantly say "It's a meal in itself." It's the kind of vegetable soup everybody likes, but so few women find the time to make. For preparing vegetable soup with thirty-two different ingredients is often more than the average busy housewife wishes to undertake. And it's so unnecessary, since she can always get Campbell's!

I'm as light as any feather
Floating in this sunny weather.
Campbell's give such life and laughter
I can dance the whole day after!

21 kinds
12 cents a can


Campbell's
CONDENSED
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE 1900
VEGETABLE
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J., U.S.A.



My new ways to cook these old favorites

SINCE I have found a way to fry without filling the house with smoke and unpleasant odors, I have been frying everything I possibly could. The result is that I have a greater variety of dishes to serve from our same old reliable favorites.

Delicious foods, too, crisp and brown outside and thoroughly cooked inside. Crisco is economical, too. It isn't absorbed by the food, so very little is used up in frying.

Crisco has made possible the delicious new ways of frying the foods you see pictured on this page. It has made possible, too, a brand new pleasure in frying for it is a real pleasure to cook with a fat as clean and sweet as Crisco is. Crisco, you know, is a vegetable shortening.

Delicious cakes, pies and muffins

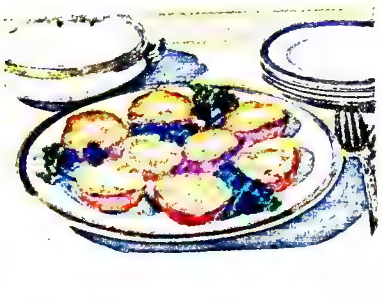
I make all my cakes with Crisco. Crisco doesn't have to be kept on ice, so it is always ready for instant use. It makes perfect cakes and is so much more economical. I use Crisco for every purpose which requires shortening and find it always the same, giving uniform results no matter whether I am frying, making cakes, biscuits, pies or muffins. W.S.C.

200 Tested Recipes
Olive S. Allen

Free! 200 Tested Recipes!

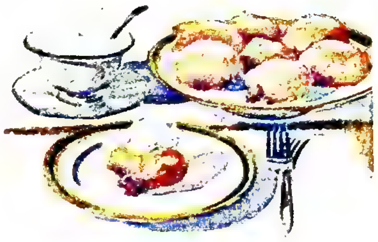
Miss Olive S. Allen, a real home cook of many years' experience, gathered and tested hundreds of recipes from all over the world, from famous foreign chefs, from old fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels and little inns; even from trappers and hunters. From these she selected the best two hundred and put them in this little cook book. To secure it free, simply fill in your name and address and mail coupon to Section N-8, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

Fried Tomatoes



Remove stem from tomatoes and cut them in half the broad way. Sprinkle with salt on both sides. Dip in flour. Put enough Crisco into cold frying pan to partly cover tomatoes when Crisco is melted. When Crisco is hot, put tomato in and fry first on the flat side. When brown, turn with pancake turner and fry on the other side. Delicious with broiled steak.

Peach Surprises

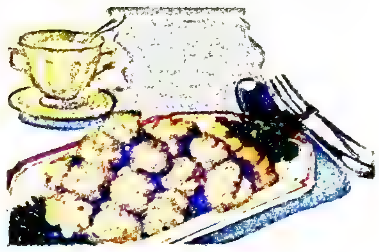


2 cups pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon sugar
10 peaches

¼ teaspoon salt
3 eggs
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon melted Crisco

Beat eggs. Add Crisco, then milk. Sift dry ingredients together. Add and beat until smooth. Peel peaches. Cut in half removing stone. Dip each half into batter and fry in deep Crisco heated to 375 to 385 degrees F. or when a small piece of bread browns in 40 seconds. Fry until peach is soft. Test with a toothpick. Serve with a meat course or with whipped cream for dessert.

Deep fried Cauliflower



1 medium sized cauliflower
Yolks of 2 eggs
¾ cup flour

½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt

Wash cauliflower and separate the flowers. Boil until tender (with 1 teaspoon salt in the water), then drain. A slice of lemon boiled with it keeps it perfectly white. Beat egg yolks until light. Add milk, salt, and flour. Beat smooth with egg beater. Dip each section of cauliflower into batter. Drop in hot Crisco heated to 385 to 395 degrees F. or when a piece of bread browns in 20 seconds.

Fry until brown and serve with following hot sauce:

White Sauce:

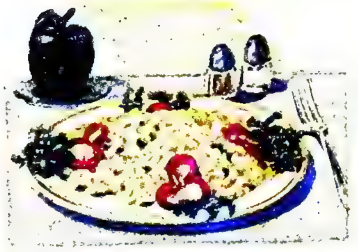
3 tablespoons Crisco
⅛ teaspoon pepper

3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon paprika

½ teaspoon salt

Rub to a paste over fire. Add 1½ cupfuls boiling water. Last add 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Panned Corn and Peppers

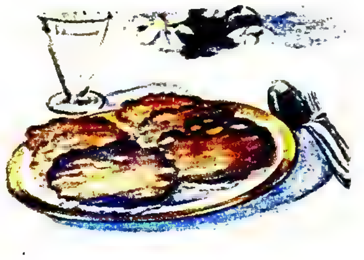


2 cups green corn
2 green peppers
⅓ cup cream

Crisco (enough, when melted, to cover bottom of pan)
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt

Cut from ears of fresh corn enough to fill two cups. Chop peppers. Add salt and pepper. Mix together. Put Crisco in cold frying pan. When melted, put in corn and peppers. Cover and cook slowly about 10 minutes or until corn is tender. Uncover and cook until thoroughly done, and just before serving add cream. Will serve four people.

Corn Cakes



2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt

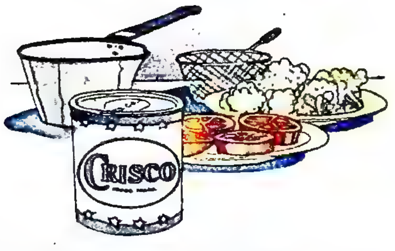
2 cups fresh green corn
Crisco (enough, when melted, to cover bottom of pan)

Cut corn from ears. Beat eggs light. Add to corn with the salt. Stir all together. Put Crisco into cold frying pan. When hot, drop corn mixture by spoonfuls into hot Crisco. Keep them far enough apart so you can turn them easily. Fry until brown. Turn and brown on other side.

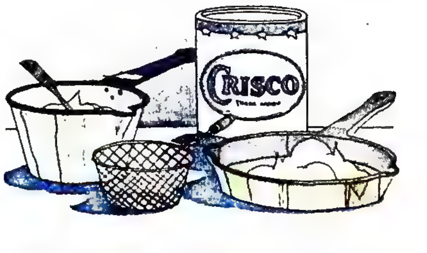
They will be easier to fry if you add one tablespoon flour but they will not be so good.

All measurements level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

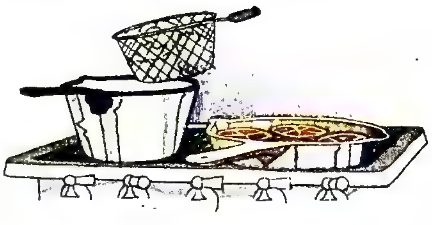
ATTRACTIVE WHOLESOME FRIED FOODS—*without smoke*



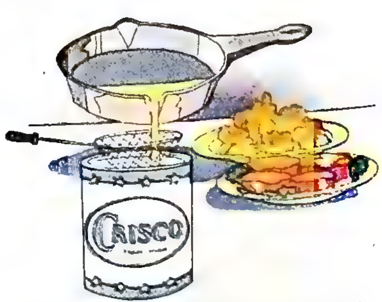
1 All you need for deep frying (in this case cauliflower) is an ordinary saucepan, a wire strainer and a 3 pound can of Crisco. And, of course, all you need for delicious pan frying is Crisco and your frying pan.



2 For all frying put Crisco in cold pan and heat slowly. Remember, Crisco will cook food before it is hot enough to smoke. If you have no thermometer, use the bread test given in the deep frying recipes above.



3 In pan frying use enough Crisco to half cover the food. It need not be wasted for you can strain it back into the can and use it over and over. Crisco does not take the taste of foods; not even cauliflower, which has a decided flavor.



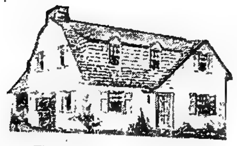
4 Notice that Crisco foods, both pan fried and deep fried, are free from grease with a brown outside and a well cooked inside.

Crisco is trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. © 1925 by The Procter & Gamble Co.

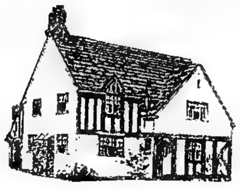
BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A Practical Department of Decorating and Furnishing

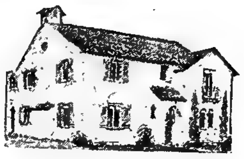
CONDUCTED BY WINNIFRED FALES



The Colonial Face



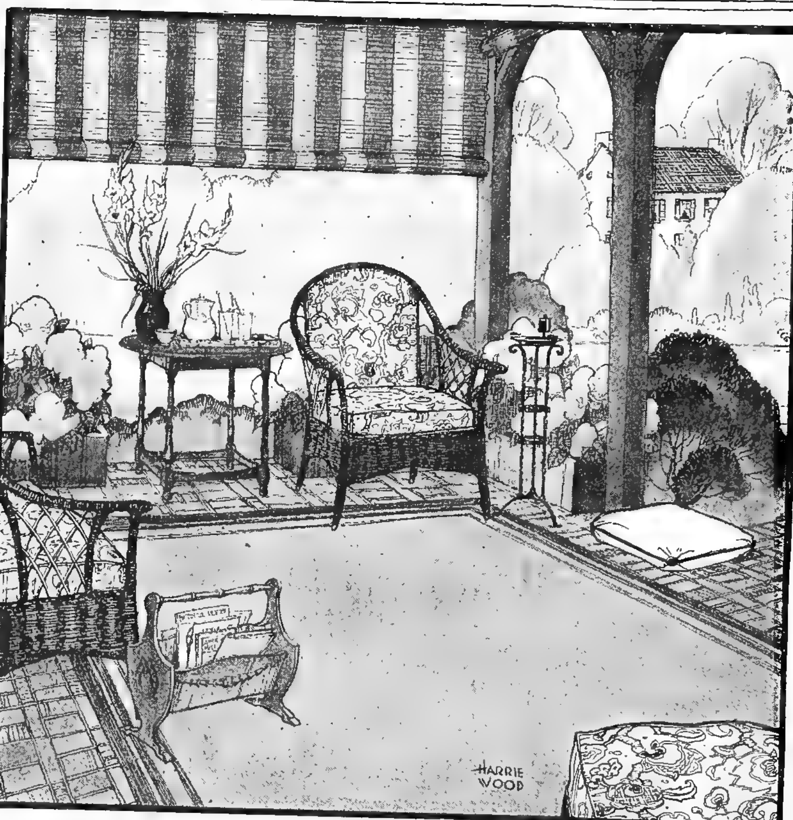
The English Face



The Latin Face

The Porch of the English House

This is the fourth article on decorating "The House with Three Faces" shown in our May issue, so called because the house has three different exteriors (English, Dutch Colonial, and Latin) with the same floor-plan.



WITHOUT ATTEMPTING A "PERIOD" EFFECT, THESE COLORFUL PORCH-FURNISHINGS EXPRESS THE ENGLISH IDEAL OF COMFORT

IN HOT weather, family life gravitates to the living-porch for a goodly portion of each twenty-four hours, and the architect of the Little House with Three Faces has accordingly placed the porch at the rear, facing the garden, thereby assuring the maximum privacy as well as a delightful outlook.

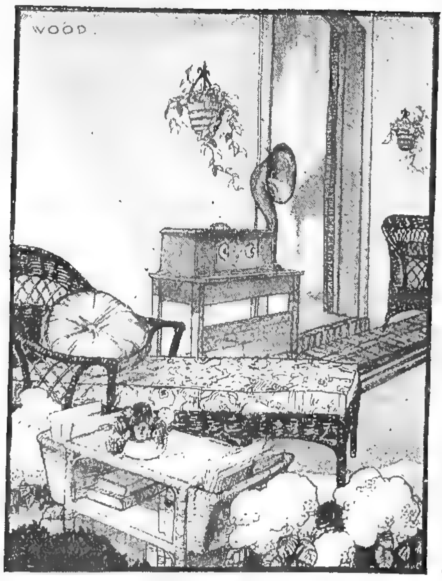
The problem of suitable furnishings does not differ greatly from that presented by an indoor living-room. A little less formality—a little more thought bestowed on resistance to dust and damp—this is practically the only difference. The same regard for color-harmony, balance, scale, and other fundamental principles is demanded here as within doors.

Let us begin our interesting task by considering the setting. A series of green-painted boxes filled with blooming hydrangeas, a moss-green linen rug laid on the gray-brick floor, and copper and wrought-iron wall-pockets filled with trailing vines will seem to bring the garden up to the very door of the Little House, and join with the masses of cut flowers in pottery jars and bowls in filling the porch with refreshing color and fragrance.

For protection from the sun we may install porch screens composed of narrow wood slats painted in broad gray and green stripes which blend harmoniously with the gray trunks and green foliage of the surrounding trees. These are less expensive than canvas awnings, and the method of construction provides for ventilating-spaces between the slats.

Since the floor is only nine by twelve feet, careful planning is necessary in order to provide all the essentials of comfort and yet present an uncrowded appearance. Measuring the spaces at either side of the door, we find that they will just accommodate a fifty-inch sofa on the right and a *chaise longue* and table on the left, as shown in the lower illustration.

For the table, we choose one especially designed to hold a radio-set and loud speaker so that we may live out-of-doors without having to forego the enjoyment of our daily programs. Between the front legs of the table is a wide panel designed to conceal a shelf on which the batteries rest, and this panel we decorate with a floral stencil in bright colors.



WITH MAGAZINES, BOOKS, AND RADIO AT HAND, DULL MOMENTS WILL BE FEW

For the sofa, *chaise longue*, and a comfortable armchair we decide upon fiber-rush of graceful design, which we order finished in glossy black to afford contrast to the gay cushions of flowered cretonne with an abundance of green foliage mingled with tones of glowing orange and cool rich blues and purples. For the sake of variety we add a chair of Windsor type, choosing one with a back-splat bearing the old English wheelwright's symbol. This does not appear in the illustrations, but finds a place in the left front corner of the porch, facing the fiber-rush armchair in the opposite corner.

To give additional seating capacity without adding more furniture we fashion a pair of solidly stuffed floor-cushions of burnt-orange water-proof silk, piped and buttoned with black, and place them at opposite ends of the single step which leads to the brick-paved garden path. A round, down cushion covered with the same material will add to the comfort of the *chaise longue.*

A decorative and practical little table, with a shelf for books below the top and a pocket at each end for magazines and papers, will just fit into the space between the plant-boxes at the left-hand end of the porch. This also may be made of fiber-rush, and instead of having it painted black like the other pieces, we order it in orange to match the cushions. On the top a dark-blue pottery bowl filled with marigolds or nasturtiums will serve to focus interest.

At the opposite end, within arm's reach of the easy chair, a round-topped wood table with turned legs and heavy stretchers may hold a tray with a refreshment-set of orange glass, and a mirror-black jar filled with tall spikes of blue and yellow flowers.

With the addition of a three-legged wrought-iron smoking-stand, a lantern of Old English brass to furnish illumination at night, and a carved-wood magazine-basket with a convenient bar-handle, the furnishing of the porch is interestingly completed at a cost commensurate with the average income; and the furniture is all of a substantial character which will permit its use within doors in Winter unless the porch itself is to be glassed in and provided with heating arrangements for cold weather.

Those whose tastes are conservative in the matter of color may prefer a quieter scheme, and this can easily be developed, using the same furniture.

The rug in this case may be of gray fiber with a green border containing one narrow band of dull Venetian red. In place of the striped porch screens plain dark green may be substituted.

The fiber-rush pieces will be charming in a soft brown finish, upholstered with water-proof, glazed chintz in a small-figured all-over pattern in browns and dull golds with dull red and a touch of black. This material is impervious to weather conditions, and when soiled can be washed off with soap and water.

Instead of the brilliant orange of the first scheme, the book and magazine table might be finished in gray, a tone darker than the rug, and edged with green. Green likewise would be cool and effective for the cushions, with a bit of invigorating color in the form of red pipings and buttons. The round table, radio-stand, and magazine-basket would not need to be changed, and the Windsor chair would be equally as effective in a brown-stained finish as in the black enamel it originally wore.

A third delightful scheme might have gray and mauve as a basis—so many lavender and purple flowers are found in the average garden. Gray-enameled furniture with cushions in slip-covers of mauve gingham in two-inch checks, floor-pillows in deep, pansy purple bound with yellow, blue, and pale yellow flowers in vases of amethyst glass, tables in midnight-blue, and the rug in mole-color would create a charming ensemble, dainty and yet not impractical, since the slip-covers could be removed and laundered as often as necessary, and the new sunfast ginghams are proof against both sun and water.

A single touch of stimulating color might be introduced by painting the magazine-basket a brilliant lacquer-red and antiquing it, when thoroughly dry, by brushing over the surface a coat of burnt sienna containing a tiny bit of Prussian blue, and then, before the color begins to set, wiping it off with a handful of old rags slightly moistened with turpentine, turning often to give a fresh surface.

More Helps for Our Readers

Whether your problem is choosing new curtains or furnishing an entire house, Mrs. Fales may be consulted without charge. Please give full particulars and enclose a stamped envelop. Instructions for making three new porch cushions are free on request.

Little House Service Folder III., illustrating furnishings for the Colonial and Latin porches, ten cents post-paid. Folders I. and II., on the Hall and Living-Room, ten cents each. Address Beauty in Home, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

FREE
10-Day Tube
Note coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Gums Like Coral

TEETH with that dazzling whiteness you seek

This NEW *way will bring them quickly.* Simply send the coupon. Make this unique dental test. See what a great difference a few days will make—it removes the film that invites "off color" teeth and unhealthy gums.

HERE is a simple dental test. A test that will work a great change in the color of your teeth, in the color and firmness of your gums.

You may not realize it, but yet be handicapping yourself immeasurably with a smile that lacks the attraction of glistening whiteness and healthy gums.

So, for your own sake, send the coupon. It means so much to you.

That stubborn and dangerous film —you must remove it

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles, directly or indirectly, to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

You can't see it with your eyes, but run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

You can't have pretty teeth unless you combat it. Highest authorities all tell you this.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to it. Tooth and gum troubles hence are on the decline.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why cling to old methods when world's authorities urge a better way?

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

*Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada*

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 844, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

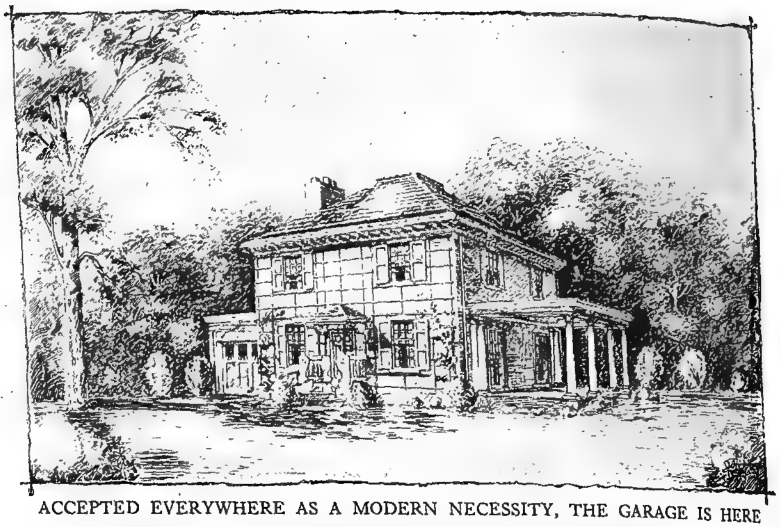
Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authority

Send to:

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Only one tube to a family. 1833



ACCEPTED EVERYWHERE AS A MODERN NECESSITY, THE GARAGE IS HERE FRANKLY AND CONVENIENTLY FACED TOWARD THE STREET

A Colonial House of Brick

By COLLIER STEVENSON

Designed by Harry Gordon McMurtrie

BRICK, which is one of the oldest of all man-made structural materials, is to-day as strongly as ever entrenched in the favor of home-builders in town and countryside. There are, of course, many reasons for this general popularity. Brick is so widely varied as to hue and texture that it opens up numerous possibilities in interesting methods of laying. As a rule it is also easy to obtain. Properly laid, it is dry, sanitary, durable, substantial, fire-resisting, and non-conducting. It calls for nothing in the way of paint or other applied finish at the outset, nor does it later on demand heavy maintenance expenditure. Brick, on that account, has an economic phase that can not be disregarded.

Red brick, laid with a white-mortar joint, is suggested as a suitable exterior wall material for the pictured house of Colonial treatment. The front of the house is adorned by a gracefully detailed latticework, painted ivory-white to accord with the finish of all the other exposed woodwork; and artistic interest is added by a roof of grayish green. The sense of balance created by the studied placement of the wall-openings is agreeably intensified by the balanced arrangement of garage and porch.

The main entrance opens from the quaint, settle-flanked stoop to a living-room that occupies the entire front portion of the lower floor. The living-room is admirably lighted by windows and French casements. It is arranged to communicate directly with both the dining-room and the porch; and access from the living-room to the coat-closet, the kitchen, and the cellar is provided by a little inner passage beneath the stairs. The chief architectural interest of the living-room is concentrated at one end by an unusually effective grouping of fireplace, staircase, high-backed bench, and built-in book-shelves.

The dining-room, tho well proportioned and freely lighted, is particularly notable on account of its satisfactory spacing for furniture. In the kitchen, too, there is a commendable provision of wall-space for such furnishings as may be required to supplement the built-in equipment. Linked to the kitchen by a cased opening, but sufficiently removed to escape culinary odors, there is a pleasant little breakfast-alcove that serves also as a passage to a large refrigerator-closet.

In localities where building and insurance codes place no restrictions upon interior communication, the garage might be definitely connected with the house by a door opening from either the cold-closet or the breakfast-alcove. The published plan, however, substitutes for that provision outer doors upon the front and one side of the garage.

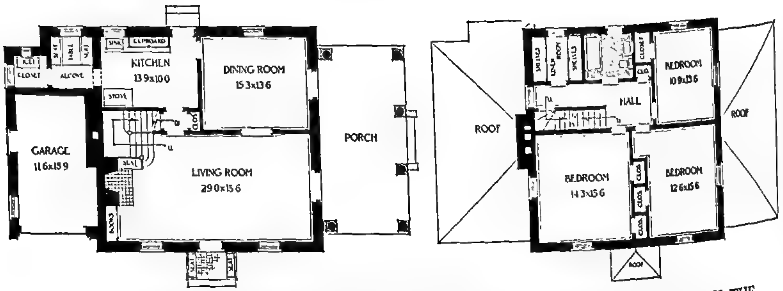
On the second floor, corner locations are allotted to the three sleeping-rooms, where healthful rest is guaranteed by windows placed to effect diagonal ventilation. Two clothes-closets add to the convenience of the largest room. There is a suitable closet for each of the remaining bedrooms. However, the well-lighted and cupboard-lined linen-room will undoubtedly be one of the most engaging features of this floor in all housewifely eyes.

HOUSE-PLAN SERVICE

Thirty beautiful homes, varied in architectural style and construction, are illustrated by new photographs and plans in "Houses from Coast to Coast," compiled by Collier Stevenson. The booklet will be sent post-paid for 30c. in stamps.

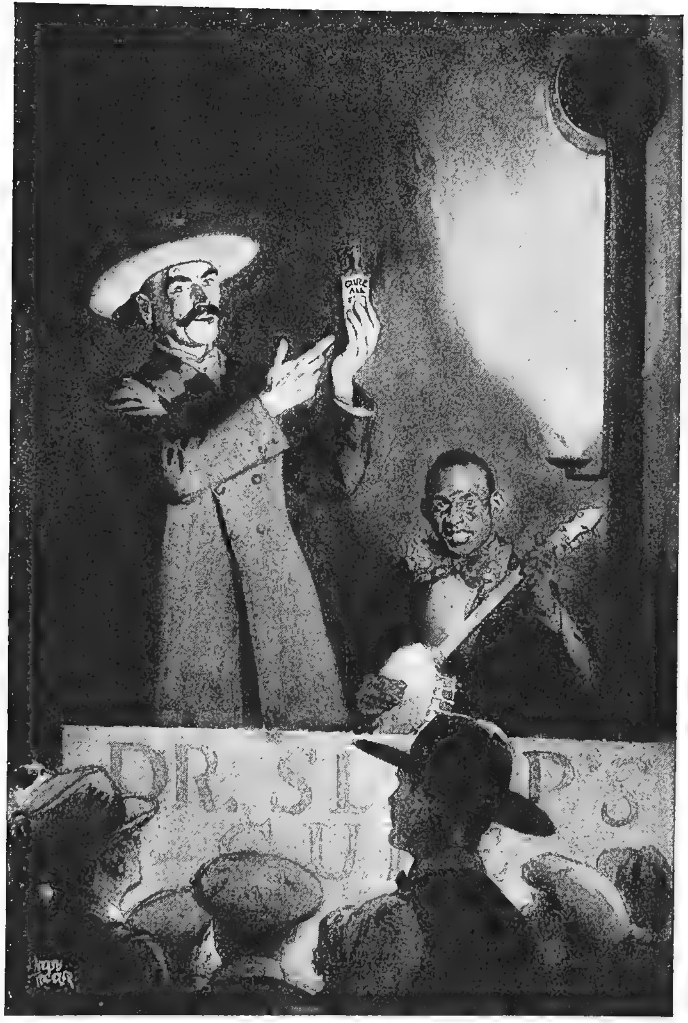
Inquiries about the house on this page will be answered by Mr. Stevenson if a stamped, self-addressed envelop is enclosed.

Address House-Plan Service, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



ECONOMICAL HEATING DURING SEVERE WEATHER IS SUGGESTED BY THE COMPACT ARRANGEMENT AND GENERAL FORM OF THIS HOUSE

The Magic of Print



"Read the Label!"

"DON'T take my word for it that this medicine will cure you! Don't take anybody's word! Read the label and see for yourself," the street corner patent-medicine fakir urged as he held up a bottle containing some colored liquid guaranteed to cure a long list of ailments and diseases. His confederate in the crowd asked to see a bottle—and then the sales began.

THE old patent-medicine fakir who held forth on street corners at night with his flambeau torch and his amazing, rapid-fire lingo knew well the magic of print. And the army of quacks who followed him have made use of the same magic. Most men and women accept without question *printed* statements which they might discredit were the same words *spoken*.

Never before in the known history of the world has there been such an orgy of fake "cures" as there is today. We are living in so wonderful an age—such marvelous scientific discoveries have been made—such amazing feats have been accomplished—that people believe almost anything is possible. The "quacks" are quick to take advantage of this credulity You will find them trailing along in the wake of every announcement of important medical research, with false claims of their "discoveries", their fake mechanical appliances and special treatments, their "health institutes" and their offers of free diagnosis and treatment by mail.

Millions for Fake "Cures"

Fake-medicine labels are more cautious than they used to be. The U.S. Government, through the Federal Food and Drugs Act, forbids false or misleading statements on the trade package. But this Act does not prohibit lying statements in advertisements, circulars, or window displays.

The vultures who prey on the sick rarely exploit "cure-alls" today. They are too clever for that. Instead, they advertise different remedies each guaranteed to cure a specific disease—tuberculosis, cancer, diabetes, kidney trouble, blood diseases, skin eruptions, epilepsy and almost every other serious ailment. And the dollars—millions of them every year—roll in to enrich these ghoulish quacks whose profits are tolled from human lives. They trade upon the fear of death and heartlessly swindle the last penny from desperate, sick people.

But even worse than this theft of money is the murderous waste of precious time for which these quacks are responsible. Sick folk are pitifully easy victims. They experiment and hope—tragically—until it is too late. Waiting even a few weeks to try out a new patent medicine or a course of treatments at some dubious "health institute", may mean death which might have been prevented by the right medical care.

Cancer and Consumption "Cures"

Of late there has been a renewed wave of advertising of specific cancer and tuberculosis "cures"—the most despicable and cruel of all frauds perpetrated upon sick people. No medicine has ever been found that can be depended upon to cure these diseases—despite seemingly substantiated claims of manufacturers. Testimonials count for little. Many quacks are still using testimonials signed by people who died years ago from the very diseases of which they claimed they had been cured.

When a cure for tuberculosis or cancer *is* found it will not be necessary for the discoverer to advertise. Any experimenter who finds a remedy for either of these scourges will be acclaimed the greatest benefactor of our generation. Magazines and newspapers everywhere will shout the glorious news of his discovery. Instead of being crowded away in a few inches of advertising space, the story will blaze in front-page headlines!

Do not be deceived by the magic of print. Avoid advertised "cures". If you are sick see your doctor.

Although no specific remedy for the cure of tuberculosis has been found at the time this is written and scientists are working constantly on the problem—there are literally hundreds of nostrums offered to the public as guaranteed cures.

Against this cruel exploitation of the sick, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company invites the cooperation of editors and publishers everywhere.

It is true that the tuberculosis death rate has been reduced about 50% during the past 10 years and each year shows an improvement. This great battle is being won by a campaign of education through which people are being taught that although tuberculosis cannot be cured by medicine it can be prevented and even checked in its early stages and perhaps be permanently arrested—by fresh air, sunshine, rest and the right kind of nourishing food.

Booklets giving recent and authoritative information concerning Tuberculosis and Cancer will be mailed free upon request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Cooking to be proud of

For more than a generation Perfection Oil Stoves have fostered women's pride in cookery. Their fine cooking results and complete reliability are known in millions of homes.

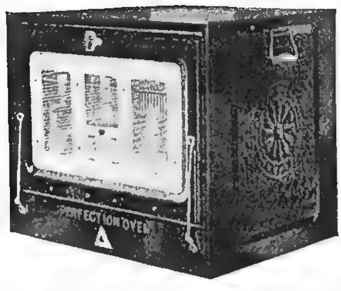
Now, with the coming of the modern Perfection Range—the latest achievement in oil stove progress—those *extra* service features are added which bring to suburban and country homes, the full cooking convenience of city kitchens.

Recently invented burners which give the cooking speed of gas, improved designs which lighten work and shorten kitchen hours—these advantages have placed Perfection Oil Ranges side by side with the finest gas stoves made.

Spend a few minutes at your dealer's today. His demonstration of Perfection's gas-like service and simple operation will convince you.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7323 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



For best results use Perfection Ovens on Perfection Stoves. All styles, sizes and prices.

The Home Bureau

Ask the Etiquette Editor

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

I AM writing this article on what may be termed the fourth birthday of Pictorial Review's "Department of Every-Day Etiquette," which made its first appearance in the March magazine.

Four months is a short time in the life of a great magazine, but in that comparatively brief period the editor who conducts a department learns much about her readers. I have come to know *you* very well, and to realize that *you* are responsible for the success of the department, because you are progressive and ambitious. Just as writer to reader, I will confess that there is no fun in writing for persons who are willing to stand still. Only ambitious readers inspire a writer.

On the April page, in the article "Your Job and Your Manners," I offered to furnish the title of a good text-book on English on receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelop. My mail overflowed for the next month with letters from girls sending for the title of that book, girls who wanted to do better work for their employers, teachers who thought they could learn a little more about the English language, home-making girls who wanted to keep pace with the men they are to marry.

Here's a group worth the best that any writer can give!

What Others Want to Know

A SECOND group which interests me tremendously are middle-aged mothers who write something like this:

"I have been so busy keeping house and raising children that I have not kept up my social connections. Now that we are better off and I have more leisure, I want to go out more. I feel that I should do this for the sake of my husband and children. How shall I go about renewing old friendships and making new social contacts?"

Doesn't that warm your heart? Women with more money and more time, eager to use both for the best interests of husband and children.

You have heard so much about the heedlessness and recklessness of modern youth, its defiance of social customs.

My letters from young people indicate that the pendulum is now swinging the other way. Young people want to know how to do the right thing.

"My employer seems to be a fine man. Several times lately he has invited me out to lunch. Should I go with him, and if not how shall I decline the invitation?"

"I have been invited to an I. O. O. F. dance. My mother is not going. Is it all right for me to go alone with a young man?"

Do you think girls who write such letters want to defy Madam Grundy? I don't!

Another interesting group of correspondents includes both young girls and young men. And the burden of *their* letters is this:

"How can I become popular and make people like me?"

"How can I become more easy when in company?"

And because these letters echo the wish of readers by the thousand who do not write to me, I am planning to answer these two questions in an article which will appear in an early issue.

If You Want Letters Answered

THE "Department of Every-Day Etiquette" is designed to serve you, and it will serve you well if you observe the rules of the game.

I can not answer letters which do not contain a self-addressed and stamped envelop. One letter in every ten which comes to my desk does not contain a return envelop. And please address your return envelop correctly. Some of you forget to write the name of your State, and my reply never reaches you.

I can not answer letters asking me to tell the writer *all I know about giving a tea, a bridge party, or a dinner.* Such a reply would take 10,000 words. Ask direct, specific questions and tell me something about yourself. If you want to know what to wear at a wedding, tell me the hour, morning, afternoon, or evening; also whether it is a church or house ceremony. If you want help in planning a dinner, tell me the number of your guests and whether you have a servant or not to serve it.

I can not write speeches or papers for club-women which consume from 1,000 to 3,000 words, but I can tell you how to prepare your talk.

And please do not wait until the last minute to ask urgent questions and then request a reply by return mail. It just can't be done. Your letter may be delayed in transit; or, when it reaches my desk, I may be away attending a convention, a banquet, or a tea, gathering material for these articles. And so several days pass before I can answer your precious letter and you are disappointed. Give me time—and a self-addressed and stamped envelop, dear reader, and I will do my best for you!

Do You Always Do the Right Thing?

THERE is just one way to acquire ease, and that is by practise. We must learn the right way to carry ourselves in all our social relations, and practise those ways every day, every hour of our lives. And right here the editors of Pictorial Review can help you with its "Little Lessons in Etiquette." These are booklets giving the simplest, clearest help on the basic principles of good manners for every-day use.

The first booklet, "Manners in Public Places," answers hundreds of questions and will save your writing a personal letter. It tells you how to act in public conveyances, in hotels, restaurants, theaters, and church. It settles all those questions about who goes first in different places, the man or the woman; when a man should first lift his hat and when to keep it on. The man or woman who lives this little book every day will soon acquire ease in public.

The second booklet, "Table Manners," solves all your worries about behavior at table, the proper use of napkins and flat silver, how different foods should be eaten.

The third booklet, "Dress for Every Occasion," deals with correct dress for every hour of the day, "what to wear where," as one of our bright young girls phrased it.

Each booklet will be sent post-paid for 10 cents. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

PRINCESSE MARIE *de* BOURBON *of* SPAIN

tells how she cares for her flower-like skin

Charlotte Fairchild

The PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON *is an aristocrat by birth, being cousin to the King of Spain. She belongs, furthermore, to that larger aristocracy of beautiful women who know that true distinction of appearance depends upon taking the utmost pains with the smallest details of the toilet. And of these details the care of the skin should always have first place.*

"THE exquisite skins of beautiful women everywhere must be watchfully cared for, or like fragile flowers, they wither, they fade.

"Happily, however, no woman's skin need fade if she faithfully uses Pond's Wonderful Two Creams. They protect and keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful."

Marie de Bourbon

AN extraordinarily lovely young woman—this cousin to the King of Spain, Princesse of the Spanish branch of the old, illustrious, royal House of Bourbon!

Instead of the dark-haired, black-eyed, olive-skinned beauty one associates with Spanish women, she has beauty of a type rare in Spain and highly aristocratic.

Her hair is a glorious Titian red, her eyes have the green-blue lights of Mediterranean waters, and her skin, patrician-white, has the delicacy of the jasmine flower that blooms in the tangled depths of old neglected Catalonian gardens.

She's extraordinary, too—is Princesse Marie de Bourbon—because, although in Spain she has the position and protection accorded to members of a royal house, being a democrat, she has chosen to come and live in more liberal America.

Naturally this young princesse regards her jasmine-white skin as important. She knows its delicate bloom must be watched over, tended.

"For, of course," she says, "no matter what their tint, their texture, the exquisite skins of beautiful women everywhere must be watchfully cared for, or, like flowers, they wither, they fade."

And, in seeking the best of all ways to care for her own, she found the Two Creams which for so many years the Pond's Laboratories have been perfecting to meet the fundamental needs of the skin.

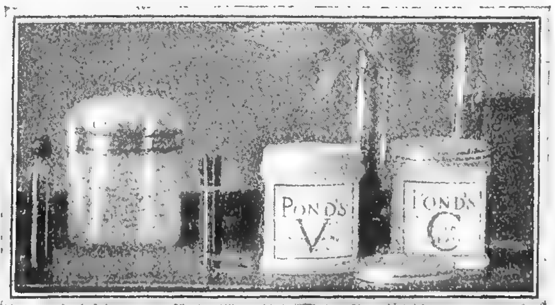
Pond's are the Two Creams—with their gentle cleansing, their soft protection and finish—that all lovely women everywhere are using to keep the youthful bloom of their delicate skins, today.

And not Society women alone—for to all women in every walk of life beauty is important. All are turning to this easy, simple method of skin care. To follow it takes but a few moments from a busy day.

How the Princesse Marie does it

FIRST, *a daily cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.* Once a day, at least, oftener if you have been out in the sooty air, or the wind and cold, smooth it liberally over your face and neck. Its pure oils will bring to the surface the dust and powder which have clogged the pores. With a soft cloth take it all off. Repeat the process, finishing with a crisp little rub with ice or a dash of cold water. Your mirror speaks volumes now, of cleanness, of glowing health.

If your skin is very dry, use Pond's Cold Cream on retiring, too, letting a little stay on all night on the places where little lines will form unless you are wary. The softening cream will smooth them all away.



Every skin needs these two exquisite creams used by the loveliest women in society.

For the last glowing touch

NEXT, *a lovely finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream.* Smooth on a light film, not too much. This delicate greaseless cream—light as foam and so refreshing—takes away the hateful shine, gives your skin a clear, lustrous tone, makes it just satin. And how it holds your powder, which goes on next! It's a protection, too, against the weather, guarding your sensitive skin from winds, cold and dust.

So, always before powdering, and especially just before going out, for that last glowing touch of perfection your complexion requires, remember to smooth on a feathery film of this light cream.

Try, for yourself, this method which the world's loveliest, most aristocratic women are following. Use Pond's Two Creams. You will agree with Princesse Marie de Bourbon—"they keep the complexion young and beautiful." You may have the Cold Cream in generous large jars now and both the creams in the two sizes of jars you are familiar with.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.
MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
MRS. CONDÉ NAST
THE LADY DIANA MANNERS

are among the other women distinguished by beauty and high position who have expressed approval of Pond's Two Creams.

FREE OFFER—

Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H
129 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name..

Street..

City........................ State....................

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

noticed that, so he come in one evening and he says, "I didn't see you in church this morning, Sam." Mr. Clemens says, "Well, Joe, if you weren't so long-winded I would go regular," he says, "but I do get so weary, so tired, with them long sermons of yours." Well, Mr. Twitchell, he just laughed, and said, "Well, Sam, I'll cut them sermons short the next time I see you setting in church."

When Mr. Clemens believed in any one, he believed in them thorough, and oh! I must tell you something about a little photograph he bought.

It was a nice photograph. It was in one of the guest-chambers in the house. 'Twas a picture of a little girl—just an ordinary-looking little girl—don't know who it was; and one time a lady who was visiting at the Warners' come over, and she says to Mr. Clemens, "Whose picture is that in the guest-chamber? Whose little girl is that?" He said, "I don't know who it is; I haven't any idea. I just bought it in an old photograph shop one time, because it looked so *human*, and I go in there very often and look at it, and I say to it, 'What has *become* of you? What has *become* of you, little girl?'" Then the lady said to Mr. Clemens, "Did you find out who it was, and what had become of her?" And he answered, "Oh, no! I wouldn't find out for anything—not for anything! I like to *wonder*."

"Mark Twain" Sings Negro Spirituals

ONE time Mr. Clemens went to Mr. Twitchell's church, and there was some negro singers there—they was called the Hampton Singers—and they sang all them negro airs (spirituals), and Mr. Clemens, he loved it, and begun to sing with 'em. He had a lovely voice and was very dramatic in his singing, and he kind of sung with them Hampton Singers, under his breath.

I heard about one night there was a lot of company over at the Warners', and Mr. Clemens, he was there, and it was a perfectly lovely night, and there was a full moon outside, and no lights in the house. They was just setting there in the music-room, looking out at the moonlight. And I heard how Mr. Clemens, he just got right up without any warning at all, and begun to sing one of them negro spirituals.

A lady that was there told me that he just stood up with both his eyes shut and begun to sing soft-like—just a faint sound—just as if there was a wind in the trees, she said, and he kept right on singing kind of low and sweet, and it was beautiful and made your heart ache somehow. And he kept on singing and singing and became kind of lost in it, and he was all lit up—his face was! 'Twas like something from another world, and she told me when he got through he just put his two hands up to his head, as tho the sorrow of them negroes was upon him, and begun to sing "Nobody Knows the Trouble I Sees, Nobody Knows but Jesus." That was one of them negro spiritual songs, and when he come to the end, to the "Glory Halleluiah," he gave a great shout—just like the negroes do—he shouted out the "Glory Halleluiah." They said it was wonderful, and that none of them would forget it as long as they lived.

No, nothing can ever make me think that Mr. Clemens didn't believe in a God. I can't say it too often. I am sure he did! But he didn't think much of man, tho! I've heard that he said one time, "Pretty poor materials went into the making of man." He said, "God must have made him at the end of the week, when He was tired!"

Well, after all the grand doings that Winter at the 10th Street house, the family spent the Summer at Saranac Lake in the Adirondack Mountains. They rented a little log-cabin cottage up there—very quiet and peaceful it was, after all that gay city life—and they didn't have any company and they didn't bother about newspapers nor letters nor nothing—they just lived right out-of-doors all the time and enjoyed themselves. Mr. Clemens was doing his writing, of course, so there wasn't very much to tell about that time. And then they decided they wouldn't go back to New York the next Winter, but they'd go somewheres near New York, so they heard about the Appleton house up on the Hudson at Riverdale, and they went up and seen and liked it and rented it.

IT WAS very convenient for them 'cause they could go back and forth to New York easy, and of course there was just a stream of company chasing up to see them all the time, and Mr. Clemens, he used to chase down to New York, too, for dinners and things. But they liked that Riverdale house, cause it was better for Mrs. Clemens, who wasn't very well then. And they lived really a pretty quiet life—for them!

Of course Mr. Clemens seen a lot of Mr. Rogers at this time, and he went off on his yacht with him—had several trips on that yacht. I forget its name. And once they took a long trip—quite a party of celebrated men.

We spent the Winter at Riverdale, and then went up to York Harbor in Maine the next Summer. They thought that would be cool and bracing for Mrs. Clemens, and they took a nice little cottage called The Pines. And they liked it very much, and Mrs. Clemens felt a little better at first. Mr. Clemens, he enjoyed it 'cause Mr. Howells and his family was spending the Summer near there, and they was visiting back and forth all the time. They used to read to each other pieces they wrote—their manuscripts—all the time. They enjoyed that, and laughed and talked by the hour.

But after a while Mrs. Clemens got very sick, and Mrs. Crane, her sister, come up from Elmira, 'cause Mrs. Clemens was really very, very sick and couldn't hear the slightest noise—hardly could see Mr. Clemens, except a few minutes at a time. Miss Clara took entire charge of the house and managed everything so as nothing could disturb her mother. Even the slightest noise, they was afraid, might upset her 'cause she was so very weak.

Mr. Clemens used to go out and say that even the birds would please not to sing loud near the house. So that was a sad ending to that Summer, and we all had anxious hearts for Mrs. Clemens.

Well, then they thought they'd go back to Riverdale again, and they went in October, I think it was. Oh! that was a terrible hard Winter, for Mrs. Clemens was very sick all the time, and Mr. Clemens was nearly frantic. It seemed as tho half his life had stopped, and he was all the time wishing and praying he could take her sickness on himself.

Mrs. Clemens grew worse and worse, and they could only see her a few minutes at a time. Mr. Clemens, he could only see her two minutes every day, and oh! he was always waiting at her door, long, long before he could get in. He just stood there waiting! And sometimes when he couldn't stand it any longer he used to write little notes and push them under her door. That seemed to comfort him a little! He couldn't write that Winter; he was like a lost soul really; and Miss Clara, it was terrible for her. All the burdens fell on her shoulders; and then Miss Jean had pneumonia and was very sick, and they had to keep it from Mrs. Clemens so as it wouldn't trouble her and she'd never know, and poor Miss Clara had a hard time!

Yes, it was a long Winter and a hard one! That house was just like a hospital all the time, and it seems as tho every one was holding their breath—almost waiting and wondering what was going to happen next.

WE DRAGGED along somehow, and Mrs. Clemens didn't get any better, and then they decided they'd go to Elmira for the Summer—up to old Quarry Farm. Mrs. Clemens seemed to want to go there again and they was beginning to talk about going to Italy the coming Winter. They all thought that a warm, sunny climate would make Mrs. Clemens get well again; so they went up to Elmira for the Summer.

They stayed at Quarry Farm all that Summer, and Mrs. Clemens seemed to get a little better; she lay on the porch all day long, enjoying the scenery, looking out at the view—at them pretty hills in the sunshine—and some days she was well enough to ride out in the carriage, and she loved that, and it seemed to make her happy; and Mr. Clemens, he set with her most of the time, trying to cheer her up and plan for the trip, for they'd decided then to go to Italy for the Winter.

They took a house in Florence.

Mrs. Clemens got a little better at first, but it didn't last long. She was very weak. We had a nurse, of course. She was with her daytimes and Clara sat with her every afternoon, too—but I stayed with her nights. And, oh, the nights and the roses! It was glorious.

How happy we could have been if only Mrs. Clemens was well enough to enjoy it! She was too sick then to talk much about anything, but one night she talked about Mr. Clemens and about her sister, Mrs. Crane. She said to me, "Oh, Katy, how I'd love to be in America and have my sister Sue walk in!" I think she knew she was going to die then, for she told me what she wanted me to put on her when she was dead. She had had some new dresses made in New York, and she had one lavender one made into a kind of a robe, a flowing dress. Lavender satin it was, beautifully trimmed with lace, and she said she'd like to have that put on her.

It was about a week before she died she told me this. She was in bed, and I slept on a bed right near her, and she was telling me what I should do when she was gone. "Oh," I said, "Mrs. Clemens! Don't talk about death. It's too awful. You're not going to die." But she never answered me at all. "I know," I says; "I realize everything you're telling me, and what you want done, and I'll make everything just as you'd like to have it."

Mrs. Clemens Knows Death Is Near

THAT night, I remember, just before she told me this, there was some owls come along and they was hooting outside the house, and she said, "Do you hear those owls, Katy? You know that's the sign of death." "Well," I said, "that's what they say; but you know them owls have been out there for a long time. You know the priest says" (the priest lived next door) "they come here every year. They have a nest here and they come back to visit it." She didn't say anything more, but she kept thinking about it to herself, I know, and that's what brought up the conversation of her dress.

That was a nice priest that told us about the owls. His church was right near our house. He used to come over to see Mr. Clemens very often and he always had a candle burning on the altar for Mrs. Clemens. He used to light one every morning for her. The church bells rang there most all the time, they had so many holidays and feast-days. Sometimes the bells used to ring right in the middle of the night. But when the priest found that it disturbed Mrs. Clemens he had them stopped right away.

Yes, I'm sure Mrs. Clemens knew she was going to die, but she didn't let the family know how she felt. Clara used to sit with her every afternoon. She did that from the very beginning of her illness in Riverdale. And Mr. Clemens was always in the next room. He was only allowed to see her once a day, and it made him feel terrible. His room was right next to hers, so that he could hear every word—any little sound she made. He wanted to be as near her as he could, day and night. He was allowed to come in every night to bid her good night, but he broke the rules very often and he'd slip in sometimes during the day, just for a glimpse of her. She'd put her arms around his neck the first thing and he'd hold her so and give her one of those tender kisses. Oh, it was lovely! It was a great love, I tell you. It was a love that was more than earthly love—it was heavenly.

The night she died there was some great doings at the church, and I went out to it. It's what they call the Forty Hours' Adoration—procession with boys carrying lighted candles and the priest going around to the different churches. I went round in that procession. I'd walked for miles, and when I got back to the house that night, I went right to the nurse and said, "How's Mrs. Clemens?" She said, "She is not so well. She's having a bad spell. I am going to give her some oxygen." I went right up to Mrs. Clemens's room to get it ready, and when she saw me she whispered:

"I've been awfully sick all the afternoon, Katy."

"Well," I says, "you'll be all right now." And I held her up, held her in my arms, and I was fanning her, and then—she fell right over on my shoulder. She died right then in my arms. She drew a little short breath, you know, just once, and was gone. She died so peaceful and a smile was on her face. I looked at her,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

PAINTED

By Bill Adams

Lithe as the killer-whale,
Light as the hawk a-wing,
Bright as a windy sail—
Ah, what a sorry thing!
A pitiful thing, I said,
A beautiful body whose soul is dead:
God, what a pitiful thing!

Seeking earth's meed, and bold,
Leaping with lusty breath,
Lovely but bitter cold;
Better the body's death!
Better cold death, I said,
For beautiful bodies whose souls are dead:
Better by far to be dead.

"SOME FEW YEARS AGO I ate Yeast for bacterial infections, boils and carbuncles. Within three weeks my infections disappeared and I have never been troubled since. But I have an especial message to mothers. Four children were born to me in four years, and they are perfect babies and I am a good specimen of a healthy mother—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast. Not only did it settle my stomach, when other things failed, but also toned up my system, and gave me an appetite, which is most essential in motherhood."
THEODOSIA HESSION, R. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I NEVER KNEW when a bilious attack would come on me, even though careful of my diet. Once I was in the midst of preparing a big dinner party; another time I was week-ending with friends—one time I was driving my car down a narrow mountain road. The usual violent headache followed, the usual gone feeling the next day from the effect of a purgative. I had heard of Fleischmann's Yeast, its aids to digestion and elimination. I tried that, at first one cake a day . . . My last bilious spell was one year and three months ago and I feel positive that I will not have another."
NORA WEBER, Denver, Colo.

Now they are *really* well

Vital, joyous, certain once more of their power, thousands have found the way to glorious health through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

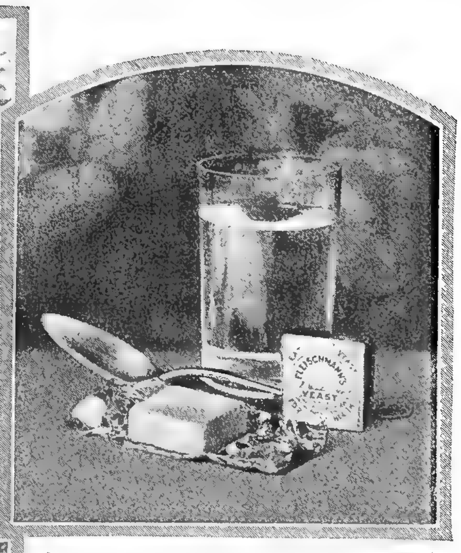
The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-19, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"FOR SIX YEARS I was ailing, nervous and depressed, interested in nothing, accomplishing nothing, rarely for twenty-four consecutive hours free from pain—all caused I know by intestinal putrefaction. At last I asked a nurse 'If there was anything in the yeast fad?' She assured me there was. I began eating daily three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Relief from constipation and pain followed. I continued to take it as a tonic and food, regaining strength and energy and the long-discontinued compliments on my complexion. Today I am vigorously well, praise be to Fleischmann's Yeast."
KATE D. MEARES, College Place, S. C.

"FOUR YEARS AGO I was all run down from nervous strain and constipation. I had no vitality; was barely able to drag myself around. Then I began to take Fleischmann's Yeast. Since that time I have been growing better and stronger. During these past 4 years I have done my ordinary work as office auditor. Besides, I have written mss. totaling 756,000 words, and have held constant official position in 3 organizations."
F. T. MASS, Dallas, Texas

"A YEAR AGO two friends and myself stayed nine weeks in an arid region of Mexico—living on the crude supplies the country afforded—and hope. My stomach was weak from abuse. My bonanza was a coarse, irritated skin—a breaking-out all over my body. I used a horde of 'positive cures' and then, discouraged, tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months I was as I am today. My skin was better than 'back to normal' and I was ready for every 'let's go'."
V. C. SPIES, Barrett, Cal.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat 2 or 3 cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

and I knew that was the last. I couldn't hear her breathing any more. I lay her back on the pillow and ran out to get the family.

They had all been right around her only a few minutes before and had left because the nurse wanted her to be alone. Miss Clara was in the garden and Mr. Clemens was in the dining-room waiting. I don't know how I told them! I guess I didn't have to—they knew. They really felt that she was dying all that day. They came into the room, and, oh, it was pitiful! Mr. Clemens went right up to the bed and took her in his arms and held her for the longest time, and then he laid her back, and he said, "Isn't she beautiful? And look, she's smiling!"

It was a dreadful thing to see her there dead, and him looking at her! Oh, he cried all that time, and Clara and Jean, they put their arms around their father's neck, and they cried, the three of them, just as tho their hearts would break. And then Clara and Jean, they took their father by the hand, one on each side, and led him away. Then the doctor came, and we got her ready. I kept my promise and put on her the dress she wanted, the beautiful lavender dress—and the stockings and little slippers that matched. I dressed Susie for her burial and I dressed Mrs. Clemens for hers, and then later on I dressed Jean. It fell to me to do it. And, oh, it was hard.

Mrs. Clemens looked so lovely lying there, so quiet after all her sufferings. We laid her in the parlor, and Mr. Clemens walked the floor all that long Sunday night, from his room to hers. I came down once to see how things was with him, and he was walking up and down, and Clara was lying there in a little heap on the floor, sobbing. I took her up, and she said, "Let me lie here." I said, "No, Miss Clara, you've got to get to bed." She says, "Then I'll go right in here where mama was." And she laid down on her mother's bed for a little while so she could be there near by.

Mr. Clemens walked all night long, and in the morning he was all used up. They took Mrs. Clemens then somewheres to a vault, and they put the coffin in it. I went with it. The family couldn't go, they was all so sick, so I went alone. I was so broken-hearted, I felt so terrible when I got away from the family. When I got off by myself and they laid her in there (in that vault), I thought I should die too. Then I began to think that we were coming home to America. That was the only consolation I had—that we would be in America in a little while, and I'd see somebody I knew.

Home Again Among Friends

JUST at first Jean and Clara didn't want to come back to America, but Mr. Clemens says, "No, no; I'm going home where I'll have my friends near me, where I can see Howells and Gilder and Twitchell and Rogers—all those dear friends of mine. I'll have somebody to speak to. There is nobody here." He said, "Just the sight of a dog from home that I could lay my hand on and speak to now would help me!"

After Mrs. Clemens died we stayed there for two weeks until the steamer was ready to go back on. Mrs. Clemens's body was put on the steamer at Genoa. We took the steamer there for home. Mr. Clemens was terrible to see, but he kept up pretty good on that voyage, tho he hardly spoke. But Miss Clara was pitiful. The captain used to come down and take her up on the upper deck to sit there. I used to hate to have her out of my sight a moment, because she didn't know what she was doing. She was so broken-hearted she didn't want to live.

Well, we got to America somehow. Mr. Rogers's yacht met them with Mr. Rogers and Mr. Langdon, I think. Roosevelt (he was President then) sent word to the customs not to delay Mr. Clemens in any way, but just to pass him right through. We made plans to go right up to Elmira as soon as we landed. The funeral was to be from the Langdon house (her father's house). There was a great crowd there that day. Everybody loved Mrs. Clemens. You couldn't see all around the Langdon yard, it was so crowded with people. Mr. Eastman preached the services and they played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Mr. Clemens went to the cemetery, Woodlawn, and when he seen her coffin lowered down he made a great vow. He said, standing there, that he'd never see another being he loved lowered in the grave again. When it was all over, Miss Clara gave a great cry and threw up her hands, and her father caught her in his arms and held her. Her cry, it went through everybody. It pierced everybody's heart. He didn't say a word. He just held her until the carriage came along and he put her in it with Jean. Mr. Clemens was just like a dead person. Yes, it was all over, and by and by they had to begin life again.

MEMORIES

By *Genevieve Larsson*

I sat down to write a poem,
But all I could see
Was the dark eyes of my lover
Kissing me.

I tried to capture phrases;
The words were but sand.
This only was significant—
The touch of his hand.

I hurled myself against it;
I would not bear this.
From the ashes of my anger
Flamed his kiss.

I broke my heart to splinters,
I thrust him away,
And now he stalks beside me
Night and day.

We didn't stay very long in Elmira then. We went to Tyringham, Mass. He wanted to be near the Gilders, who had a place there. It seemed kind of heavenly, I tell you, to get out there after all that suffering. Mrs. Gilder was in Tyringham, and Dorothea and Francisca and Rosemond too. We stayed there all Summer, and Mr. Clemens got calmer, kind of went back and forth to New York, and busied himself looking for a house for the Winter. But Miss Clara got so depressed while we was there, just hearing the cow-bells around and country things, she couldn't stand it, so she came to New York and went to Dr. Parry's and stayed for a while till she got better. But I stayed on in Tyringham with Jean and Mr. Clemens.

Yes, that was a pretty sad, quiet Summer for all of us right after Mrs. Clemens's death. We could never somehow get even a little bit used to the idea she was gone. It left a great hole in our lives, I can tell you, and Mr. Clemens, he never got over it, and poor Jean and Clara, it would of made your heart ache just to look at 'em! You see, a person like Mrs. Clemens you keep on missing more and more, not less and less. She'd been so wonderful to everybody all her life, so gentle and kind and loving, and with so much common sense—always wanting to help everybody, and so generous, too, with everything she had. There aren't so many people like that in the world, and it makes those that are left behind lonely, as if a great hole had come into your life and you'd fallen into it and never able to get up again. That's the way we all felt those first months after she'd gone.

There was only one bright spot and that was that they was among friends again, that Mr. Clemens could be with his old friends and talk with them once more. Of course I had a lot of time for setting around and thinking, and I used to think a terrible lot about Mrs. Clemens—about all the things she done for me, the things she'd done for everybody, how she used to plan everything, and how she used to—as they say—edit everything Mr. Clemens wrote. She was just like the foundation of a house, and now that one of the great props was gone we had to turn around and try and fill it up somehow! Yes, Mrs. Clemens always had the management of everything in the old days. She looked after everything—all his interests, 'cause Mr. Clemens always come first—and everything she did was just perfect.

Mr. Clemens, he never crossed her in any plan she was making. He never upset anything she did. You know there is men that enjoy breaking up their wives' little plans and being cross and fussy, but he wasn't that way. When she told him anything she was going to do, he'd say, "All right, Livy, that's all right," and he would do anything she said to him. If she ever did cross him in anything, he'd always say, very sweet and lovely, "Yes, Livy darling, yes," but of course she never did like to upset him in any way. Whatever he wanted to do, no matter what it was, she always wanted him to do it.

I guess everybody knows how Mrs. Clemens always edited all them stories of his. He used to bring every bit of his manuscript every night and lay it on a stand by her bed, and she always read it before she went to sleep; and whatever she cut out (swear-words sometimes she'd scratch out), he'd go back and write it over again—always acted as if he'd never said them swear-words. He liked it if she liked it.

But Mr. Clemens's swearing really wasn't like most people's cussing!—it wasn't what you'd call *profane*. I heard somebody say once that his swear-words just rolled off him like perspiration—it was just a part of the *way* he talked. Nobody with any sense could take offense at it. I always liked to hear it myself; 'twas so sort of lively and picturesque; and even Mrs. Clemens, altho she didn't approve of it, really didn't mind it so much, way down in her heart, I know.

Mrs. Clemens said once that when she and Mr. Clemens was first married Mr. Clemens would sometimes be what she called kind of sacrilegious. He'd say kind of hard, severe things about religion, and Mrs. Clemens, altho she hated to have him talk that way if she didn't agree with him, said that she'd made up her mind when they first got married that her husband was going to be *free to say* anything and everything that he wanted to—no matter what it was about; that he wasn't ever going to dread her criticizing him—there was never going to be any "curtain-lectures" or anything like that; that his home was a place where he was free to say and do what he wanted.

It struck me that that was kind of wonderful for her to think all that out when she was just a young wife; it showed how much she loved him, and it showed, too, how she never believed in interfering with other people's rights—even if they was her husband's. It showed she had a great deal of strength and character to stand up to that, and she did live up to it all her life. Mr. Clemens was never afraid to say anything he wanted to; and there's very few married men that aren't nagged by their wives some time or other, and a good many of them most of the time!

I've told you so many stories now that I'm forgetting all about Tyringham, but we spent the whole Summer there anyway, and that Fall the family went to New York and rented that house at 21 Fifth Avenue. It was a nice big house, with lots of rooms; funny windows it had too—looked sort of like church windows.

Mr. Clemens didn't go out much that Winter, but of course he seen a lot of his old friends; they was always there, trying to cheer him up, 'cause they knew it was a very bad time for him. Of course Mr. Clemens was writing all the time and interested in all kinds of things that was going on in the world, and he got awful mad about King Leopold and some terrible things he'd done in the Kongo—murdering all them innocent blacks for his own selfishness—to get more money, I suppose. "Greed! Terrible greed!" Mr. Clemens called it. He was just raging about that, and wrote a piece about that old King, telling how bad he was, and it was printed all over. I guess you can read it in one of his books.

Then he wrote his book about Joan of Arc. I don't know just when he wrote it, but that book made a great sensation, everybody reading it, and said it was wonderful. He was always interested in Joan of Arc ever since I could remember. She made a great impression on him—a very deep one in his heart—that's why he wrote about her, I suppose. He gave me a copy with his autograph in it when he gave me all his books—everything he wrote. That's when I had been with him twenty-five years, and it was a beautiful present to give me, wasn't it?

Well, that Winter was got through somehow, and, oh, I mustn't forget to tell you that Mr. Clemens wrote another book, but it was a little book, and it was called "Eve's Diary." I think he begun that up in Tyringham—kind of started it there. And, oh, it was lovely! It was a kind of memento, I think, to Mrs. Clemens—at least that's the way I took it.

Excusable Swearing

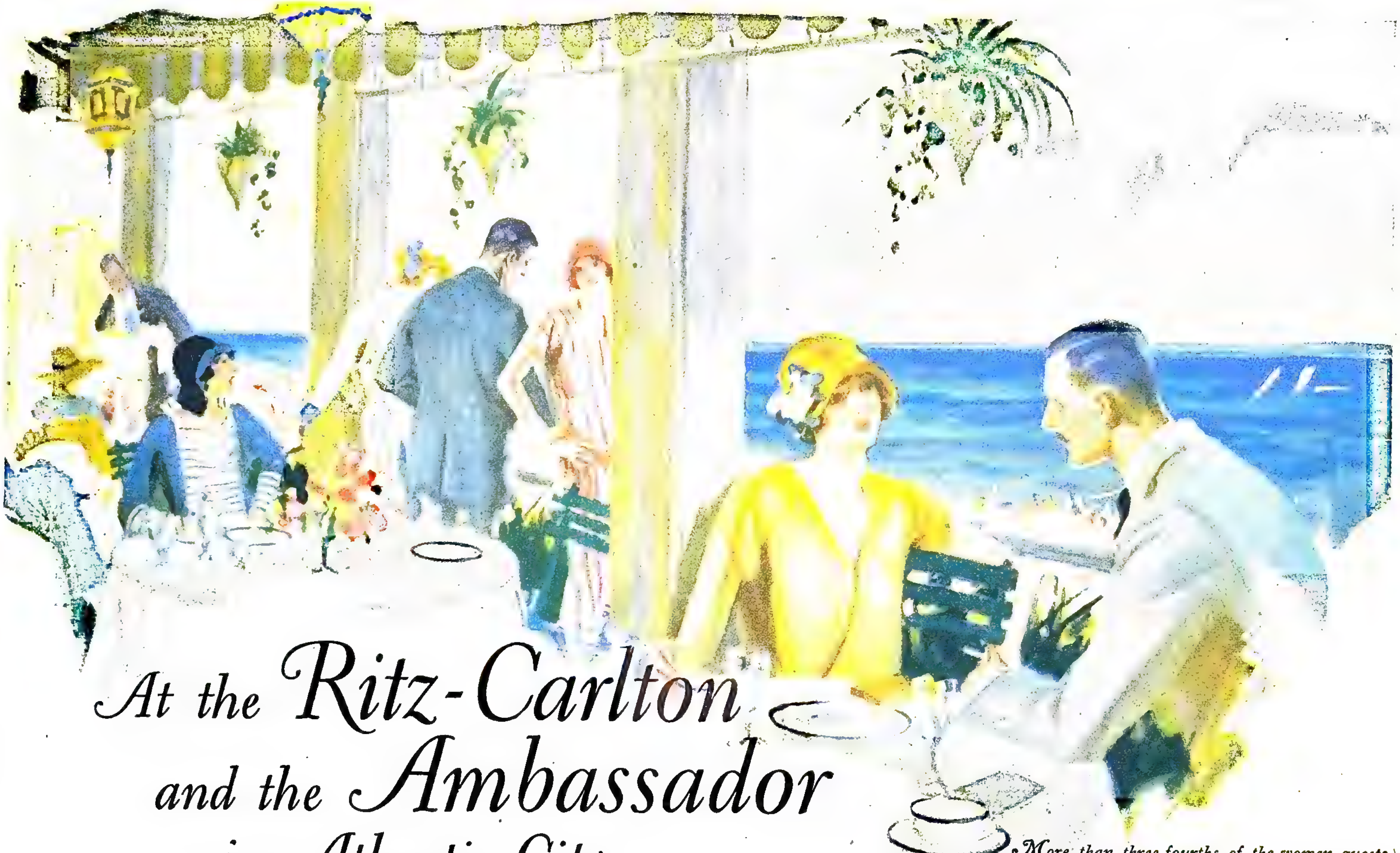
WELL, when the Summer come they decided to go up to Dublin, N.H., but it didn't turn out very good. He really didn't like it very well—it was too lonesome for him. That was where he did that swearing—the first swearing he'd done since Mrs. Clemens died. And I couldn't blame him much, 'cause I was so —— lonesome! I didn't know what to do with myself, neither.

I think I'll tell you about that time he swore so, 'cause you couldn't help laughing, altho it was very sad, too.

You see, Mr. Clemens had promised one time that he wasn't never going to swear any more! And I was so surprized, I says, "*Really*, Mr. Clemens?" "No," he says, "*never again*—that is, unless something perfectly *awful* happens that I'll have to—that I just can't get along without swearing!" "Well," I said, "that's a good idea, and now we'll see how long you're going to keep to that!"

Well, after we come from Florence, for over a year I never heard him use one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



At the Ritz-Carlton and the Ambassador in Atlantic City

More than three-fourths of the women guests interviewed at the Ritz and the Ambassador said Woodbury's Facial Soap was best for their skin.

One Hundred and Sixty-Four Women Guests tell why they prefer this soap *for their skin*

IT IS TO ATLANTIC CITY, with its golden air and its wonderful hotels that society women from New York, Philadelphia, Washington—even from as far as Pittsburgh and Chicago—go for a week-end of delicious idleness, when the rush of a crowded season has begun to fray their nerves and dim their vitality.

Because the brilliant throngs that drift through the Ritz and the Ambassador represent as cosmopolitan a gathering as America can offer—we undertook an investigation among the women guests at these two hotels.

How do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin? What soap do they buy? Why do they choose it?

One hundred and ninety-four women guests staying at the hotels at the time of our inquiry answered our questions.

One hundred and sixty-four, or more than three-fourths, said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap for their skin. The other thirty named ten different brands of soap.

We asked the one hundred and sixty-four Woodbury users, why they preferred it for the care of their skin.

"Because my skin was so irritated by any ordinary soap."

"Because other soaps which I had given a fair trial had failed—Woodbury's has greatly helped me."

"Because of the amount of soap necessary to use, living in Pittsburgh. I find Woodbury's leaves the skin as smooth as possible."

"Because all my friends who have good complexions use it."

"Because once I find something good, I want to hold on to it. It is the most refreshing soap in the world."

These were a few of the answers.

One hundred and twenty-two women spoke of the purity of Woodbury's Facial Soap or mentioned its mild, non-irritating effect on a tender skin.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

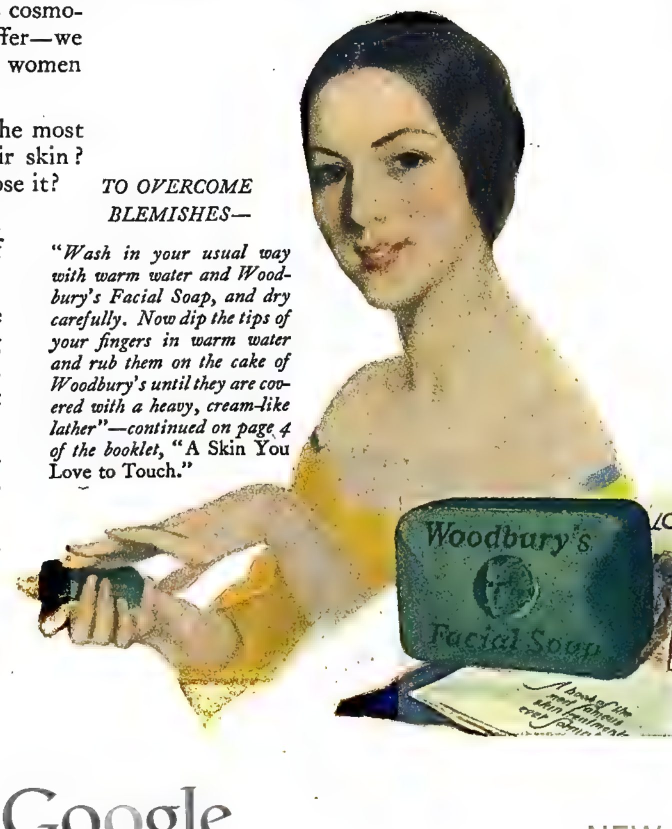
A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin your treatment tonight!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

TO OVERCOME BLEMISHES—

"Wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, and dry carefully. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather"—continued on page 4 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."



***FREE**—A guest-size set, containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder.*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
308 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 308 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents: Quelch & Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

Name...

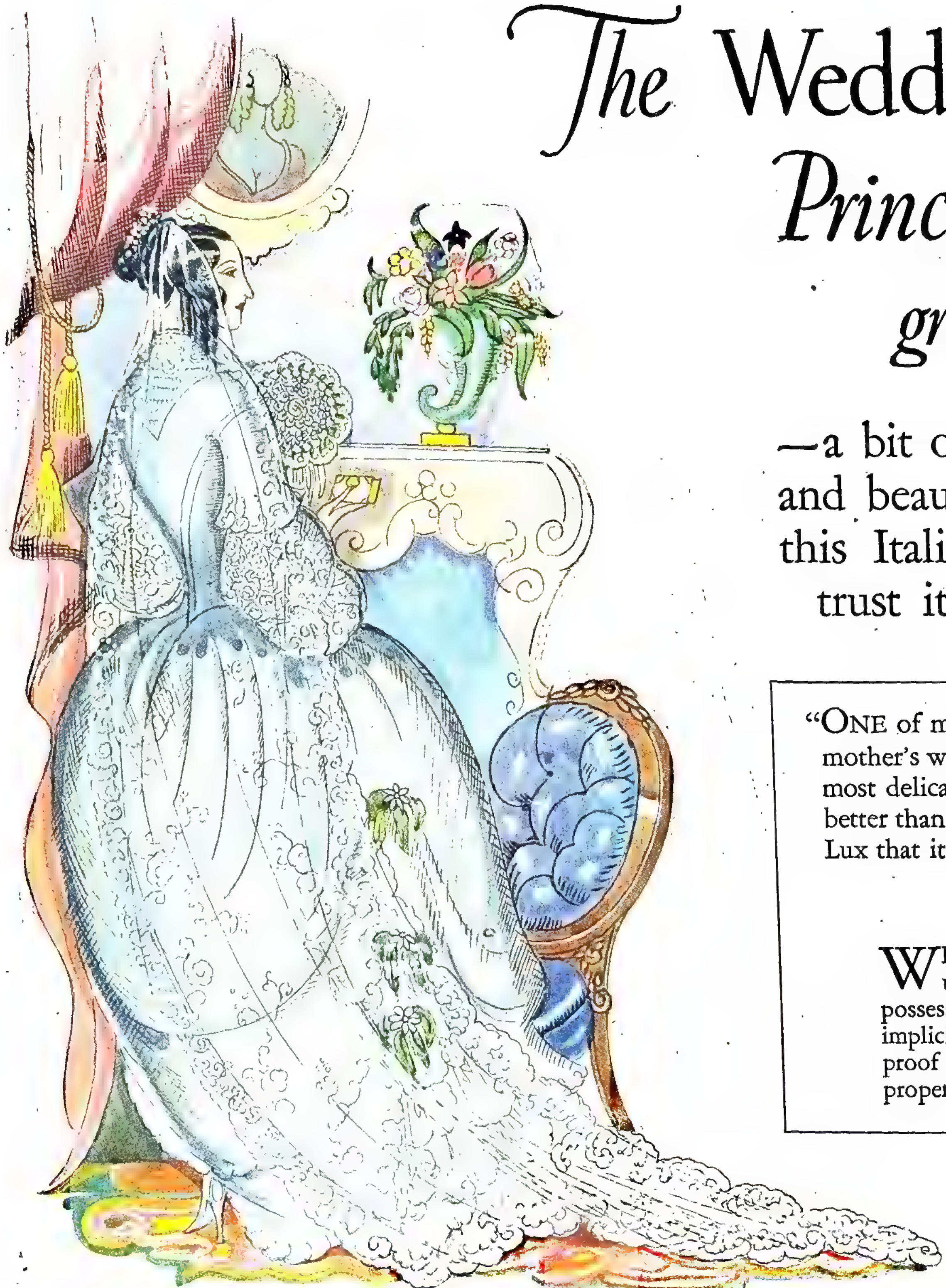
Street...

City...

.................................State.................

Cut out the coupon and send it today!

Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



The Wedding Veil *of the* Princess Rospigliosi's *great grandmother*

—a bit of rare old lace so delicate and beautiful, and so cherished by this Italian Princess she dare not trust it to any other cleansing

"ONE of my choicest possessions is my great grandmother's wedding veil of old blonde. It requires the most delicate treatment. Of course there is nothing better than Lux to clean it with. I can say after using Lux that it deserves my warmest approval."

Princess Giambatistta Rospigliosi

WHY is it that women, the world over, unhesitatingly trust their most precious possessions to Lux? What has inspired such implicit confidence? What, indeed, but daily proof of the gentleness, the marvelous cleansing properties of Lux!

For all the Monday Laundry now—

like your fine things all your cottons and linens—your hands, too—repay this care

CLOTHES and house linens are so nice nowadays and cost so much—you cannot afford to trust yours to ordinary laundry soap! And certainly your hands deserve kinder treatment than those harsh suds give!

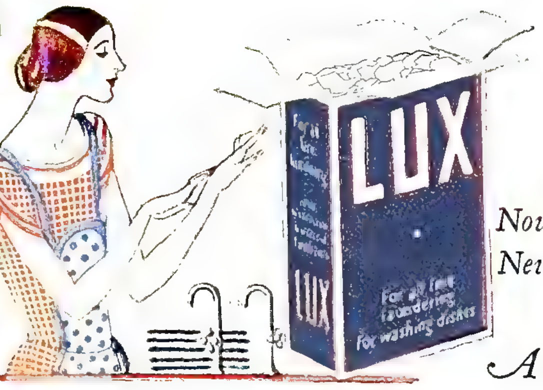
Now into sparkling, magically cleansing Lux suds the whole laundry must go—*all* your things! Gaily you swirl them about in those familiar, bubbling suds, so gentle on your clothes, so kind to your hands!

And when the laundry is done and you tuck away those becoming house dresses of yours, the children's little gingham frocks, your nice house linens—you are delighted to see such fresh unfaded colors, such snowy white linens.

All your things last much longer now! And your hands actually *look* their thanks—see how soft and smooth they are! Such a little Lux is needed too. It's really an economy to use it for everything! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

No more in-the-dishpan hands

Is it any wonder that one day you curiously sift a few flakes into your dishpan? Just about one teaspoonful? Lux does all you thought it might do—keeps your hands from getting red and rough. It actually makes the disagreeable task of washing dishes a much more pleasant one.



Now the Big New Package, too

A little goes so far it's an economy to use Lux

THE HOME BUREAU

CONDUCTED BY
MARIE SELLERS

Gay Flower Garnishes and Food Fancies

By Edna Sibley Tipton

NO HAPPENING of the day, be it fad or fancy, is too insignificant to be used to good advantage by the dictators of fashion and by the successful hostess, who must be ever on the alert for novelty.

Afternoon teas, receptions, Sunday night suppers, buffet meals—those collations which are the true allies of the woman who must do at least a part of her own work—have great possibilities for unusual refreshments. And even formal luncheons and dinners may take on added attractiveness if attention is given to detail in canapés, garnishes, salads, and desserts.

In addition seasonal things, such as baseball, golfing, rose festivals, flower shows, the snowy season, the Autumn, when leaves tinted by the frost lend color to all out-of-doors; the Summer with its field-flowers, and other events of our every-day life, will lend picturesqueness to our functions when featured in the foods we serve.

A nasturtium canapé is artistic and tasty. It is made by covering a round of buttered bread with a nasturtium-leaf. The stem of a single flower is inserted in the leaf-and-bread foundation.

A canapé representing a black-eyed Susan has a mustard-spread bread-round as foundation. This is topped with American cheese "petals." Chopped ripe olives form the center of the flower.

A field-daisy may be represented in canapé by topping a buttered bread-round with Swiss cheese "petals" and egg-yolk pollen.

Crossword canapés should be squares of bread topped with cheese or other white food. This foundation should be marked off into squares and then decorated with occasional rectangles of a contrasting color.

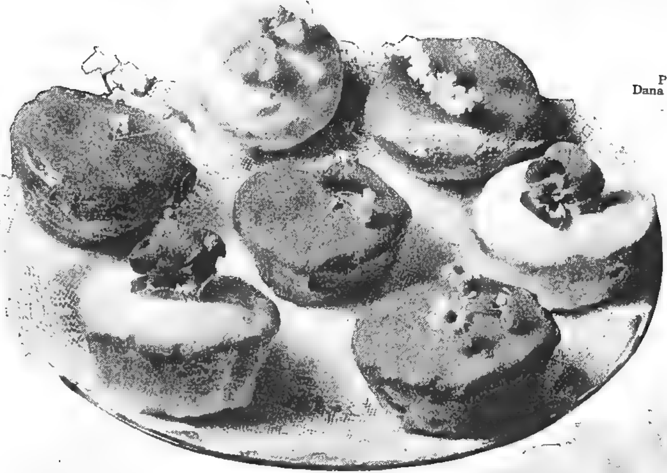
A fascinating sandwich-tray may be arranged if leaf canapés be featured. To make a leaf canapé, lay a paper pattern of the leaf desired upon a slice of bread. Cut around the pattern with a sharp knife. Spread each leaf with a clear jelly. A variety of colors is possible for these canapés.

A very attractive eclipse canapé has a foundation of a buttered bread-round. This is topped with a ragged rim of whole-wheat or brown bread. Another attractive design is made upon a buttered bread-round and has a dark circle about a quarter of an inch from the edge. This inner circle is outlined with jelly or ripe olive strips. Within the dark circle a crescent-shaped piece of jelly or olive may rest.

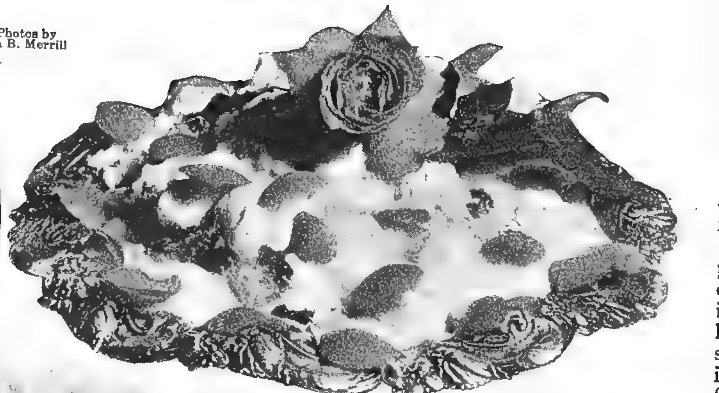
Tornado canapés picture roofless (pimiento) houses on dark or white bread spread with butter or cheese.

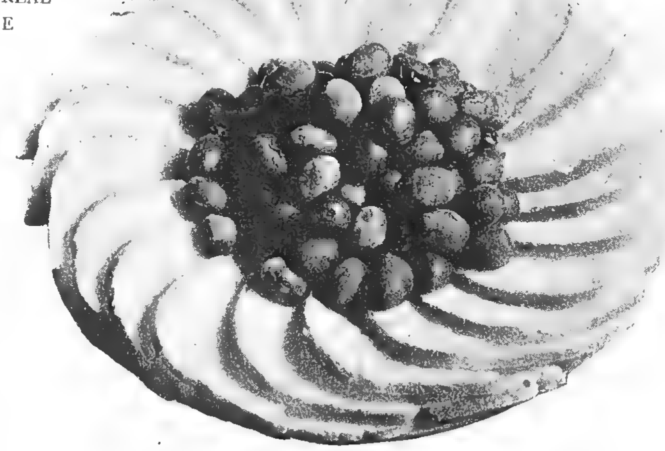
The economy doctrine preached by our President can be the theme of the economy canapé, which is made of bread topped with chopped peas, beans, radishes, beets, and other colorful vegetables, and held together with a good salad dressing.

A novel and attractive way in which to present buttered bread is shown in the illustration. Thinly sliced bread triangles are first buttered and then placed around the edge of a large platter. The center is filled with ripe olives. The result resembles a huge sunflower.


INDIVIDUAL CUP-CAKES, WITH REAL FLOWERS TOPPING EACH ONE

Photos by Dana B. Merrill


GELATIN AND WHIPPED CREAM GARNISHED WITH PINK ROSE-PETALS


YELLOW BUTTERED BREAD AND A PILE OF RIPE OLIVES MAKE THIS INTERESTING SUNFLOWER

In salads the eclipse idea may be featured with shrimps and mayonnaise; shrimps, mayonnaise, and egg yolk; egg white cut in crescent shape and egg yolk.

Economy salad is composed of a variety of chopped vegetables or of chopped vegetables and mince-meat. A flag stuck into the center of an economy salad lends color to the concoction and is an appropriate decoration to it.

Colorful vegetables added to clear gelatin, molded in fancy shapes, present another delightful aspect of the economy salad. Fancy cheese garnishes add much to such a salad.

Still another method of presenting the combination vegetable salad is shown in the illustration. It is fashioned as an old-time nosegay. A large platter is covered with a paper doily. Chopped vegetables form a foundation upon which the vegetable-flowers rest. Beets cut to represent roses are surrounded with pieces of cauliflower and with radish-roses. Real pansies and asparagus-fern garnish the salad bouquet.

We have long used flowers for corsages and for table and house decorations, but only the occasional hostess seems to have sensed their value as an embellishment for foods.

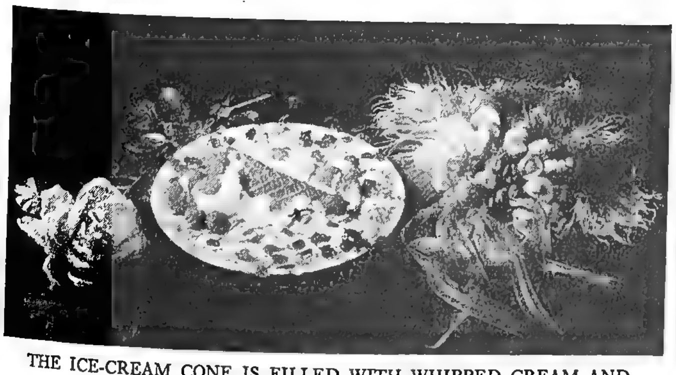
City caterers produce cakes bedecked with frosting flowers, usually featuring the same flower that is being used in floral arrangements elsewhere. They give a very festive touch to the repast.

The hostess who is unable to command such services of local caterers may provide very unique substitutes for the frosting flowers if she uses either candy roses, violets, lilies, or other candy flowers procurable in the large cities. Lacking the time to get these novelties, the hostess who wants to beautify her cakes will find she can secure a distinctive effect by placing stemless flowers or sprays of tiny posies in the semisoft icing.

Frozen salads, ice-creams, and gelatins in fancy molds will be greatly ornamented if decorated with flowers and ferns. Red or pink roses, whipped cream, and maidenhair-fern are very effective. The flower-trimmed dessert shown is cream-covered gelatin. A pink rose, rose-petals, and the leaves of the rose were used as garnishes.

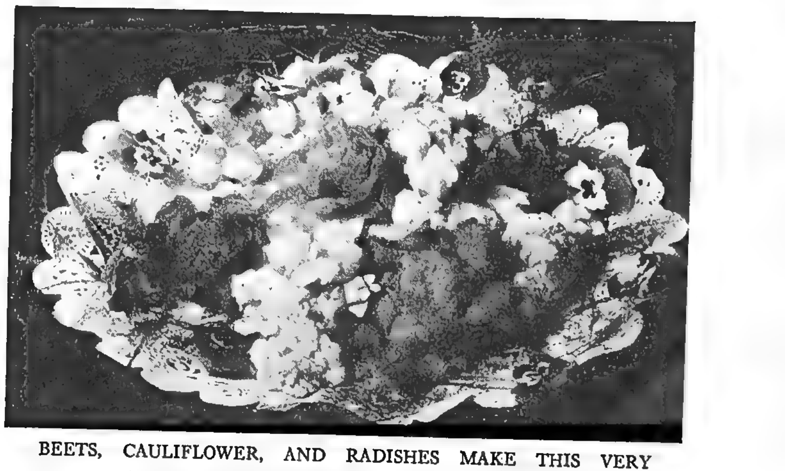
The very newest and most exclusive fads in food fancies are shown flanking the fruit-filled ice-cream cone shell in the photograph at the bottom of this page. The corsage is composed of candy lilies, candy violets, and candy rosebuds, each wrapped with a very thin piece of isinglass. A feather-trimmed shield (good for future bouquets) is tied onto this candy bunch of flowers.

The candy rose, on a long stem, has peppermint petals. They come in pink and yellow. In the case of the corsages, one is presented to each woman guest. If the single roses be used as center decoration, they may be passed at the conclusion of the meal so that each guest may twist off a petal and enjoy the mint candy with coffee. No other candies are needed at the meal.

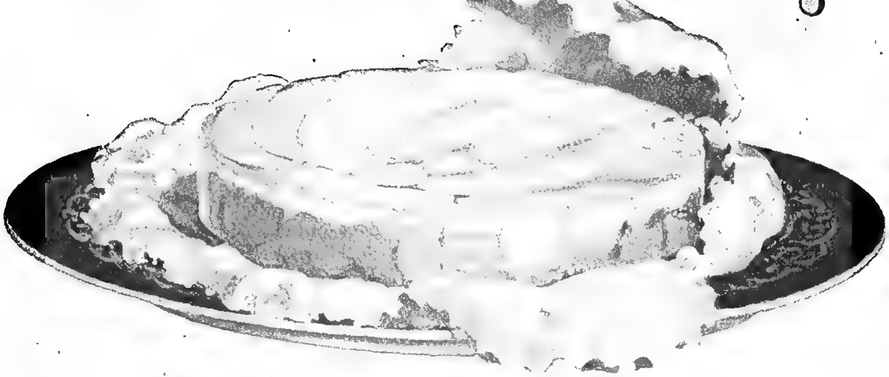

THE ICE-CREAM CONE IS FILLED WITH WHIPPED CREAM AND STRAWBERRIES. THE ROSE AND CORSAGE ARE OF CANDY

Mrs. Tipton has prepared a list of suggestions for making unusual hors-d'œuvres and canapés for parties. This will be sent free for a stamped, addressed envelop. Address Food Fancies, Home Bureau Service.

Have you had the new party booklet "Here Comes the Bride!"? Sent post-paid for ten cents. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.


BEETS, CAULIFLOWER, AND RADISHES MAKE THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED BOUQUET SALAD

FROZEN SALADS?



You'll find them easy to prepare this NEW WAY~

For dainty lunches and teas—for quick suppers these hot days—for outings and picnics—there's nothing more delicious than a frozen fruit salad.

And really nothing easier to prepare—if you do it this simple way.

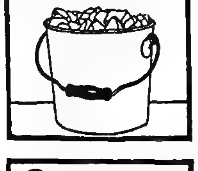
Just pack a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches or Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Berries, Fruits for Salad—any variety you wish—in an ordinary bucket, with equal parts of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt, in layers. Then forget it for three hours.

After that, take out the can—dip it for just an instant in hot water—punch an airhole in one end of the can—cut off the other end as shown in the diagram—and there it is—ready for service—on lettuce with mayonnaise—the most cooling summer salad you ever tasted. And equally delightful as a simple dessert.

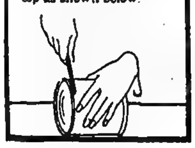
Only one precaution. This is distinctly a DEL MONTE suggestion. If you say DEL MONTE you are sure of the right results, because the fruit is always of the same consistency—the syrup is always rich enough to freeze perfectly—and more important, to taste right without other additions, just as it comes frozen from the can.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer—less salt or shorter freezing. A trial or two will show how to get just the results you prefer.

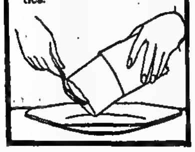
1 Pack one can DEL MONTE Fruit in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt.



2 Let stand 3 hours. Take out can. Dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top as shown below.



3 Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit — ready for tempting, convenient service in many new and unusual hot-weather dainties.



FREEZE

DEL MONTE FRUITS IN THE CAN

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," just published, not only describes this new method of preparing frozen dainties, but also contains a great number of other fruit recipes—the picked favorites of America's best known cooking authorities. For your free copy, address Department 31D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
CANNED
FRUITS

The Home Bureau

Putting the Punch in the Party

By Catherine Sweeny

SUMMER brings many opportunities for informal hospitality, for Summer refreshments are so simple to prepare and so inexpensive. In Winter it is not always easy to secure, at five minutes' notice, whipped cream for hot chocolate or plain cream for coffee, and all the goodies that go to make up a delightful lunch or supper; but in Summer every well-regulated household should be able without much effort to produce in a jiffy a tinkling pitcher of delicious punch.

WITH AN ICELESS REFRIGERATOR SMALL CUBES OF ICE ARE ALWAYS READY

One corner of the ice-box should be kept supplied with "the makings"—plenty of ice, lemons, oranges, a few bottles grape-juice and fruit sirups and ginger ale. Then at a moment's notice a drink may be prepared that is a delight and a real refreshment. Crisp cookies or wafers, not-too-rich cup-cakes, thin sandwiches with cress, nasturtium-leaves, chopped pickles or olives, and some light rather than rich filling are nicest for hot-weather consumption.

Plain lemonade is the basis of most ices and fruit-drinks. Since lemons are everywhere obtainable and keep well they solve the greatest part of the Summer sherbet or drink problem. Other fruit-flavors may be added to the basic mixture as desired or as it is convenient.

Cherries, raspberries, and blackberries all yield juices that are especially delicious as to flavor and lend a lovely color to a punch. Pineapple-juice is liked by most people, and a little of it goes a long way toward strengthening a fruit mixture. Avoid getting drinks too sweet, or filling them full of crushed or cut-up fruits. Thick mixtures are not easy to drink, nor are they so refreshing as those that are clear and zestful. Ginger ale or charged water gives an extra snap to a fruit-punch.

Lemon Sirup

MIX 1 cupful sugar and ⅔ cupful lemon-juice; strain, bottle, and keep in the refrigerator. When wanted, dilute with 6 quarts ice-water to 1 part lemon sirup, and serve from a glass pitcher, garnishing, if desired, with thin slices of lemon or orange, Maraschino cherries, or sprigs of mint. Lemon sirup is convenient to take for picnics or in the automobile lunch-basket.

Fruit-Punches

Basic Recipe

½ Cupful Lemon-juice
Grated Rind Half an Orange
1 Tablespoonful Grated Lemon-rind
1 Cupful Orange-juice
1 Quart Water
¾ Cupful Sugar (More May Be Added if Desired)

COOK the sugar and water for three minutes, cool, and add the other ingredients.

A Variety of Fruit-Punch Combinations

VARIATIONS made by adding any of the following combinations to the basic recipe:

1. 1 Quart Ginger Ale, ¼ Cupful Preserved Ginger, Cut Fine
2. 1 Glassful Currant or Grape Jelly Dissolved in 1 Cupful Hot Water; Cook and Add ½ Cupful Mint, Finely Minced. Garnish the pitcher with Mint Sprays.
3. 1 Quart Tea, ½ Cupful Maraschino Cherries, Cut Fine.
4. 1 Cupful Pineapple, Crushed, 1 Pint Charged Water. More Sugar if Desired.
5. 2 Cupfuls Watermelon-pulp, ½ Cupful Raisins, Cut Fine, ½ Cupful Sugar.
6. 1 Glass Crab-apple Jelly, Melted, Juice 4 More Oranges, 1 Cupful Iced Water, 1 Pint Charged Water.
7. 3 Tablespoonfuls Grated Cucumber-rind, 1 Pint Grape-juice, ¼ Cupful Sugar.
8. 1 Pint Raspberry juice, Whole Raspberries, 1 Pint Charged Water.

It is always puzzling to know just how much punch to prepare for a large number of guests in order to have it the right strength after it has been poured over the ice. The following recipe makes a delicious drink to serve at a dance or a reception.

Punch for Fifty Persons

2 Pounds Sugar
1 Quart Water
2 Quarts Freshly Made Tea
1 Cupful Lemon-juice
10 Cupfuls Orange-juice
2 Cans Crushed Pineapples
1 Bottle Maraschino Cherries and Their Juice
6 Sliced Oranges
2 Bottles Ginger Ale
8 Cupfuls Iced Water, Plain or Charged

MAKE a sirup by boiling the sugar and water together for five minutes. Add the tea and cool. Add the chilled fruit-juices, crushed fruit, ginger ale, and iced water. The orange slices should be cut into small pieces. The cherries may be cut up if desired. Pour the mixture over blocks of ice in punch-bowl. If the lemons are very sour additional sirup may be needed tho care should be taken to avoid getting the punch too sweet, as it would be less refreshing.

Varsity Punch

4 Cupfuls Orange-juice
½ Cupful Lemon-juice
1½ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Crushed Pineapple
1 Cupful Water

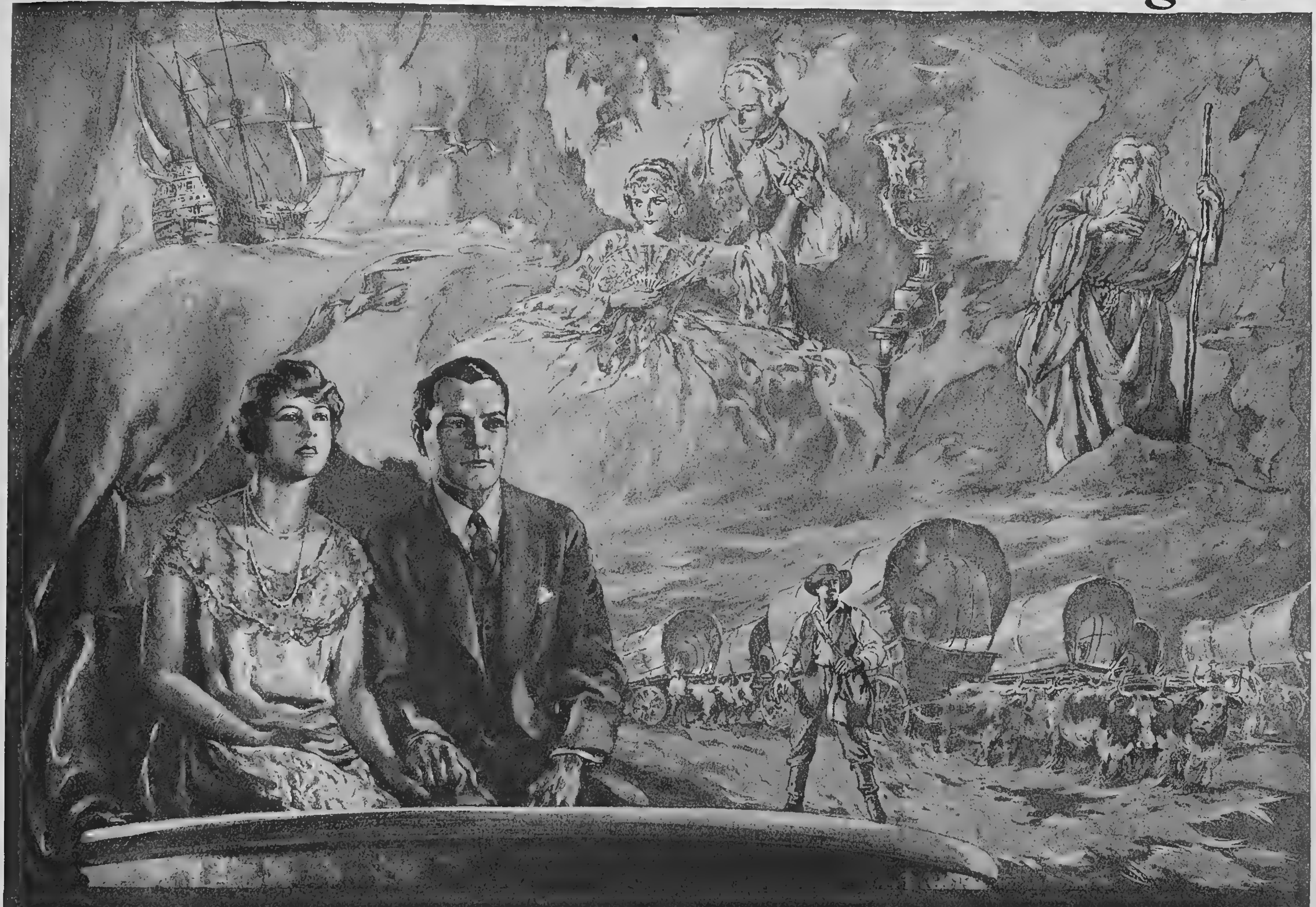
BOIL the sugar and water three minutes and chill. Add the fruit juices and crushed pineapple and pour over ice in pitcher or glasses. This makes 6 glasses.

Oriental Punch

2 Lemons
6 Whole Cloves
2 Cupfuls Freshly Made Hot Tea
½ Cupful Sugar
3 Cupfuls Orange-juice
2 Cupfuls Grape-juice

SLICE the lemons through the rind and pulp. Put with the cloves and sugar in pitcher or bowl, and pour the hot tea over them. Cover and set aside until chilled. Add the orange and grape-juices and serve. This amount makes 6 glasses.

"Let's Go To The Movies Tonight"



Life, as it might be, for You!

After a while, for each of us, the curtain rings down. But now, the play's on, and life is here for the taking. Are you taking it, or letting the days slide by without filling them? You can't fill them with work alone. There must be play and entertainment.

Life would be brighter for you if you would see more good motion pictures. The greatest entertainment is a deep and thrilling experience, something which leaves you a little different.

No one was exactly the same after seeing those Paramount Pictures, "The Covered Wagon," "The Ten Commandments," "The Miracle Man," "Peter Pan," and others.

The emotions they created passed through the very frame and spirit that are you, leaving you a richer personality, excited, thoughtful, admiring, stirred.

Such experiences, plenty of them, are life, as it might be, for you!

Not a facet of your soul but will find a reflecting and brightening lustre in Paramount! Not a mood of gaiety or a taste for tragic drama but will be satisfied!

Satisfied! That is the note! Satisfy your curiosity about life in all its ways, made visible and selected and dramatized by Paramount in the greatest shows every season. Today Paramount Pictures are part of the art of living, laying visible to millions terrific sweeps of life and art hitherto obscured by the clouds of monotony and work.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR-PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

Google

LEROY GORDON
ROSS, JR.
Son of Mr. and Mrs.
L. G. Ross
1375 Josephine Street
Denver, Colo.

First honors - - for this Eagle Brand boy

THIS smiling little chap—an Eagle Brand boy—is the proud winner of the silver cup in the 1923 Denver Health Show.

The Bureau of Health wrote to his mother, "It will be gratifying to you to learn that Leroy Gordon Ross, Jr., received the highest rating of any of the several hundred children recently examined in the Better Babies Contest held in connection with the Denver Health Show. He received the excellent score of 99.2%."

Leroy was raised on Borden's Eagle Brand, which Mrs. Ross feels deserves a generous share of the credit for his present fine health. "We advise the use of Eagle Brand every time," she writes, "when mothers are unable to nurse their babies."

If *you* cannot nurse your baby, or if he isn't thriving on his present food, start him today on Eagle Brand. For Eagle Brand is pure whole milk—a child's natural food—combined with refined sugar in a way that makes it exceptionally digestible. Even the most delicate baby stomach can assimilate it easily. Eagle Brand contains the necessary food properties for healthy growth, and all three vitamins, too. And—most important of all—it is absolutely safe and clean. Every can is the same, no matter where you buy it.

Some interesting testimonials from other mothers like Mrs. Ross are published in a new booklet called *What Other Mothers Say.*

You'll want to get acquainted with these other mothers—to hear of their experiences. Feeding charts for infants up to one year, and for children from 1 to 2 years, are included in the book.

General information on the care of your baby is supplied in another book, *Baby's Welfare*, written for you by a physician. Send in the coupon below and you can get both books free. The Borden Company, 483 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

Trade Mark of The Borden Company
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE
BRAND
by which their Preserved Milk will be designated; and for additional against imposition, each label signature.
THE BORD
NEW

THE
BABY
WELFARE
DEPT.

The Borden Co.
483 Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.
Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say and Baby's Welfare.*

Name..

Address..

The Home Bureau

When the Dining-Room Moves Out-of-Doors

By Ellen Janet Fleming

INDOORS has gone, and outdoors has come again with its thousand voices luring us to leave our busy, accustomed ways. When the first call for a change comes we open the breakfast-room, not furnace-heated; then, through the warmer weather, the porch is used to the utmost, until finally we can move our feasts to the shade of near-by trees and revel in the real outdoors.

A tea-wagon with leaves that open to make an adequate table is a Summer companion not to be excelled. Put a tinkling pitcher of iced raspberry-shrub, the glasses with their gaily colored spoons, and a plate of sponge cup-cakes on the glass tea-wagon tray. Then take it to your guests on the piazza, let them draw close, and they'll like the repast twice as well because it's not in the house.

SALAD, SANDWICHES, AND A COOL DRINK MAKE THE IDEAL SUMMER LUNCHEON

Last Summer, through those days when the heat drove out every thought of work or effort, practically the whole household was moved to the shade of our Norway maple. My prayer for that tree is no less fervent than the one addressed to the proverbial woodman; for if that sheltered the suppliant in youth, this one has sheltered me and my family in the fulness of life. May it be spared from wind, lightning, ice-storms, and blights!

After what work even the heat would not excuse was done, we fled, sewing and reading in hand, to the maple. As the sun drove us we moved from what had been the shadiest spot to the next. Lunch-time came, but we brought a small table to hold our luncheon straight to the maple-tree and ate our salad and sandwiches, and drank our orangeade in the coolest spot on the lawn. And it's only a few steps from the kitchen door.

Fruit and Cold Cereals

THE ready-to-eat cereals are a boon for the hot days of Summer; their cool crispness is most appetizing, and the delectable combinations that can be made as strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, and peaches heap their plenty before us, are pleasing to the taste as it becomes a bit finicky because of the hot weather. Slice the peaches over the cereals or pile berries on top, then pour cream over it all. The result is indeed tempting. And what a precious saving of labor those cereals are!

Summer is the time when a little scheming will bring freedom from cooking and at the same time a nourishing and appetizing dinner. Lobster, crab, chicken, salmon, tuna-fish, and shrimps, hygienically sealed in glass or tins, may be bought ahead of the hot spell, stowed away in the refrigerator, and brought forth at the right moment to make a salad.

To make things doubly interesting, celery, hard-boiled eggs, olives, sliced tomatoes, or sliced cucumbers may be added. A variation in salad dressings often gives a welcome change. An old-fashioned cream dressing tastes especially good with a potato salad, and mayonnaise combines delectably with chilli sauce or with a mixture of finely chopped onions, parsley, and peppers. French dressing may be varied in much the same way, as it combines especially well with cheese; a snappy cheese or Roquefort makes a dressing that turns a plain lettuce salad into a real treat.

Supper Under the Apple-Tree

ANOTHER tree, perhaps even dearer than the Norway maple, because it was a discovery, coaxed us from the formality of the dining-room. This was an apple-tree bordering a flat, grassy place. For years our predecessors had allowed a bramble of sumac to grow up around and under it. Until it was cleared out we had not noticed that it was a lacy umbrella toward the western sun.

For one feast beneath this tree slices of whole-wheat bread had been spread with deviled ham, a piquant, relishing item of the Summer menu, but instead of putting the top slice closely down onto the bottom one, the sandwich was left open, and on the top slice finely chopped hard-boiled eggs were spread. The eggs were seasoned well and topped with an exceedingly thin slice of onion, which with a spoonful of salad dressing made the sandwich complete.

Just to remind us that the garden had gifts to offer there was a bowl of salad. Lettuce garnished the dish, and in its midst were diced carrots, gathered while they were tiny to thin out the row, and beets harvested for the same reason. Peas, left over from the night before, were added, and a French dressing marinated the whole colorful mixture.

The tall, frosted glass pitcher held a fascinating drink, the touch that makes a Summer feast a joy. The pitcher had been a third filled with chopped ice, then from a varied supply of bottled drinks a small bottle of grape-juice was chosen, poured into the pitcher over the ice, and sparkling ginger ale added. After it was sugared to taste, stems of crushed mint were crowded into the top and left as a protruding decoration.

Summer Is the Time to Reduce

NO one wants much to eat in hot weather so this is the season to start reducing. "Eating to Stay Slender" (10 cents post-paid) will tell the best way to leave out of your diet the foods that make you fat. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

The Book-Shelf

FOR limited editions, works of art, chap-books, and all that sort of thing, it is all right to have uncut pages, but something ought to be done to the publishers who send out review copies of every-day books without cutting the leaves. It is hard enough to read most of these books without jiggling along with a paper-cutter all the time. Here is something for the professional reformers to take up. Let's make a law against it.

Notes About New Books

THE GOLDEN BED, by Wallace Irwin (Putnam). This is another Pictorial Review serial in book form. In the magazine it was called "To-morrow's Bread." You can take your choice of the titles, but it is a mighty good story either way.

PROUD FLESH, by Lawrence Rising (Boni, Liveright). A really well-told story of San Francisco before and after the earthquake and fire that wiped out the old-time town, written by a man who knows all the ins and outs of that most delectable spot.

A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace). One of the "best sellers." A rattling good story of life in Hindustan, well told, well written, and with a real story.

OIL, by Walter Gilkyson (Scribner). Quite naturally a romance of the oil-fields, and certainly there is abundant opportunity for romance in that direction.

THE COMING OF AMOS, by William J. Locke (Dodd, Mead). Another gently moving, beautifully done story by the author of "The Beloved Vagabond."

THE OLD FIRM, by F. Morton Howard (Dutton). Sea stories are all the rage nowadays, and this has much of the old W. W. Jacobs quality. It is sort of a sequel to Mr. Howard's "Happy Rascals."

THE FRUIT OF THE FAMILY TREE, by Albert Edward Wiggam (Bobbs-Merrill). It is quite a remarkable fact in the book-selling business that both of Mr. Wiggam's books, "The New Decalogue of Science" and "The Fruit of the Family Tree," are "best sellers" among the serious books. Incidentally, much of this material appeared in Pictorial Review, so we are naturally proud to see the books sell.

THOMAS THE LAMBKIN, by Claude Farrère (Dutton). Talk about your pirate stories, but "Thomas the Lambkin" is the most exciting thing we have read along that line in years. "The House of the Secret" is another of Farrère's thrillers which have recently been translated.

ARIEL, by André Maurois (Appleton). A story of Shelley beautifully done. It gives a most sympathetic picture of the great poet—his life, his loves, and his tragic death.

TALES FROM NATURE'S WONDERLANDS, by William T. Hornaday (Scribner). Here is a good book to give the young folks, written by a man who has devoted his whole life to the study of nature.

ISLES OF THE BLEST, by Wilbur Daniel Steele (Harper). This is Mr. Steele's second attempt at a novel. It is a good story, but he will do even better. Two of the chapters in this book, "Marriage" and "Ginger Beer," appeared in Pictorial Review in short-story form.

TORQUEMADA, by Rafael Sabatini (Houghton, Mifflin). A very fair and authentic account of the origin and operation of the Spanish Inquisition—not a novel, but a serious discussion.

THE WHITE MONKEY, by John Galsworthy (Scribner). A favorite author in a favorite vein—a story of England and English life after the War.

THE WEDDING SONG, by Ethel Watts Mumford (Doubleday, Page). A story of the Happy Isles in the South Seas. Mrs. Mumford knows all the local color at first-hand and has written a story that will be sure to interest.

UNCLE SAM NEEDS A WIFE, by Ida Clyde Clarke (Winston). A collection of some of Mrs. Clarke's favorite editorials, which appeared in Pictorial Review in the last year or so, elaborated into a book that is being talked about all over the country. Pictorial Review readers in particular should be interested in it.

FRESH WATERS, by Richard Washburn Child (Dutton). A collection of short stories by ex-Ambassador Child, who is even better known as a writer of short stories. Some of the stories in this book appeared in Pictorial Review. All of them are good.

SAILORS' WIVES, by Warner Fabian (Boni, Liveright). This gentleman also wrote "Flaming Youth," which is a rather hectic book. He is said to be the well-known author of a very different type of story. Some of his stories, I believe, have appeared in Pictorial Review.

JOSHUA BARNEY, by Ralph D. Paine (Century). A splendid book to give a boy. The life and adventures of this American sea-fighter of Revolutionary times are thrilling from beginning to end, and yet few people know anything about him. Mr. Paine has done a worth-while work.

THE ENCHANTED HILL, by Peter B. Kyne (Cosmopolitan). This is another of those out-West stories told with impetuous dash and enthusiasm—the sort of stuff that makes Mr. Kyne's books always attractive.

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN, by George Barr McCutcheon (Dodd, Mead). Mr. McCutcheon goes back to "Graustark" again for another light, quickly moving romance.

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU! by Harry Leon Wilson (Cosmopolitan). If you liked "Oh, Doctor" and "Merton of the Movies" you are surely going to like this story of the runaway professor. It is good stuff.

QUEEN CALAFIA, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez (Dutton). A story of California by the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." This is the first time Mr. Ibañez has gone so far away from home for a setting.

MÅRBACKA, by Selma Lagerlöf (Doubleday, Page). The autobiography of a woman who many think is the best-beloved woman in Sweden and who certainly has written some great novels.

COWBOYS NORTH AND SOUTH, by Will James (Scribner). Brother James seems to know all about cowboys, and, more than that, he knows how to make pictures of them. It is a good book to add to your collection of Western stuff.

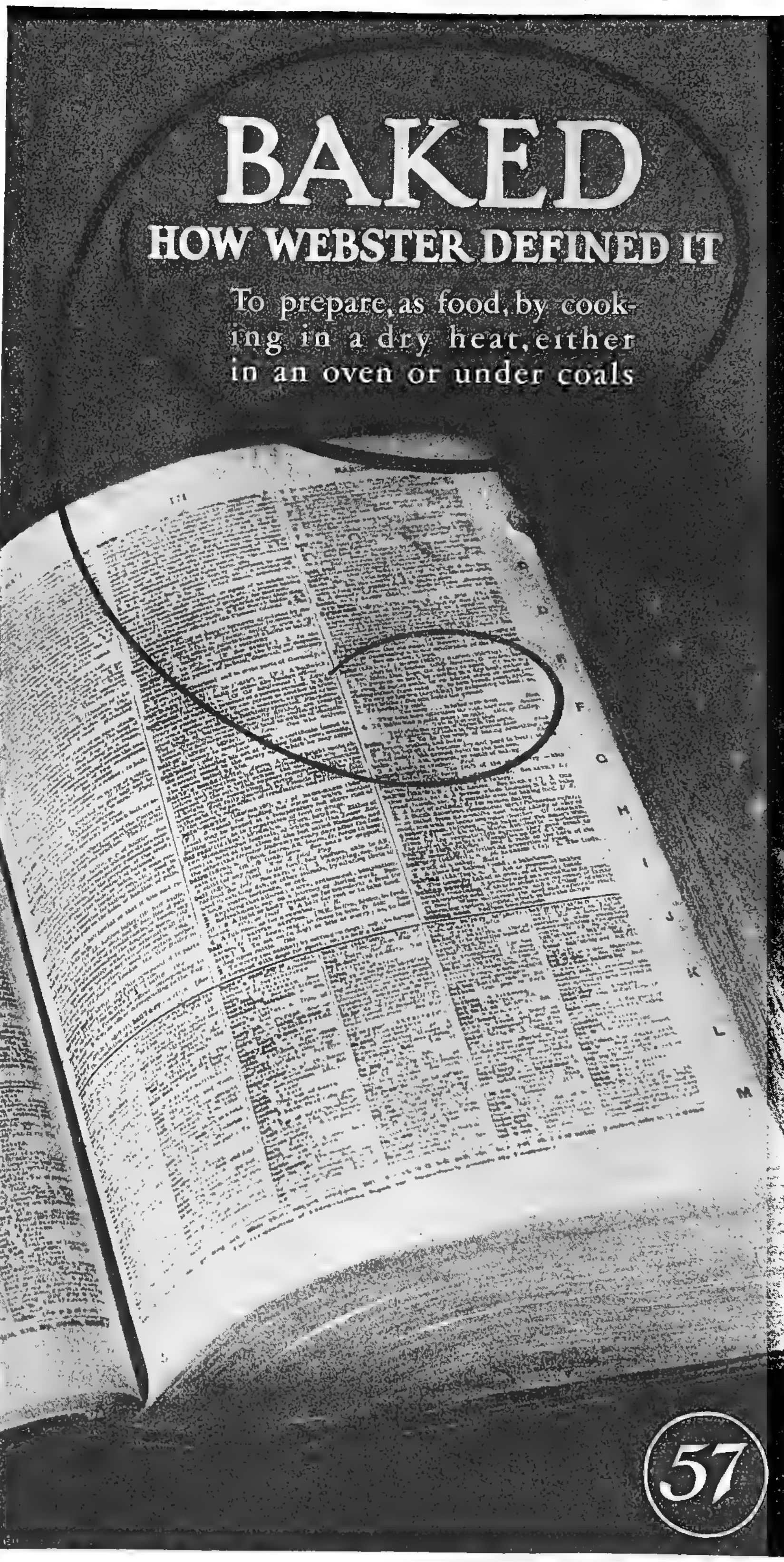
A KING IN THE MAKING, by Genevieve Parkhurst (Putnam). The life story of the Prince of Wales, which appeared serially in Pictorial Review, now elaborated into a beautifully illustrated and most interesting book, which has been mighty well received by the critics. It seems to us a good many of the successful books of the day first appeared as serials in Pictorial Review.

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER, by Struthers Burt (Scribner). Another book for your Western collection. It gives you a true picture of the West of to-day as it really is, in contrast to the Wild West of the fiction magazines.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK, by Konrad Bercovici (Century). Mr. Bercovici had an original idea, which was to study the most interesting foreign sections in New York city. He has done it with a sympathetic touch.

THE DARK CLOUD, by Thomas Boyd (Scribner). A story of this country in the days just before the Civil War, when the underground railroad was in operation, but it seems to end entirely too abruptly.

THE FIGHT ON THE STANDING STONE, by Francis Lynde (Scribner). Another of Mr. Lynde's popular railroad stories—a fight against time between two competitive companies, with a gallant engineer as the hero. And of course he has to fall in love with the daughter of the president of the rival company.


BAKED
HOW WEBSTER DEFINED IT
To prepare, as food, by cooking in a dry heat, either in an oven or under coals
57

Webster defines the Heinz way of preparing beans, exactly—*baked in ovens with dry heat.*

That is the meaning of the words "oven-baked" on the label of every can. That is why the beans themselves have that different taste.

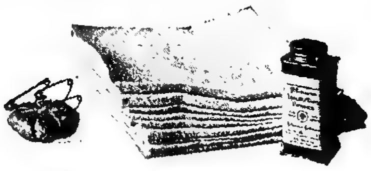
Baking gives them their delicious flavor. Baking retains all of the nourishment of the beans. Baking makes them more easily digested.

Beans that are really baked are labeled "baked." It pays to read the labels when buying foods.

When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens H. J. HEINZ Co.

New Salad-making recipe booklet sent for four cents in stamps

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS
with tomato sauce



Damp diapers

To guard against the chafing they will cause

Over a million mothers use this *safe baby powder*

"*All napkins should be removed as soon as wet or soiled, and the parts kept scrupulously clean and well-powdered.*"
DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

WHEN baby is wet, he himself will announce that fact to you, by crying.

Crying is the only way a baby has of telling you how uncomfortable he is—and how the damp clinging diaper is stinging his tender skin.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, America's great authority on the care of infants, says that to prevent chafing where it most frequently occurs, where the parts are so frequently wet and soiled, "*the utmost pains should be taken that all napkins be removed as soon as wet or soiled, and the parts kept scrupulously clean and well-powdered.*"

The powder must be incomparably pure. It must have been guarded all through the process of its preparation from the slightest possibility of the entrance of any foreign matter. And it must contain nothing but healing, soothing elements.

* * *

THESE are the reasons why over a million of the young mothers in America already know that Johnson's baby powder is *safe* to use.

Johnson and Johnson are well known to everybody as the makers of Red Cross absorbent cotton and Johnson and Johnson sterilized gauze. And they are even better known to physicians as the makers of hundreds of other articles for the medical profession. Everything they make must be surgically clean, antiseptically safe.

It was to them, therefore, that physicians turned when they wanted a baby powder they could depend on and could recommend.

Johnson and Johnson have been preparing that baby powder ever since in their great laboratories.

* * *

The function of Johnson's Baby Powder is to guard against chafing from damp diapers and the infection caused by moisture lurking in the creases of the skin. It is wonderfully absorbent. And it has the faint sweet odor that will keep baby sweet and fresh all through the day.

It should be used invariably after the daily bath, and after every changing of the diapers.

To enable all mothers to know for themselves the goodness and purity of this beneficent powder, Johnson and Johnson are now offering free, to the readers of this magazine, a small can of it together with their concise little book on the care of baby skin, "*The Faith of a Baby.*" Just send them your address on the coupon below.

Johnson & Johnson, Dept. F-5
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me free, the small can of the baby powder made in your famous laboratories and the little book—"The Faith of a Baby."

Your druggist is more than a merchant

The Home Bureau

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

How to Manage Baby's Food in Hot Weather

LOSS of appetite is quite a common condition among babies in hot weather. It may not last long, but the mother is usually worried when her baby, who has always taken his bottle eagerly, refuses all or part of it several times a day. In such a case increase the intervals between feeding, and, if necessary, give less in each bottle and make the food a little stronger.

Use whole-milk formulas from cows whose milk is not over four per cent. butter-fat. Even this fat may need to be reduced a little in some cases, by removing the top ounce or two from each quart of bottled milk before the day's formulas are prepared. Babies seldom can stand much cream or fat in hot weather. Never make the mistake of offering the baby his bottle oftener when he refuses it at his regular meal-time. Never add extra sugar to his formula to make him take it. If you force food when he does not want it, especially in warm weather, a serious digestive disturbance will be very apt to follow.

Give him plenty of boiled cool water between the regular meal hours, and let him take what he wants from his bottle. Buttermilk, protein milk, and some of the acidified-milk formulas are often helpful if fat is not well tolerated. On especially warm days it is often a good plan to make a practise of pouring out one or two ounces from each bottle of the regular formula and replacing this with the same amount of boiled water. Baby's digestive organs are not quite so strong during extremely hot weather as they are on cooler days.

Changing the diluent of the formulas may sometimes help to make the baby take his food better and regain his appetite. Oatmeal gruel is often excellent to use as a diluent for milk in cool weather, but should not be used in Summer, as it is too heating. In its place barley, wheat, or rice gruels may be tried. These are made and used just like the oatmeal gruel. Full directions for making these gruels are given with all our Mother Club formulas.

In the case of breast-fed babies who lose their appetites in hot weather the interval between meals should also be lengthened, and the time at the breast may be reduced by a few minutes if necessary. These babies also require water between meals.

Traveling with a bottle-fed baby in Summer is difficult in some cases. If the home is comfortable it is usually wiser to remain in it while the baby is under one year of age than it is to take the risk of a change of milk-supply and surroundings. If it is not advisable to stay at home, then careful inquiries about the new milk-supply should be made in advance, and when the milk is not certified or is in any way less reliable than that used at home it should be Pasteurized while away from home, or even boiled in some special cases.

Milk laboratories in some cities prepare and pack in little ice-boxes enough of the baby's regular milk formula to last while on even quite an extensive trip. If the journey is to be short, not more than twenty-four hours, the mother may Pasteurize her formula at home, pack it in a pail of ice or a little ice-box, and get the porter on the train to renew the supply of ice once or twice. The bottles may be warmed at meal-time by placing them in a can of hot water, usually procurable on a train or boat.

One or two feedings may be taken on a day-trip by packing these in a pail of ice and putting a newspaper or blanket outside the pail to exclude as much air as possible. A small solidified alcohol stove may be taken along to warm water for the heating of each bottle-meal or in some cases boiling water may be taken in a vacuum-bottle, and at meal-time this may be used to heat the bottle of modified milk. Never attempt to carry milk in any contrivance that keeps it warm; germs multiply too rapidly to make this safe.

There are numerous forms of dried milk and evaporated milk on the market that may be given on trips and prepared with hot water when it is not possible to use the baby's usual fresh-milk formulas during the vacation period. The family doctor who knows the baby well should be asked to decide just which one of these fresh-milk substitutes should be used for the baby while he is away.

Many babies do not gain quite so rapidly in weight during hot weather as they do when it is cooler. There should not be a steady loss in weight, however. It is a mistake to allow a baby to lose weight and attribute it to hot weather or teething. If there is failure to gain at all for more than two weeks at a time, then the mother should have her baby carefully examined by a physician who understands babies. There may be some other cause than the food and heat which is keeping the baby from gaining.

On receipt of the required self-addressed, United States stamped envelop we shall be glad to send our leaflet on "Some Rules for the Care of Babies During Warm Weather" to any mother.

Free Child Health Service

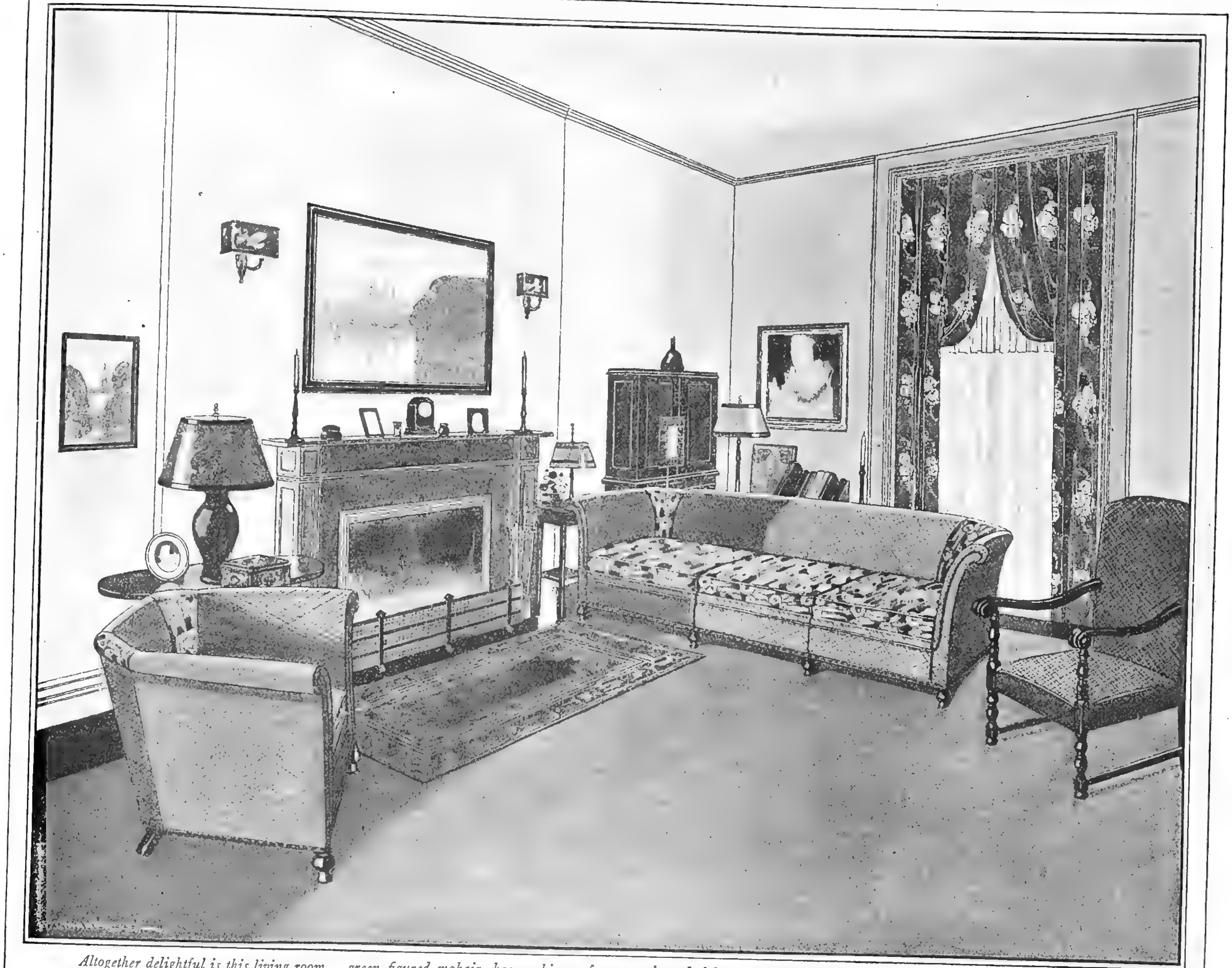
IF your baby is under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a self-addressed, United States stamped envelop.

Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge
Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.



Altogether delightful is this living room with its prune colored carpet, ivory walls, green marble mantelpiece and green blue curtains. The Kroehler Davenport in green figured mohair, has cushions of green damask with a gold motif. Blue is used in other pieces to accent the blue note of the curtains, and a screen at the opposite end of the room repeats the color note of the carpet with a metal brocade on a prune background. An interesting touch is the green blue of the picture frame. A number of equally fascinating interiors are reproduced in the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," a copy of which will be sent on request.

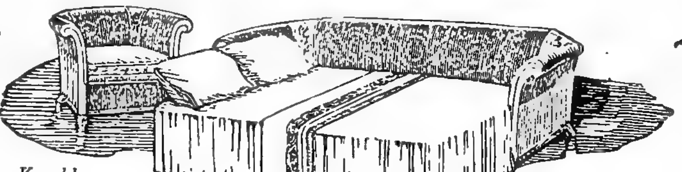
Kroehler *hidden qualities* insure lasting beauty and comfort

HIDDEN beneath the upholstery of any living room furniture are the parts that tell whether it is a permanent investment or the kind that quickly fades and needs replacing.

Therefore it is wise to *know* that the interior of the furniture you select is conscientiously built.

In Kroehler Living Room Furniture the *interior quality* is never in doubt. Every bit of material and every step in the inside construction must meet highest standards. Frames are of kiln-dried hardwood; the seat springs are of heavy wire, flexibly interlocked; the filling of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton. The seat cushions have fine wire coil springs padded with clean, white, felted cotton. The upholstery is given moth-proofing treatment.

Yet Kroehler Furniture costs less than other furniture of comparable quality because it is made in the great Kroehler factories where tremendous purchasing power and vast volume of production reduce the *cost* of making. You can choose an interesting period design or an overstuffed pattern upholstered in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, jacquard velours, Chase Velmo, leather or Chase Leatherwove.



Kroehler Davenport Bed

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM

Important hidden qualities

In Kroehler Davenport Beds the materials and workmanship must meet the same high standards. Beds are full width and amazingly comfortable, fitted with sagless cable fabric supported by helical springs. Removable mattresses are thick and soft.

Dealers everywhere sell Kroehler Davenport Bed and Davenport Suites for cash or on easy payments. Be sure the name plate is on the back of each piece. If you do not know where to find Kroehler Davenports—with or without concealed beds—and matching chairs, write for dealer's name and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements."

Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. Factories at Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Dallas, Texas; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif. Canadian Factory: Stratford, Ontario.

KROEHLER
Living Room Furniture

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

cuss-word until we struck Dublin. One day I was sitting in my room—it was down the hall from the room where he wrote—and heard him say, "—— this house! —— old place! —— old climate! —— room! Not a —— thing here that anybody wants! Can't ever find a —— pin in the whole place!"

He was walking up and down, swearing to beat the band! He was looking for pins, you see, to pin up his manuscripts; and he walked right down the hall, cussing all the time, saying, "You can never find a thing in this —— old place! Why, I had a paper of pins only yesterday, and now some old idiot has took them away!"

Of course, I was setting right there and heard every word he said, and I was really enjoying myself, I can tell you, 'cause I hated the place about as much as he did.

Well, he came down the hall, and when he saw me setting there he was kind of startled, and looked a little sheepish. "Why, Katy," he says, "are you here?" "Yes," I says, "I've been here all the time." "Well," he says, "I didn't know you was anywhere around." "I know you didn't," I says, "'cause you've been swearing to 'beat the band.' I heard every word you said just now." "Well," he says, "I have been swearing. There's no mistake about that, but you know this is the very *first* time I swore since I left Florence." "Yes," I says, "I know it, but honest, to tell you the truth, I was kind of amused," I said, "listening to you. I didn't mind it a bit. Bad language is the only thing can take the deadness off *this* place," I says; "this is an awful place. It would make *anybody* swear." "Would it make *you*, Katy?" said Mr. Clemens. "Yes," I said, "it would, so I don't mind how much you swear. It's *all right!*"

Well, he was kind of relieved, I guess, to know that I felt just as he did. He made the air blue, you know. He used to say that he could turn the air black and blue with cuss-words when he started, but he certainly was startled that day when he seen me setting there while he was doing all that cursing. He said it made him feel very bad and very guilty.

Of course, the thing that really brought it all about was losing his pins. He was very particular about his pins, and never had enough of 'em. I got him a paper of pins after all his swearing, and he calmed down then and was as quiet as a lamb. But I never liked the place myself—couldn't stand it! And I cleared out and went back to New York as soon as I could.

A Birthday Dinner

IT WAS about this time too that he got started off on wearing his white clothes. That made a terrible sensation! And I mustn't forget about an elegant birthday dinner that was got up for him. It was on his seventieth birthday. Colonel Harvey, I think, fixed that up. He was a great friend of Mr. Clemens and admired him very much, and all those famous literary men thought it would be a fine thing to have this great dinner and show their public appreciation of Mr. Clemens.

They was to have it in Delmonico's, and they sent out lots of invitations; every famous writer in America and a lot that was in Europe was invited. Oh, there was a great many people come, about two hundred, I heard, and had a wonderful time. Of course there was lots of ladies present (lady writers), and everybody made speeches and read poems and made toasts, as they called them, to Mr. Clemens for his seventieth birthday. He made a perfectly wonderful speech in reply to all these compliments, and they said it was very funny, awful funny; it made them laugh a lot; and then just at the end it made them cry too, because it was very sad—all that part where he told about his being seventy years old—"hitching up to Pier No. 70," he called it.

Everybody there all got up and said how much they loved him. Mr. Gilder was there, and Mr. Howells, of course, and Brander Matthews, and Carnegie, and Mr. Rogers, and Dr. Rice, and Dr. Quintard, and Mr. Twitchell, of course. Oh! I can't think of any more, except that I remember their saying that Mrs. Riggs—she was a writer and wrote under the name of "Kate Douglas Wiggin"—she was there, too. I've got a photograph that was taken of the people that was there at that dinner.

The Pin-a-Peep Show

SNOW WHITE

See Opposite Page

Directions: Supply yourself with an empty shoe-box, some paste, and a pair of scissors. Cut out the different figures on the page. Cut a hole an inch square in the center of one end of the box for a peep-hole. As shoe-boxes vary in size it is a good idea to look through the peep-hole and see that the figures are placed to the best advantage before pasting solidly in the box. Figures 1 and 2 show the placement of the figures in the box. Figures 3 and 4 show how holes are to be cut in the cover and the openings covered with colored tissue-papers. If a simpler lighting is desired cut one large opening and cover with colored tissue-paper.

I heard they sent an invitation to Kipling, too, over in London, and Helen Keller, she wrote a letter to Mr. Clemens, congratulating him on his birthday. That pleased him very much.

Of course this dinner made a great stir and everybody was chasing after him harder than ever. Nobody could believe Mr. Clemens was seventy years old, because he was so young in all his ways. He used to run up-stairs two and three steps at a time. There was no old age about Mr. Clemens. He didn't look or act old and he never was, either. Right up to his death he was young in his mind as well as in his heart.

Speaking of Helen Keller, I must tell you how Mr. Clemens got interested in her, and it was really through him Mr. Rogers helped pay for her education. Helen Keller was a perfectly wonderful girl and she was deaf and dumb and blind, but she was so smart she learned to do everything just like other people. She learned by the hand—or whatever it is they learn by—and she had a wonderful teacher, a Miss Sullivan, that taught her everything. Why, she even went through college and took a degree!

Mr. Clemens, he seen her first when she was only fourteen years old. It was at dinner one time and she laughed at everything Mr. Clemens told. Miss Sullivan sat right with her and held her hand all the time. She told her everything by the hand; that's the way she understood, and she enjoyed the jokes that Mr. Clemens told. Oh, it was wonderful how bright and smart she was! And Mr. Clemens, he just loved her and she loved him. And he could talk to her, too, by just putting his hand on her head, and then he'd talk and joke and she understood it just the same as if she could hear and see. That don't hardly seem possible, does it? But it's true.

Oh, Mr. Clemens was greatly interested in her case. He said it was marvelous, and that everything ought to be made easy for her and her teacher, Miss Sullivan, and he wanted a fund raised so that she could be educated, and Mr. Rogers, he helped and arranged that; and the Huttons, they was interested in it, too. I think it was at the Huttons' that Mr. Clemens met Helen Keller. The Huttons was interested first.

You know, Mr. Hutton was a great friend of Mr. Clemens. He was a writer, too; and there's an awful funny story about how they swapped coats once and got all mixed up and had a terrible time. Laurence Hutton was his name. He was a tall, nice, slim man, very dark—dark mustache—nice, pleasant-looking man.

Well, one time he played a joke on Mr. Clemens. He wrote to all his friends to please write a letter to Mr. Clemens on April Fool morning asking for his autograph. Well, April Fool morning there was about seventy-five letters in the hall, and anything Mr. Clemens did hate was to open a letter asking for his autograph if they didn't send a stamped envelop with it. He didn't mind them asking for his autograph if they'd send him an addressed envelop, 'cause then all he'd have to do was to put in a little slip of paper with his name on it.

He always kept his autograph *ready*. "Mark Twain"—he had that written all ready to send—always had a lot of them on hand, but he got dreadful mad when they didn't send a stamped envelop to put it in. Well, when all them seventy-five letters was brought up that morning, all asking for his autograph, with no addressed envelops, he got furious, and told George to throw them all away. He says, "George, you can open them or throw them away, I don't care which, but I won't open any more of them —— things!"

But Mrs. Clemens said, "Oh! I think you had better open a few more, Youth, dear, 'cause there might be some you'd regret not sending your autograph to." I guess she was kind of onto the joke. After that Mr. Clemens kind of suspected that Mr. Hutton was at the bottom of it, so he just sat down and wrote him a very sassy letter, telling him what he thought of him. Of course, that must have pleased Mr. Hutton, getting a rise out of Mr. Clemens like that.

Now I must tell about them swapping their coats. One night Mr. Hutton come to dinner, and after dinner he and Mr. Clemens wanted to play billiards. It was kind of warm in the billiard-room, I suppose, 'cause he took off his coat and laid it on a chair, and Mr. Clemens did the same thing—took off his coat, too. Well, the next day Mr. Hutton wrote Mr. Clemens telling him he'd left his glasses at our house the night before, and would somebody please look around and find them, 'cause of course they was valuable to him.

Well, we looked high and low, but couldn't find them glasses anywheres. It went on for quite a while, his asking and we hunting for them, but we never found them. But the next time Mr. Clemens was going to a dinner and put on his dinner coat he couldn't understand it, because the sleeves of his coat was so *long* they hung way over his hands!

He got terrible excited and called George and says, "How in —— does it happen these sleeves got so long to my dress suit?" Well, George, he examined the coat, and says he couldn't understand it. "Well," says Mr. Clemens, "you take that coat down to the tailor's in the morning and get them sleeves shortened. Cut them off," he says, and turned up the cuff to show how much to cut off. So, George took the coat and had the sleeves cut off, and back he brought it to me, 'cause I used to see every time before Mr. Clemens put the coat on that he had a handkerchief in his pocket, and didn't have two or three, like he would if I didn't look!

Well, I put my hand in the pocket of that coat, and instead of a handkerchief there was a *spectacle-case!* I pulled it out, and there was Laurence Hutton's glasses that he'd lost! And that was Laurence Hutton's coat; that's what it was! They'd mixed them up that night they was playing billiards, and Mr. Hutton took Mr. Clemens's coat and Mr. Clemens got Hutton's coat, and never found it out until them glasses was found.

It seems that the same thing happened to Mr. Hutton that struck Mr. Clemens. When Hutton put on his coat, he'd found the sleeves was too *short*—his arms stuck way out. So he had to have a piece put *on* his cuffs to lengthen them, the same as Mr. Clemens had to have a piece taken *off* to make his shorter!

Oh, when Mr. Clemens found it out, how they roared! They just had spasms over it! They swapped stories about Mr. Hutton having put a piece on to lengthen his coat, and Mr. Clemens having a piece chopped off to make his shorter!

Of course both them coats was spoiled, but anyway they took it as a great joke. I enjoyed that myself too, because I had hunted every place for those glasses. So I was kind of in on it, and I must say I enjoyed finding them after all the fuss.

Mr. Clemens liked that house pretty well at 21 Fifth Avenue, but they had a good deal of trouble about the heat one time, and he was writing letters to the landlord about how he had to stay in bed 'cause the house was so cold.

Mr. Clemens used to have bronchitis a great deal 'cause he was very careless. I took good care of him, for we were afraid he'd have pneumonia with one of these bad bronchial attacks. When he would show any sign of a cold coming on I'd say, "Now, Mr. Clemens, you're getting a cold. Go right up-stairs and take a foot-bath, a very hot one, and take whisky, too" (of course whisky was the main thing)!

Mr. Carnegie Sends the Scotch

WELL, one night he had a very bad bronchitis, so I fixed a mustard foot-bath for him and whisky that he liked. He had some whisky that didn't satisfy him—it wasn't very good—and so he happened to think that Carnegie (being Scotch, I suppose) would have some good Scotch whisky. So he asked me to telephone Mr. Carnegie right away, quick, to send him down two good bottles of whisky, and to send it in a hurry, too, and get them bottles there before six o'clock that evening, and if he didn't, oh, he'd do something terrible to Carnegie!

Well, I telephoned, and the butler at Mr. Carnegie's, when he heard what Mr. Clemens said, he says to me, "You just hold the telephone a minute. I want Mr. Carnegie to take this message himself; coming from Mr. Clemens, he'll understand it better than I do."

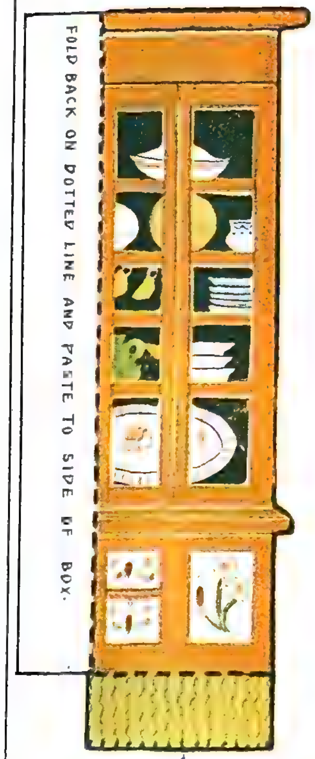
So Mr. Carnegie, he came trotting right up to the telephone, and I repeated what Mr. Clemens said about wanting that whisky, and Carnegie, he laughed so he almost dropped the receiver; he laughed so loud he could hardly answer, but he said he'd send it right down, but he could hardly talk for the laughing. Well, old Carnegie, he got them two bottles of whisky there before six o'clock that night—sent them by a messenger boy, and then the next morning he sent down *twelve* bottles to Mr. Clemens, and the next week he sent a whole *barrel* of whisky down to him!

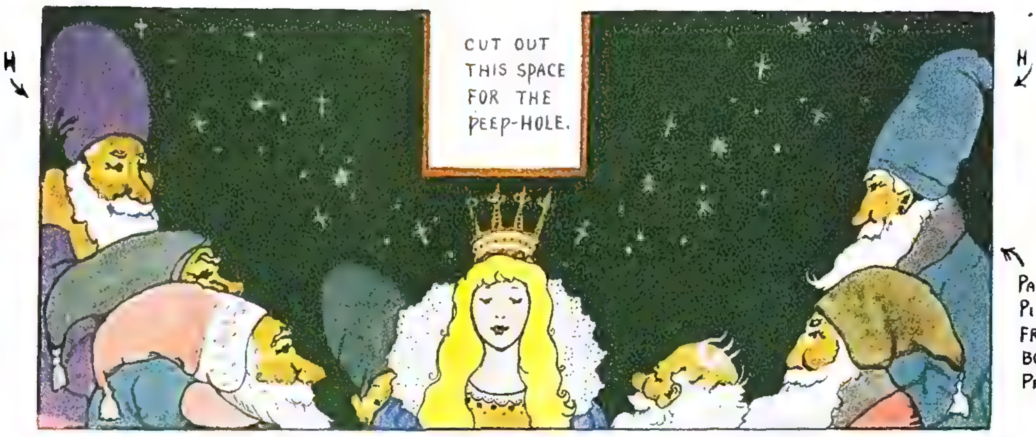
CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

The Pin-a-Peep Show—Snow White

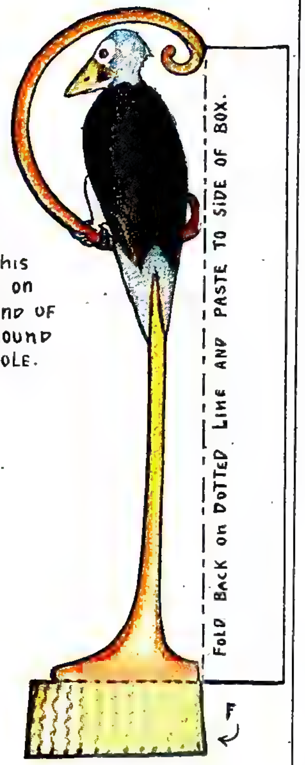
DRAWINGS BY BERTA AND ELMER HADER

See Opposite Page for Instructions


FOLD BACK ON DOTTED LINE AND PASTE TO SIDE OF BOX.
B


H
CUT OUT THIS SPACE FOR THE PEEP-HOLE.
H

PASTE THIS PICTURE ON FRONT END OF BOX AROUND PEEP-HOLE.


FOLD BACK ON DOTTED LINE AND PASTE TO SIDE OF BOX.
F

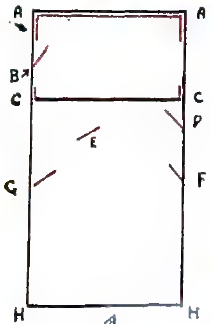

A
A
B
C
C
D
E
G
F
H
H

Fig: 1.

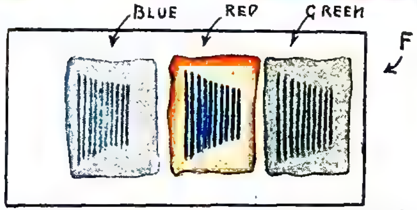
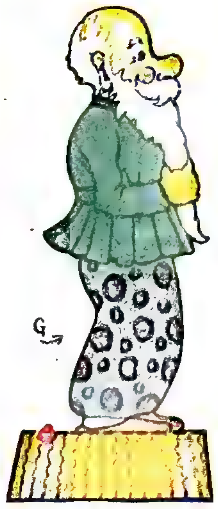

BLUE
RED
GREEN

Fig: 3.

INSIDE COVER OF BOX SHOWING COLORED TISSUE PAPER PASTED OVER OPENINGS.

In the September Pictorial Review there will be another Betty Bobbs cut-out in full color



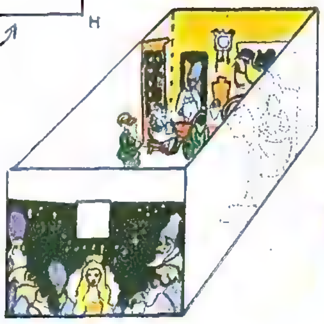


Fig: 2.

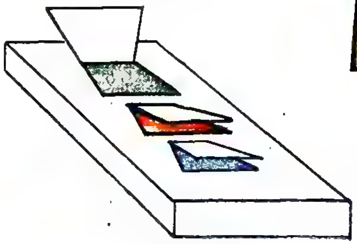
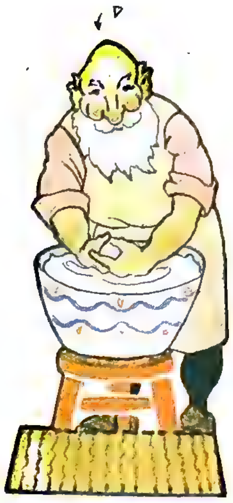
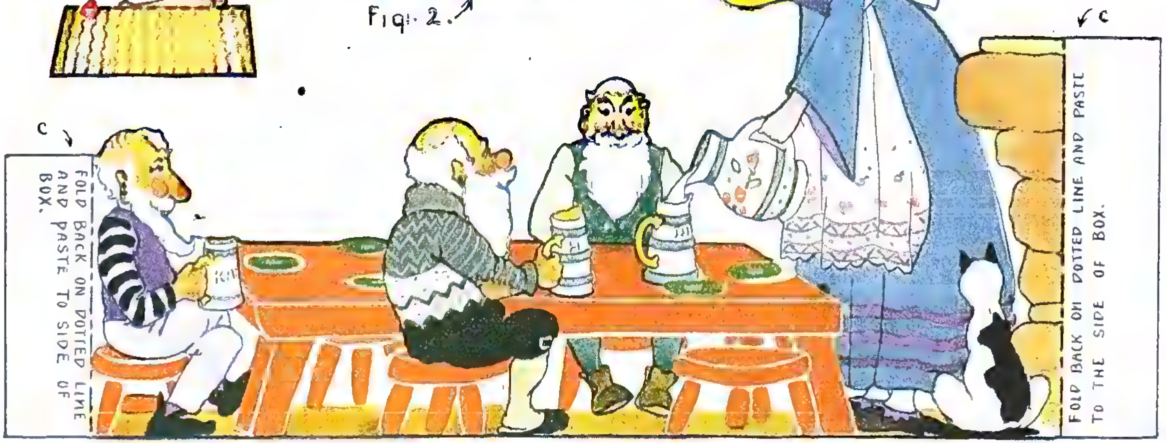
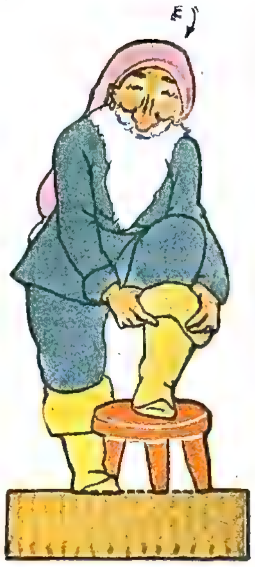
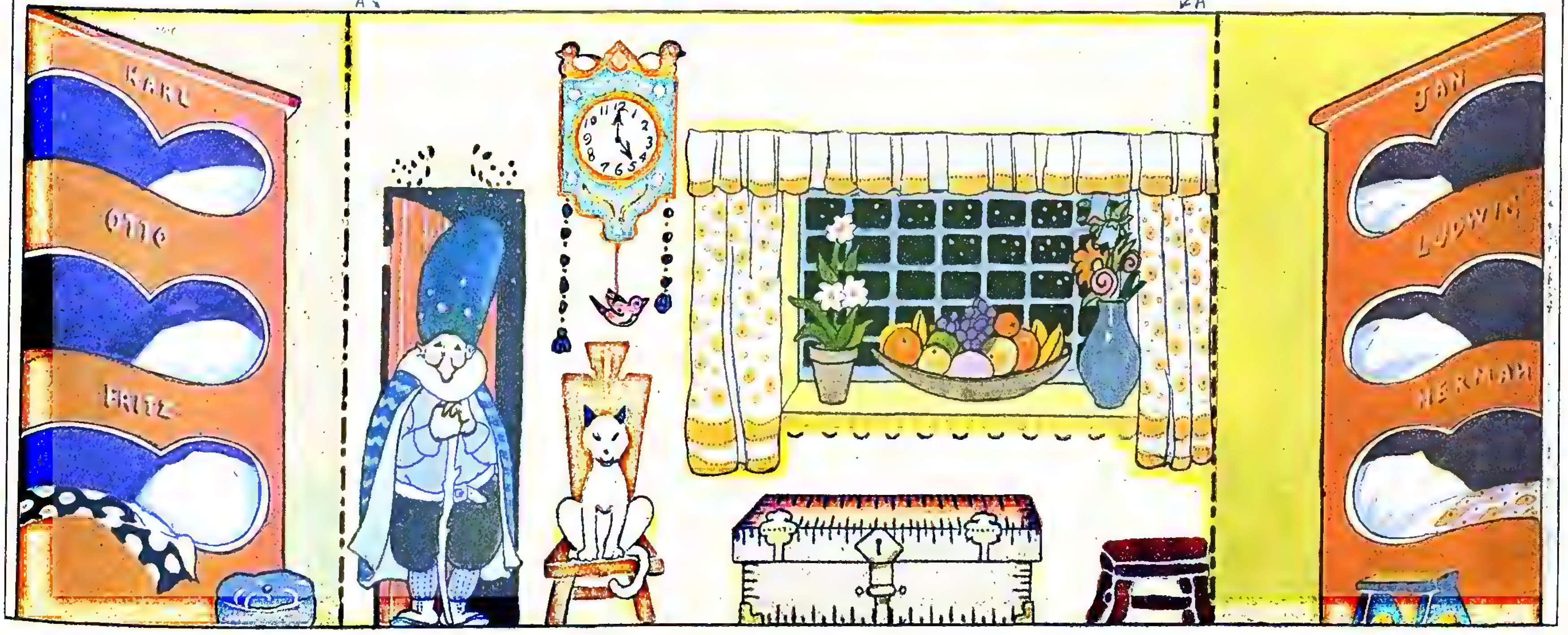


Fig: 4.




C
FOLD BACK ON DOTTED LINE AND PASTE TO SIDE OF BOX.
C
FOLD BACK ON DOTTED LINE AND PASTE TO THE SIDE OF BOX.
A
A




KARL
OTTO
FRITZ
JAN
LUDWIG
HERMAN

Keeping Up With the Players

BEAUTIFUL Eleanor Boardman, who is noted for the sincerity of her screen rôles, is now appearing as Barbara Jane in "The Silent Accuser," a Metro-Goldwyn picture.

Photograph by Lee Graves

MARJORIE WHITEIS is one of the beautiful and talented screen artists who helps produce the laughs in many of the popular Hal Roach comedies that Pathé has made famous.

Photograph by Nicholas Haz

ILSE MARVENGA continues to charm her audiences in her rôle of prima donna in the spectacular musical play, "The Student Prince," which attracts large audiences nightly.

Photograph by Witzel Studio

MADGE BELLAMY, now appearing in "Lazybones," a William Fox photoplay, has just finished work in a new picture called "Havoc and Lightnin'" (above).

ESTHER HOWARD, the very effective and clever comedienne who has been scoring a big personal hit in the successful musical comedy, "Tell Me More" (below).

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

LOIS MORAN must not become modernized or sophisticated, says Samuel Goldwyn, who has engaged her to play Laurel in "Stella Dallas," a First National Picture.

DELIGHTFUL Lucile Vinik, who, with her singing and dancing, is at present contributing to the success of Willie Howard's newest musical triumph, "Sky High."

Photograph by De Mirjian Studios

A PLEASING study of pretty Virginia Lee Corbin, featured player in "A Drama of the Night," a James Cruze production for Paramount Pictures.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

All the World loves Natural Beauty

You can gain it in this simple way . . . it has brought the enticement of a fresh, clear skin to thousands

THERE is one beauty standard upon which *everyone* agrees. That is natural beauty, a skin which depends neither upon lights nor shadows for its allure, nor upon artificial means for its charm.

More and more, every day, the world is turning to the *natural* type of girl . . . fresh, charming, and above all things, *real*, she attracts by being wholesome. Sweet and lovely, hers is the type that women envy, and men paint in mental pictures as their wives.

Yet that beauty is the simplest of all to attain. No costly beauty treatments—simply common sense, daily care with soothing olive and palm oils as combined in Palmolive.

Try this—see what a difference it will make

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake

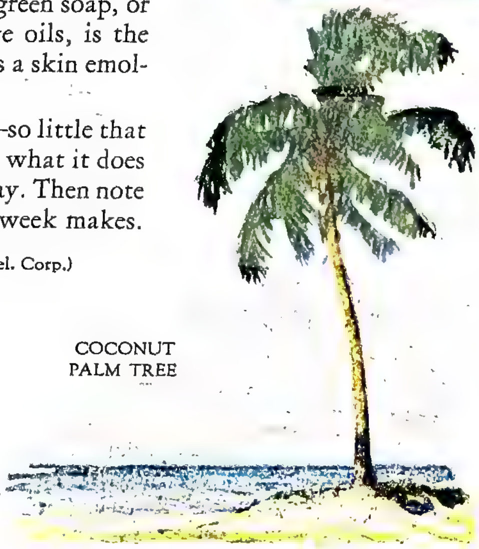
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.)
Chicago, Illinois

AFRICAN PALM TREE

OLIVE TREE



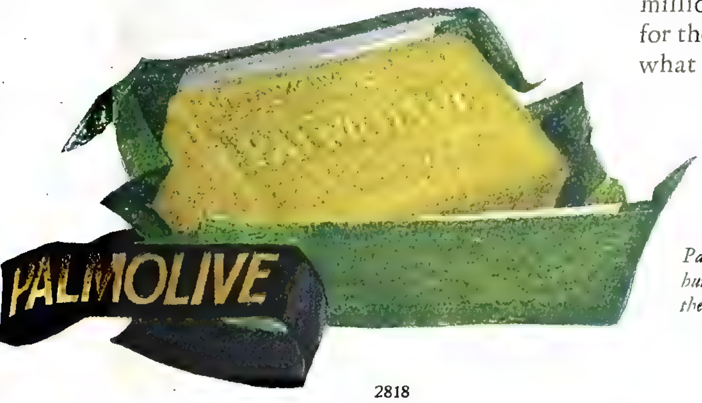
COCONUT PALM TREE

Soap from Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

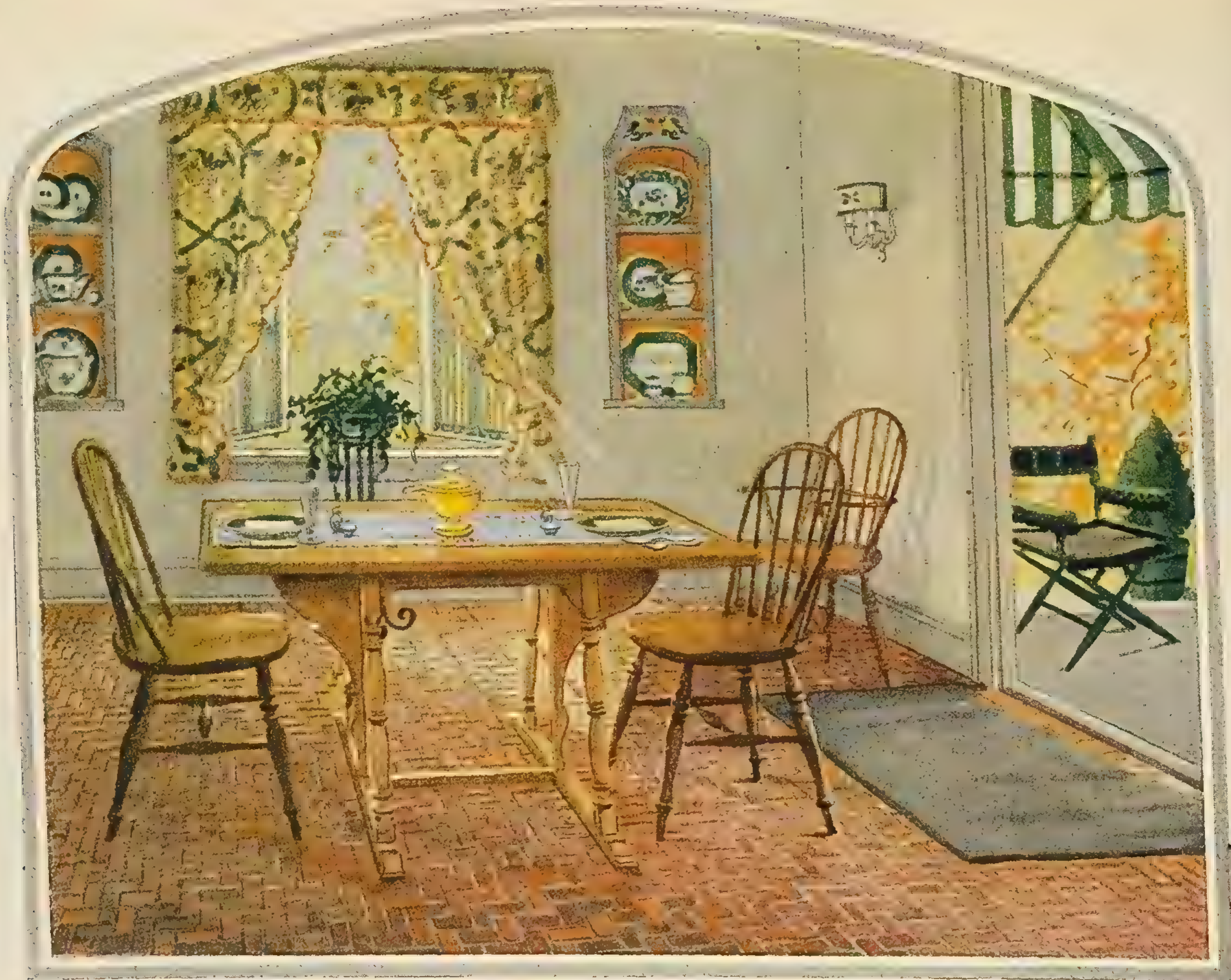
That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

2818



FREE—New Book on Home Decoration

A NEW book on *Planning Home Decoration* has just been written by a prominent New York decorator. The author tells how to create rooms of charm and character. Her simple rules are illustrated by photographs and colorplates of attractive interiors. This book will be sent to anyone in the United States free. Simply write a letter or post card request to Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 2540 President Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

For an idle attic—or a bright sun porch—this neat moulded inlaid pattern has sparkle and vivacious color. It is Armstrong's No. 5064.

Here's the sunlight and cheer of all outdoors

Now pretty, colorful interiors can have a floor of pattern and color, too

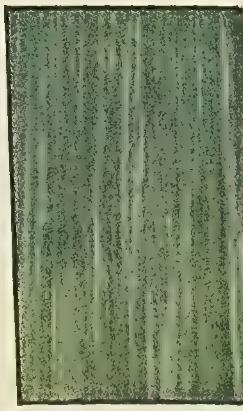
WHERE is the husband who wouldn't fairly beam under the "good-morning" smile of this breakfast room? Neat, simple furniture, quaintly colorful china, and a Handcraft red tile floor of Armstrong's Linoleum—there's a cheerful combination to start the early riser off happy! Imagine, for instance, the old worn floor of wood that originally bothered the owner of this room. Can't you just *see* the sunlight and cheer that entered when this pretty linoleum floor was cemented down?

It so happens that an interior decorator selected this particular floor. But choosing the design and color of linoleum for any room in the house is an easy, pleasant task for anyone, with the new Armstrong patterns now on display at good furniture or department stores.

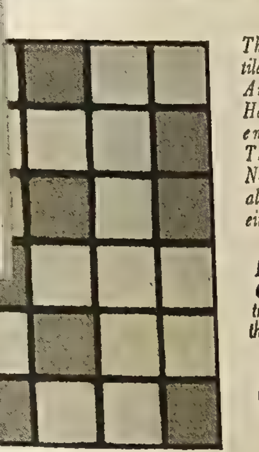
To the right are three of the many new patterns that architects and decorators are using for residences. At the top is an Armstrong's Handcraft tile pattern, an inspiration of our designers that is patented and given the effect of a hand-laid floor.

The softly rippled green pattern is known as Armstrong's Jaspé—it comes in rich, two-toned blues, browns, greens, or grays. The New England bedroom photographed has a floor of the gray Jaspé. Notice how well the heavier pieces of furniture and colored rugs show up on it!

This New England bedroom has a pretty floor of Armstrong's Gray Jaspé Linoleum No. 12, as a background for small rugs.



At the left is Armstrong's Jaspé, also obtainable in rippled browns, blues, or grays.



These blended tiles are known as Armstrong's Handcraft (patented) tiles. This pattern, No. 3131, can also be had in either red or blue.

Look for the **CIRCLE A** trade-mark on the burlap back

Laid with cement—no tacks

Good stores will cement these beautiful floors of Armstrong's Linoleum over a cushioning layer of builders' deadening felt. This method of laying not only prevents the linoleum from cracking or buckling but eliminates all gaping, dust-collecting seams. What a comfort such a floor is! It is warmer than a wood floor; it is springy and comfortable to work over (linoleum, you know, is made of powdered cork and oxidized linseed oil). Wax your linoleum floor occasionally and it will need only a daily dust-mopping to keep it clean. And a waxed linoleum floor will *never* need refinishing.

Our Bureau of Interior Decoration under the direct supervision of Mrs. Hazel Dell Brown will be glad to send you color scheme suggestions for walls and draperies, as well as for floors. Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 2540 President Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

Then Carnegie came himself to see Mr. Clemens the morning after he sent the barrel of whisky. I opened the door for him, and he asked me if I was the one that telephoned for the two bottles. "Yes," I says, "I am; and Mr. Clemens received your barrel of whisky this morning." And Carnegie laughed again, fit to kill himself, and he said, "That's good—good. Now I hope that barrel will keep his mouth shut!"

Well, of course, the whisky was put on tap, and it was certainly good! I sampled it myself! It was perfectly delicious, really. "Mellow as honey," Mr. Clemens said.

It was while we was living at Fifth Avenue that Mr. Clemens begun wearing his white clothes. He always hated black clothes. He used to say that when a man got to be seventy he was old enough to do what he wanted to; so he thought he'd wear white. He used to wear white clothes every Summer, you know. For years he had been wearing white clothes up on Quarry Farm. But he made up his mind when he was seventy years old he could do as he —— pleased and nobody would dare to say anything to him.

So he was going to wear white now for the rest of his life, and what he meant by white was *everything* white—shoes, stockings, cravats, hats—everything. So he gave the order to his tailor to make him fourteen suits of white clothes for that Winter, and I suppose he ordered about a hundred ties—the way he used to have things ordered. Why, if we was out of matches or anything, he'd say, "Well, Katy, go and order a hundred boxes of matches, quick," he'd say. He always wanted things by the hundred; but he was content with fourteen suits of clothes, tho. He said that would be seven for each week; there would be seven at the cleaners' always and seven fresh ones at home.

Clara thought it was perfectly awful when he first started it, and then when he ordered a *dress suit* made all in white, she was scandalized; and he ordered a purple coat, too, a sort of a cape, all lined with white, to wrap around him when he was cold. Well, when that dress suit came home, Clara said, "Father, do you ever expect to wear that to a *real* dinner?" "Yes," he said, "that's what it's made for." She says, "Well, you never can, you never can go out to a dinner-party with a white dress suit on!" "Well," he says, "you'll see. I can go in it anywhere." And he did—quite a number of times.

He used to go out sometimes, in the beginning of the Summer, and sit on the steps at 21 Fifth Avenue for a little while in his white suit and white shoes and everything spotless, and he'd have a nice straw hat on his head; and when he'd see one of the busses coming along he'd just run out and stop it and climb up on top, and go to the end of the route to get the fresh air. Everybody used to look at him when he sat on top of the bus, but he didn't mind that, I guess, because he was used to it.

The Humorist Becomes a Philosopher

I TOLD you already that Mr. Clemens didn't have such a very high opinion of man. He always said that we don't any of us make our own traits; we just kind of inherit them—we really don't have anything to do about it ourselves. He used to say that God gave us all our good qualities in the beginning; the only difference was that some get more than others, and so it was sort of foolish to praise or blame people too much for things they done. He was always talking about that and he wrote an article on that subject once. It was very deep and created quite a stir. He had it published, sort of private, a long while after he had written it.

Of course, that's a pretty deep subject, and I guess everybody's got to thrash that out for themselves. It's pretty hard to make up your mind about why things are the way they are; and the more you think about it, the harder it is to know what you believe. Sometimes it all seems just like an accident, 'cause things come out so queer—the sad and the funny get all mixed up, and it's hard to tell what it's all about. But I guess if Mr. Clemens really couldn't figure it out clear and good for himself, they ain't much use for me to try.

It was that Winter that Mr. Clemens give a wonderful lecture at Carnegie Hall. It was his last lecture, too. He wasn't ever going to speak again on the platform after that, and when people heard that—why, the hall was just sold out. It was packed jam full. I went to that lecture and it was just thrilling to see all them people! Why, that great audience just stood right up on its feet when Mr. Clemens walked onto the platform, and they roared and shouted and waved their handkerchiefs just to welcome him. It seemed as if they couldn't shout loud enough to show what they thought of him.

I DON'T remember all the lecture was about, but he told lots of funny stories, and people just laughed and laughed and was all as quiet as mice, too, so they wouldn't miss one single word. Oh, that was a wonderful night! And it was sad, too, to think he wasn't never going to lecture any more, 'cause there was nobody ever in this world that was such a wonderful lecturer as Mr. Clemens was! Just the sight of him would make anybody feel interested and excited; and when he begun to talk, oh, my! it wasn't like anything you ever heard before, or ever will again, I guess!

I must tell you, too, another thing about Mr. Clemens, because it was that Winter, I think, that Patrick died. Patrick was the coachman and he'd been with Mr. Clemens about thirty-six years; he'd driven them all that time, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and the children; was almost like one of the family, as you might say. And then poor old Patrick got sick and he died in Hartford.

When Mr. Clemens heard how sick he was he had everything done for him they could think of, and they had flowers sent, too. And when Patrick died Mr. Clemens went himself to the funeral, and he was one of the pall-bearers. There was just two other men, friends of Patrick's, and Mr. Clemens. He wanted to do that, because Patrick was his friend, he said, and because Patrick was always kind; and Patrick was really a gentleman, he said. And he spoke about when he first come to them, years and years ago, and drove him and Mrs. Clemens as a bride to their new house right after they was married.

Mr. Clemens was always like that! Anybody who'd been his friend, or anybody who had served him and was loving and faithful like Patrick was, would always have a place in his heart to the very end!

And now I must tell you about Mr. Clemens having his biography written. Mr. Paine was going to do it. I don't know when Mr. Paine met him first. I think it was some time before they really started work, but anyway, Mr. Clemens had read some book that Mr. Paine had done, and I suppose he was interested in the book. At any rate they met. Mr. Clemens said he could do his biography. So that was a fine thing for Mr. Paine.

So they began writing the biography.

Six Unusual Short Stories

Pictorial Review for September, *out September 1st*, besides a twenty-thousand-word instalment of the new serial novel, "Wild Geese," will include six complete stories by such famous authors as W. L. George, Struthers Burt, Alice Duer Miller, May Stanley, Lois Seyster Montross, and Raymond Leslie Goldman. Each of these stories is distinctly individual.

Mr. Clemens was writing one of his own then—his autobiography, as you call it—but it was not to be published until all the people he wrote about are dead anyway. Mr. Clemens was telling all about his friends and enemies in it. That's why they've got to wait until everybody is dead before publishing it.

So Mr. Clemens started the biography with Mr. Paine—that is, he talked, dictated, and they had a very nice stenographer, Miss Hobby. Mr. Clemens liked her because she was swift and good, and could take dictation from him very easy. He was in bed, of course, when he was dictating. He always used to write in bed. He smoked all the time, too, while he was dictating—that means talking. He always used to lie at the foot of the bed so he could see that beautiful carving on the head of that wonderful bed I told you about back in the Hartford days, the one that had the fat little cherubs carved on the four posts.

We used to pile lots of pillows for him at the foot of the bed to kind of rest against, and he used to do his smoking and dictating there. That bed was an awful big one, and he'd lose his scraps of paper and pencils in it, and it made him terrible mad where the things would go to. He used to complain how things got lost while he was lying there.

Well, Miss Hobby, she took everything down, and Mr. Clemens talked by the hour and enjoyed it, too, and Mr. Paine had a room off Mr. Clemens's, where he done his writing and fixing the things up.

MR. ROGERS used to come a great deal to see Mr. Clemens. I told you what a wonderful friend he was to Mr. Clemens; how he looked after his investments and done everything he could to make life easy for Mr. Clemens—like all of his friends. And it did seem as tho Mr. Rogers could never do enough.

He used to come every morning in his car, you know, to see Mr. Clemens. Mr. Rogers was such a dear friend—oh, a good friend he was! He was a tall man, tall and thin, with a gray mustache and very good-looking. I liked him.

Well, the Summer we went to live in Dublin, that Summer when Mr. Clemens was so terribly lonely—well, he come down from there while they was fixing the Fifth Avenue house—putting the steam-heat in. He wanted to show them men just where to put the radiators, because he'd had to stay in bed all the Winter before on account of the cold.

He said he was going to sue that landlord for all the days he couldn't work on account of being so cold. The landlord was very sorry, and told Mr. Clemens that if he wouldn't sue, he'd make it warm enough the next Winter, and so he ordered all them radiators put in; so that's why Mr. Clemens come back to New York to see about it.

But he was glad of any excuse to come down, I guess.

Mr. Rogers says to him, "Why don't you stay here in New York and not go back to Dublin?" He said he could go out in his yacht every night on the water, where it would be nice and cool, and do as he pleased in the daytime.

So he did that for some time—stayed on the yacht nights and come home in the morning. Mr. Rogers drove him down about eleven o'clock to the Fifth Avenue house, and I used to get him a little lunch. He didn't usually eat lunch, you know, but I thought if I got him something he liked, he would eat. So I made arrangements with a bakery in the neighborhood to make a fresh, sweet huckleberry pie in the forenoon every day and bring it to the house. Then I'd get a quart of milk, put it on the ice, and have it all ready about one o'clock. He'd eat half the huckleberry pie, anyway, and drink the milk.

"Oh, that was delicious, Katy!" he'd say, because he loved the huckleberry pie. The first time I put it before him, he said, "Did *you* make this, Katy?"

"No," I says, "but I got a bakery around the corner to make it *especially* for you."

"You did?" he says, "Why, how did you ever think of that?"

"Oh, I did it," I says, "because I try to think of all the things you like to make you happy."

Well, he always talked about that, how good it was and how he enjoyed it. And it was really a delicious lunch.

Good Times in the Fifth Avenue House

OF COURSE, the house was very comfortable that next Winter after we got them radiators in. It was really a very nice house, and, as I told you, all the things we used to have in Hartford was brought down there. Miss Clara had two beautiful rooms right on the corner and facing Fifth Avenue; one was her music-room. She had her piano in it, and all her things, and she used to sing and practise in there, and receive all her friends and callers. Clara was beginning to sing again a little after she come out of the sanitarium. She'd got much better; was quite well again and was going on with her life and back in her father's house, which made us all happy.

I mustn't forget to speak about the billiard-room. Mr. Clemens had one of the rooms fixed up into a lovely billiard-room, and Mr. Rogers give him an elegant billiard-table. He enjoyed that very much; he was just crazy about billiards and used to play every day. Mr. Paine used to play with him. And everybody could play billiards; he would take them right in for a game.

It was a great amusement for him always—that and the orchestrelle. They had a wonderful orchestrelle, and Mr. Clemens used to love to hear it play.

Of course I can never remember to tell you all the people that used to come to see Mr. Clemens. It seemed as tho everybody in New York come! If I was to mention them all, I guess I'd have to write a biography of Mr. Clemens myself!

It seems as if I should never get through telling all the wonderful things that happened to Mr. Clemens them last few years. Everybody in the whole

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

world was doing him honor, but one of the grandest things that ever happened to him, he thought, was when that college that's so famous in England (Oxford) sent him an invitation to come over there that Summer, so they could give him what they call a "degree." That means a great deal, and when you're a literary man that's about as high an honor as you can get. There's very few that gets it, too—only the very greatest!

Well, he went over and he had a perfectly marvelous time, of course. All the newspaper reporters was down to meet the ship, and all the high society in London invited him to dinners and parties and everything you could think of.

And then he went up to Oxford, and all those wonderful people went up there, professors and everybody else, and gave him what they call that "degree," right up there. I remember hearing that Rudyard Kipling was there that time, and Mr. Clemens was very glad to be able to talk with him again, I guess, 'cause he always admired him so much.

London Crowds Are Amused

ONE terribly exciting thing happened when Mr. Clemens was in London. It got into all the newspapers and upset Miss Clara very much. I suppose the report was kind of exaggerated, 'cause the newspapers said that Mr. Clemens, he just trailed out one morning from the hotel where he was stopping, and walked across the street in his nightshirt to take a bath at some bath club. Well, when Miss Clara, she read that, she sent him a cable quick, and said, "Father, look to propriety," or something like that. She said something, anyway, to make him careful what he was doing; but I guess he didn't care very much.

The story was when he come out of the bath-place there was a great crowd hanging around, and when he seen them he said, "Why, what's happened? Is there a fire here or anything? What are you all looking at?" And one man in the crowd, he says, "It's *you* we're looking at, going out in your nightshirt, Mr. Twain."

"Well," Mr. Clemens says, "don't people go to baths in their nightshirts or bath-robes?"

I suppose the crowd must have laughed at that, 'cause he had 'em there! It seems that those reports was really exaggerated and that he didn't go out in his nightshirt, but went in his bath-robe instead, which was bad enough.

Well, Mr. Clemens stayed in London quite a while that Summer, having a perfectly elegant time with all his old friends, and then he come home. Everybody hated to have him leave, and there was just crowds of reporters and famous people to see him off on the ship, and the English papers was just full of it. You see, they made just as much fuss about him there as we did at home.

When he got home he was in Tuxedo a while that Summer, but it was pretty quiet there, and I guess he missed the gaiety he'd been having. I used to think sometimes that Mr. Clemens did really miss the old days—them wonderful days with the royalty that he used to cuss at so; by that I mean that he was getting past lots of things and growing older, tho he never seemed old, as I told you before, and I could never believe really that he passed "Pier No. 70," as he called it.

We were getting ready then to go into the country to live. Mr. Clemens thought he'd like that, and Miss Jean would like it too; and altho Miss Clara, she didn't care so much about it at first, Mr. Clemens bought some land up in Redding, Conn. He bought a little piece of land at first; I think it was Mr. Paine that first gave him the idea, 'cause he had a place up there where he lived.

Mr. Clemens, he got quite interested and excited about it, and so he bought quite a bit of property up there, and got John Howells (Mr. Howells's son) who was an architect, to make plans for the house. Of course, they started off kind of modest, but it ended by building a big, beautiful house. It was a year almost in building, and they were all looking forward to getting into it.

OF COURSE Mr. Clemens, he wanted to have a billiard-room in that house; that was about the first thing he thought of. He wanted a big living-room, too, where he could put the orchestrelle in—and that's about all he ever said in regard to it. He'd never been to Redding himself—never seen the plans, and didn't want to bother with them. He just told them to go ahead, get everything done, before he seen it. He said he'd move in as soon as everything was all ready for him, and the *cats* was there eating their breakfasts! When that happened, he knew everything would be all right. He was very fond of cats and always wanted them wherever he was.

Mr. Clemens had lived in so many different places all over the world that one more new house didn't mean much to him any more, I guess, altho he kind of looked forward to the idea of getting away from New York. You see, the Winters was hard on him 'cause everybody was chasing him so all the time and he was always having those awful attacks of bronchitis.

Yes, Mr. Clemens, he just loved cats, and Miss Jean did too; and I remember one time (in Hartford) when Miss Jean was a little girl and was all ready to go to church—all dressed up in her new white fur coat; and she heard a cat meowing, so she jumped right out of the carriage and ran to find that cat. And she found a big black cat, dying almost, by the river-bank, and she brought him right up in her arms with her lovely new coat on, and her mother said, "Oh, Jean, Jean! Just look at your coat!"

But Jean says, "Oh, the coat doesn't make any difference, but this poor cat is dying!"

So she took him into the kitchen and put him by the stove, and George fixed him some nice hot milk, and then Mr. Clemens he comes out to take a look at the cat; and then Mr. Clemens said, "Why, Jean, this is a very nice cat. We'll keep him and call him Satan."

Well, Satan soon got well and pretty frisky, and he got running out nights. Then Satan had a daughter! She was a little gray kitten—very pretty—and Mr. Clemens named her Sin—Satan's daughter, you know. Then when we went up to the farm that Summer he got four more cats, and he gave them all Bible names. I can't remember them all—only one was Deuteronomy and the other Genesis.

He used to have them cats right in a chair in front of him when he was walking up and down, and he used to talk to them, and, I declare, I think they *knew* everything he said! He just talked real talk to them, and they used to set there looking and listening to him. Perhaps he was trying to educate them to swear! But I guess cats have cuss-words of their own, if you can judge anything from some of the sounds they make nights.

Mr. Clemens, he had a kitten one time called Bambino, and that was a very smart little cat. He used to have him up in his room at the Fifth Avenue house, and he taught him to put out a light. He had a little alcohol-lamp to light his cigars at the head of the bed, and when he didn't want the light any more, he taught that kitten to put his paw on the light and put it out. Bambino used to jump right up on the bed and look at Mr. Clemens to see if he was through with the light, and when Mr Clemens would bow his head to him he'd jump onto that table and put his little paw right on it quick—on the lamp. Mr. Clemens was always showing him off; he did that for a lot of people that come in there.

One night Bambino got kind of gay when he heard some cats calling to him from the back fence, so he found a window open and stole out. Well, we looked high and low, but couldn't find him. Mr. Clemens felt so bad he advertised in the Sunday papers for him. He offered a reward for anybody that would bring that cat back. My goodness! the people that came bringing cats to that house! A perfect stream of them, and all wanted to see Mr. Clemens, of course!

Then one night we heard a cat meowing across the street in General Sickles back yard, and there was Bambino—large as life! Mr. Clemens was delighted, and he advertised that his cat was found, but the people kept coming just the same with all kinds of cats—anything to get a glimpse of "Mark Twain."

I've got a picture I'll give you of them four cats of Mr. Clemens's with the Bible names. I've got another nice picture of Mr. Clemens, taken with Lewis, the old colored man, that lived up at Quarry Farm for years.

AND I'll tell you a little story about Lewis and Mr. Clemens. There was an old cackling guinea-hen up on the farm that Summer, and one night that guinea-hen cackled her head off nearly—such a noise! Mr. Clemens was wild about it, and he rushed right out in the night and chased that old guinea-hen all over the farm because it was disturbing Mrs. Clemens and keeping her awake. He couldn't catch it, of course. So in the morning he called Lewis, and he said, "Lewis, I want you to catch that guinea-hen to-day and *kill* it; and for punishment, I want *you* to *eat* it, too, every bit of it, so I'll know for sure it's dead and gone."

Well, Lewis killed the guinea-hen and took it home and eat it; and the family was getting ready to go to Europe right away, and it seems that as soon as Mr. Clemens got to London he went to a grand dinner one night at a restaurant, and the first thing he seen on the bill of fare was "guinea-hen"; so he thought, just for fun, he'd order it. Well, he eat it, and he said then it was the most delicious thing he'd tasted in all his life; and when he thought of that other guinea-hen that Lewis had killed up in Elmira and eaten himself, he said that he felt like coming right home again and killing Lewis.

Mr. Clemens always saw the jokes—so in everything. Any bit of fun would make him laugh and laugh. He used to laugh at his own jokes, too, sometimes when they was very, very funny, and once he and Jean, when she was a little girl, had quite an argument about it.

The "Innocents at Home"

WHEN I first saw the Redding house I thought it was beautiful. You couldn't help but like it, it was so grand. Miss Clara was on a concert tour in Europe that Summer while they was finishing it, and I was with her, of course; and when we got back we went right up to Redding that first night. All the furniture of the Fifth Avenue house was there, and everything was in apple-pie order. Mr. Clemens named the place "Innocents at Home," at first, but afterward he said he'd made enough money out of that book, "Captain Stormfield in Heaven," to pay for the house, so he thought he'd call it "Stormfield."

He settled down and seemed to be happy there. He'd got that big orchestrelle moved in so he could have a little music, and he'd play it himself every night before he went to bed. He moved the billiard-table out, too, and began his billiard-playing again with everybody that came there. Of course Mr. Paine was kind of a neighbor then. He lived on a little place close by, and was there all the time.

It was really a beautiful place, and Clara liked it, too, very much. It was so cheerful and the view was beautiful. The loggia was lovely, and Mr. Clemens used to sit out there and have the sun glare at him from all sides, and was comfortable and contented. Of course, the usual stream of visitors came chasing way up there to Redding. No matter where Mr. Clemens went, people would follow him, so there was lots of company all the time.

It was while we were living in Redding that Mr. Clemens had another terrible blow. That was when Mr. Rogers died. Miss Clara got the news first, and went to meet her father so he should hear it first from her, and not from some stranger. He was expected up from New York, so she went to the station, and when he stepped out of the car, she went up to him and took his hand and told him the terrible news. The tears rushed down his face, and he said:

"Oh, Clara! Is this true?" "Yes, Father," she said, "Mr. Rogers died last night." "Oh," he said, "Oh! I can't bear it. I don't know how I'm going to get along without Mr. Rogers. I don't know how I'm going to live without his friendship any more!"

Mr. Clemens was just all broke up over it. Of course, he had seen so many that he loved die before, but even so, altho he had ought to be used to it, it cut into his heart all over again, because Mr. Rogers had been such a friend to him—such a loving, faithful friend!

We settled down pretty quick there in Redding, and, as I told you, everybody liked the house. Jean was better and at home most of the time, and Miss Clara

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

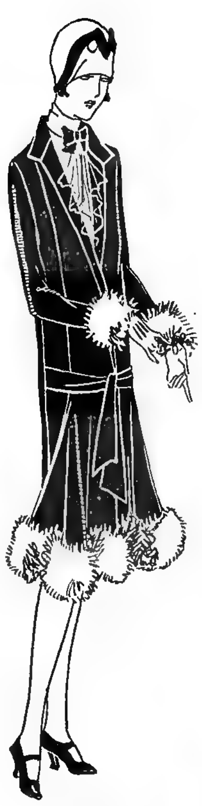
REFUGE *By Roselle Mercier Montgomery*

HE IS the arrant male—the overlord,
The god of his own house; his tastes prevail
In food and furnishings; the rooms exhale
His atmosphere; her very clothes record
His wife's acceptance of his final word;
His anger hangs above her—should she fail
To please him at her tasks—and makes her quail
Like Damocles beneath the pendent sword!

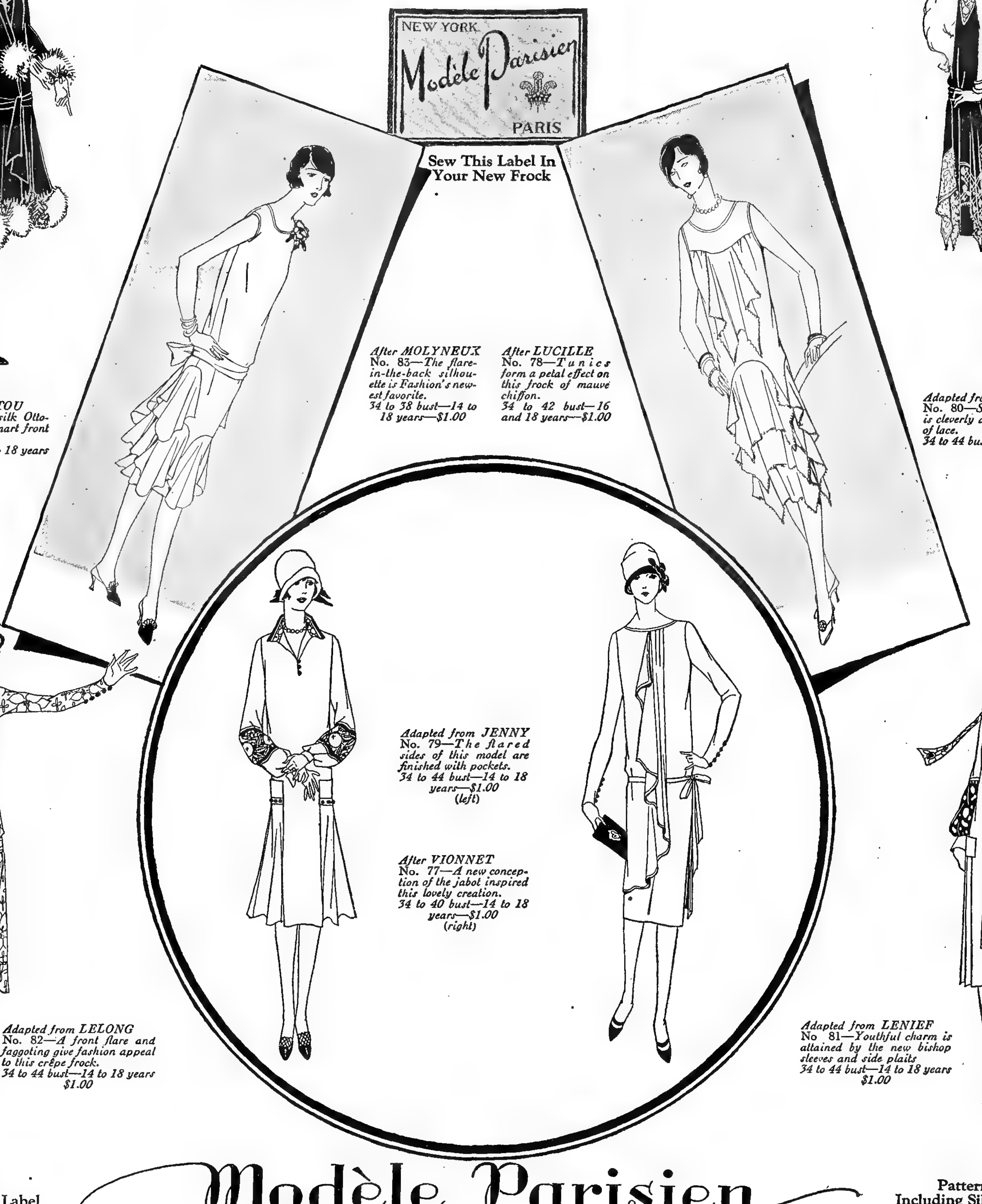
In all things she appears obedient,
Meek to his will. True that at times she seems
Aloof, distrait, while on his service bent.
Can it be that she owns a house—of dreams,
A secret place he does not know at all,
Where she withdraws, remote—beyond his call?

Last Minute Sketches from Paris

This specially designed silk label is included free with every Modèle Parisien pattern. You can sew it into the frock you make, and be proud to display it to your friends.



Adapted from PATOU
No. 84—*Coat of silk Ottoman featuring the smart front flare*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



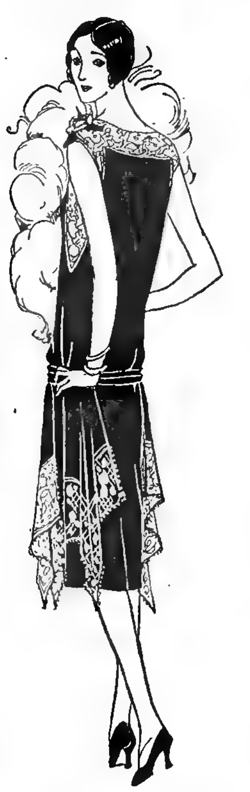
Sew This Label In Your New Frock

After MOLYNEUX
No. 83—*The flare-in-the-back silhouette is Fashion's newest favorite.*
34 to 38 bust—14 to 18 years—$1.00

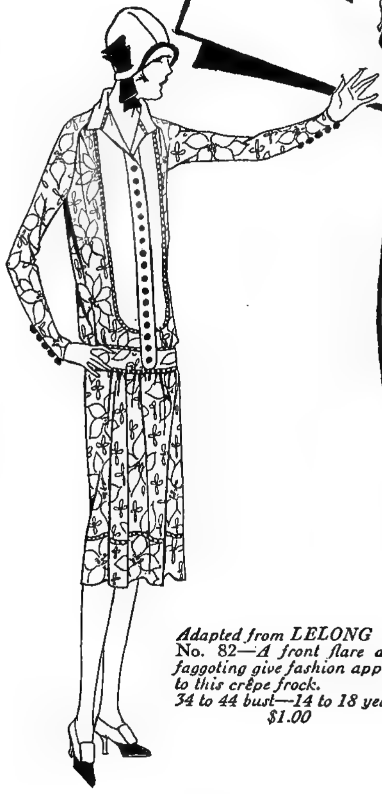
After LUCILLE
No. 78—*Tunics form a petal effect on this frock of mauve chiffon.*
34 to 42 bust—16 and 18 years—$1.00

Adapted from JENNY
No. 79—*The flared sides of this model are finished with pockets.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years—$1.00
(left)

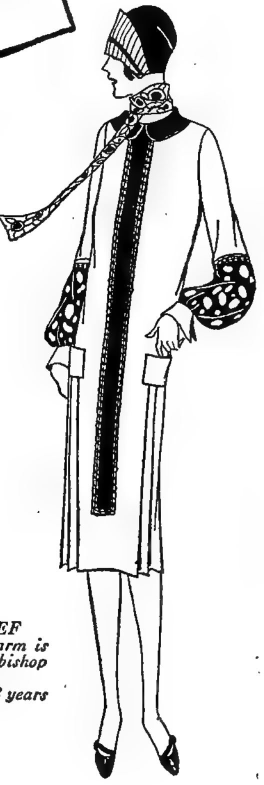
After VIONNET
No. 77—*A new conception of the jabot inspired this lovely creation.*
34 to 40 bust—14 to 18 years—$1.00
(right)



Adapted from BERTHÉ
No. 80—*Slight elaboration is cleverly achieved by means of lace.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



Adapted from LELONG
No. 82—*A front flare and faggoting give fashion appeal to this crêpe frock.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



Adapted from LENIEF
No 81—*Youthful charm is attained by the new bishop sleeves and side plaits*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00

Patterns Including Silk Label $1.00 each

Modèle Parisien

Patterns Including Silk Label $1.00 each

UN SERVICE EXCLUSIF

These advance models were selected by our representative resident in Paris, through an exclusive arrangement with the greatest *couturiers* of the *Champs Elysées, Rue de la Paix,* and *Place Vendôme* to meet the requirements of those who demand the most advanced style creations.

In response to many requests from exclusive dressmakers, we offer a special yearly subscription consisting of individual fashion cards for each Modèle Parisien design together with handsome art leatherette binder for only $6.00.

Fill in coupon at right for sample fashion card and details, or send $6.00 and receive this exclusive service immediately.

Modèle Parisien Patterns, 220 W. 39th St., New York
Enclosed find $6.00 for one year's subscription for Modèle Parisien designs, or please send without charge, sample card and details.

Name ....

Street ....

City.................................... State..............

Irresistible is the charm of a smooth clear skin

NO other element of beauty has the alluring appeal of a fresh, velvety skin, glowing with health and color. Every man admires it and nature intended every woman to possess it.

But no skin, however lovely, will retain its beauty unaided and thousands of women have found the solution of their problem in the daily use of Resinol Soap. There are three excellent reasons why this soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that invigorates while it cleanses.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many ordinary soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinctive, refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety. It leaves nothing to be desired for a toilet soap.

For special irritations, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This healing ointment has also been used successfully for years for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SOAP
Resinol Chemical Co.

Dept. M, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
I have never used Resinol Soap or Ointment so please send me a free sample of each.

Name..
Street..
City......................State...............
PLEASE WRITE OR PRINT PLAINLY

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

was there a great deal; and one Summer, the second Summer, I think, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, he come out to Redding, which pleased Mr. Clemens very much. He was very fond of him. He was a great pianist then—very famous. I told you how we knew him way back in the Vienna days, when he was a pupil of old Leschetizky, and how he was very sweet on Miss Clara even then.

He came out that Summer right from the hospital. He had had a terrible operation and was very sick, and come there to get strong again. He had to stay in bed at first, but after a while he was able to sit up, and they all used to have lovely evenings together. They told stories and laughed and set around on the porch them beautiful Summer evenings, and Mr. Clemens liked it very much and wanted everything done for Gabrilowitsch, and we all took good care of him, especially *me*, because, as I told you before, I was always kind of in love with him myself!

It was this time that they wanted a library built in Redding. Miss Jean, she kind of started it, and then she stripped the library at home and took all the books she dared to for it. Then Mr. Clemens said they'd give a grand concert to raise money for it right there in the Redding house, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch said he'd play, and Miss Clara was going to sing, and David Bispham, he was a famous barytone singer, he was going to sing, too.

Mr. Clemens said they'd make a good lot of money if they charged the right prices. It was going to be $1.50 a ticket to set in the living-room, where the performance was, with Mr. Gabrilowitsch playing on the grand piano, and $1 for the dining-room, where they couldn't *see* very good, but could *hear*, and 75 cents to sit in the hall, where they couldn't see *anything*, but could hear all right, and 50 cents for everybody that come inside the gates!

Redding Gets Its Library

THEY drove their automobiles in there—there was hundreds of automobiles, and people come from all over—from New York and even from Hartford. You see, they advertised it good and plenty that Gabrilowitsch was going to play. They got a lot of money out of it, and then they called on Mr. Clemens and he made a funny little speech.

He said what a nice concert it was, and how fortunate they were to have Gabrilowitsch and Mr. Bispham, such famous artists, perform for them; and then he said, "Of course, my daughter Clara is going to sing, too. My daughter," he says, "is not so *famous* as these gentlemen, but she is ever so much *better-looking!*" So that scheme worked out pretty well and the library was started, and it's there now. It's a nice little building and a real memorial to Miss Jean, I think.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch was well by that time, but when he first come to Redding he was pretty near dying, and oh, I was afraid then! I used to wait on him hand and foot. I did everything I could think of for him.

His rooms was way off at one side of the house, and Miss Clara's was way off the other. They didn't see each other until dinner-time every day. So they used to write notes every morning, and I carried them notes back and forth—just as I used to in Vienna, just as I used to when he first come to New York before he was famous, when we was living at the 10th Street house and he at the Brevoort House, and always sending Miss Clara notes and flowers. I certainly helped that courtship along 'cause I was always for him!

When I took the notes to him at Redding he wouldn't read the notes while I was there; so then I'd say, "Aren't you going to write any note to Miss Clara for me to carry back?" "No," he says, "no note, but just give her my love; but, Katy," he said, "that's so much, you couldn't carry it all!" And there was no joke in that, I guess—that I couldn't carry all the love he had for her!

And so they got engaged. They was sort of engaged once or twice before, but this time it was for sure; and that night after the concert Miss Clara, she took a walk right afterwards with him, and she come in gay and laughing. I tried to have her tell me then, but she wouldn't. But I knew anyway.

Gabrilowitsch was to leave the next morning, and I think it was that night that he proposed to her for the last time; so it must have been from happiness she was laughing.

The First Wedding in the Family

I WAS getting a little apartment ready for her in New York that Winter so she could stay overnight whenever she went to the opera, and I was to meet her there a few days after the concert. Well, she come to the apartment and said, "Oh, Katy, don't bother getting this ready. I'm not going to use it this Winter. I'm going to be married next week!"

I almost fell on my knees, I was so delighted, and I says, "Oh, and where is Mr. Gabrilowitsch?" She says, "He's coming along pretty soon." And I told him how glad I was, and that I was 'most as happy as they was.

And then she began in an awful rush to get ready. There wasn't a minute to spare. She ordered all kinds of beautiful clothes, and then Miss Jean and I ordered all the rest of the things for her—all the linen and silver and everything for her house. We had only a week, and oh, my! How we hustled! And I ordered the wedding collation, too. I ordered everything for the wedding, and I didn't know nor care about the price of anything. I just ordered, and had the bills sent. I didn't give a ——, I was so happy!

Mr. Twitchell (I have told you so much about) married them, and Ethel Newcomb, she played the wedding march. Mr. Langdon was best man, as you call it, and Miss Jean was the bridesmaid; and Mr. Clemens, he gave the bride away, and he wore his Oxford suit at the wedding ceremony. Jean had a beautiful white-silk dress all trimmed with lace. I got the two bouquets for her and Clara the night before in New York. Mr. Gabrilowitsch told me to get the very best I could find—not to mind the expense! He wanted everything done right. The bouquets was orange blossoms and a few other things.

Miss Clara's friends all come up, and crowding around her room, to help her dress and put her veil on. Mr. Clemens seemed very quiet for a wonder—didn't get excited nor rush around, but the guests was all running around like mad! All around the house and up-stairs, so they had to tie ribbons across the stairs to keep the guests in place.

I didn't help Miss Clara dress because I was so upset and worried about things down-stairs for fear everything wouldn't go off all right. I worked all the morning and looked after everything, and everybody was calling me this way and that. I didn't know who was there, hardly. They got me down into the kitchen just as the wedding was about to begin, to do something for the caterer; and Claude, the butler, was hopping around like a crazy man! And he got awful mad because I asked him for something to drink. I was so dead beat and so thirsty, I thought a glass of wine might brace me up a little. But he was so upset himself that he went right off the hammer, but anyway he gave it to me after an awful lot of fuss.

Then it was time for the bride to come—marching down the stairs. I remember just how the wedding-party looked. Mr. Twitchell (the minister) and Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Mr. Langdon were at the foot of the stairs waiting for the bride to come, and she was hanging onto her father's arm. She did look so sweet and so little! She looked like a little cherub. They marched right down the stairs into the living-room, with Ethel Newcomb playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." They made a kind of a little stop in the bay window where Mr. Twitchell was standing, and then he married them right then and there. Then Mr. Twitchell, he made a nice little sermon, for of course he knew Miss Clara since she was a baby, and that ended that.

Mr. Clemens made a few remarks, too. He was talking and laughing all the time after the ceremony, telling about his nice, new son-in-law. After the feast (and it was a very nice collation) the whole thing was over. We had kind of a buffet feast—everybody helped themselves to everything—which was the style then. Then Mr. Clemens, he went up-stairs and took off his Oxford things and put on his white suit, and then all the people went out to the front of the house and was photographed.

Then Miss Clara went up-stairs and got her dress changed, and she and Mr. Gabrilowitsch hopped into the automobile and drove away. Then the guests went off, too. They was all driven down to the station and took the train back to New York. All their most intimate friends was there, and everything was a great success and went off without a hitch.

Clara's wedding was on October 6th, and it was a beautiful day. In spite of my being so flustered and upset, I shall never forget it. It was the first wedding in the family, and it struck me very deep because the girls always seemed just like my own. I'd been there so many years, you know, and all kinds of thoughts kept coming to me after the wedding was over, and I got quieted down a little mite, and I thought how Mrs. Clemens would have enjoyed it, and how happy if only she could have been there. But it was a great day for all of us—gay and solemn, too—and I think Mr. Clemens felt it very much, and so did all the friends that came there.

I'll never forget how Mr. Gilder stood up on the step, and waved his hat in a kind of good-by as he drove off down the hill to the station. I think of it now 'cause it was the last time I ever seen him. It was only a few months after that he died. That was another great loss to Mr. Clemens.

Jean Becomes Her Father's Companion

WELL, after the wedding the letters of congratulation just kept pouring in because everybody was pleased, of course. Mr. Clemens missed Miss Clara terribly, but he was happy in the Redding house, "Stormfield," as he called it. He used to say that Mrs. Clemens would have loved it, too. She was never out of his thoughts, really, after all those years. He loved the country around there, and used to take walks—he and Mr. Paine and Jean.

She was there then and interested in farming, too, and decided to become her father's secretary about that time. She said she could do it as well as anybody, altho it was a pretty stiff job; and that pleased Mr. Clemens very much because he loved to have her with him. She wasn't ever cured of her trouble I told you about, but she'd been much better them last years, and able to do things she hadn't done before.

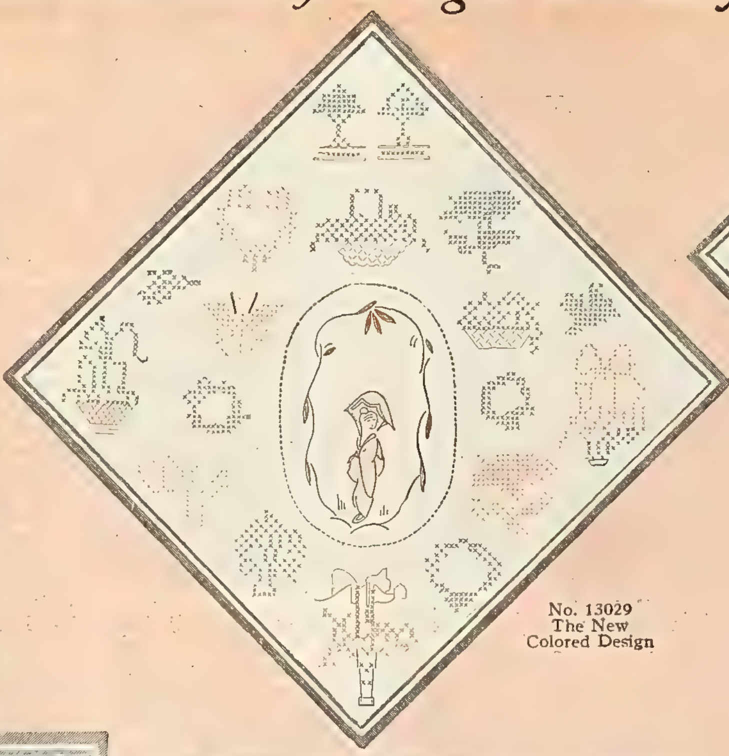
The Sixth instalment of "A Lifetime with 'Mark Twain'" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published September 1st. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

New Colored Embroidery Designs Are Easy to Work

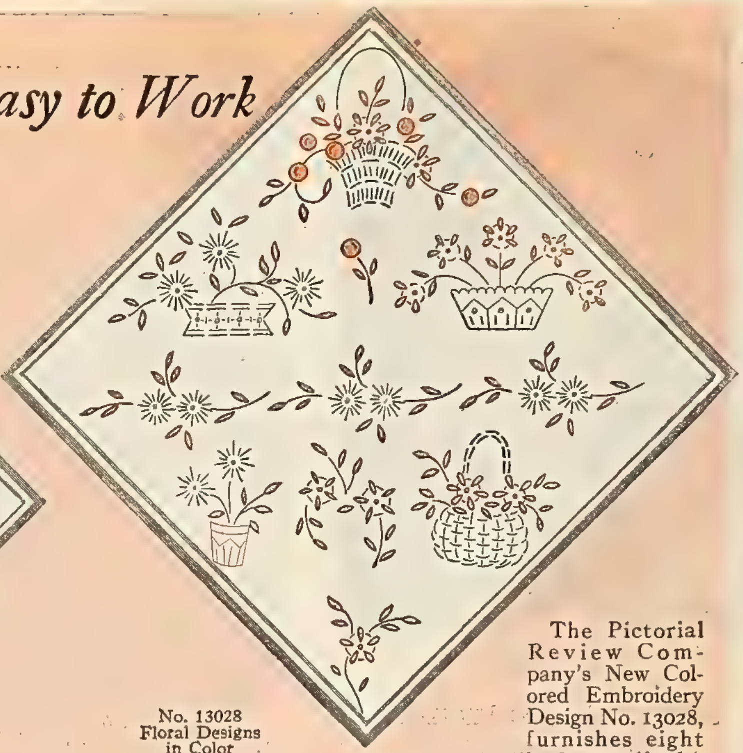
THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13031, blue or yellow, supplies two floral motifs and one spray, suitable for a panel, to be developed in cable, single and running stitches. These motifs and the spray panel may be effectively used on frocks, scarfs, curtains, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13034, blue or yellow, furnishes eight motifs: two 9½ inches high; six 4 inches high, to be worked in single and running stitches, using wool or silk floss. These are suitable motifs for frocks, hats, scarfs, and children's dresses. A charming color combination consists of rose, purple, yellow and black.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13030, blue or yellow, supplies one floral spray with one and one reverse of a small floral motif. Satin, chain, single and running stitches are used.



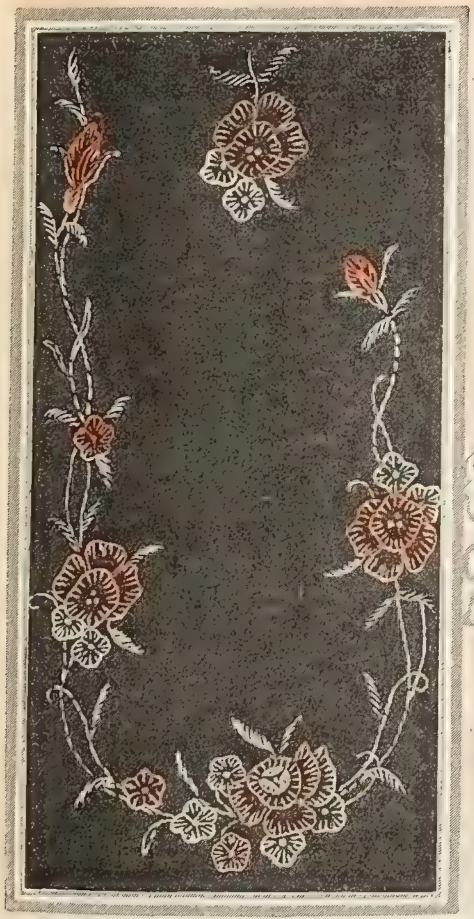
No. 13029 The New Colored Design



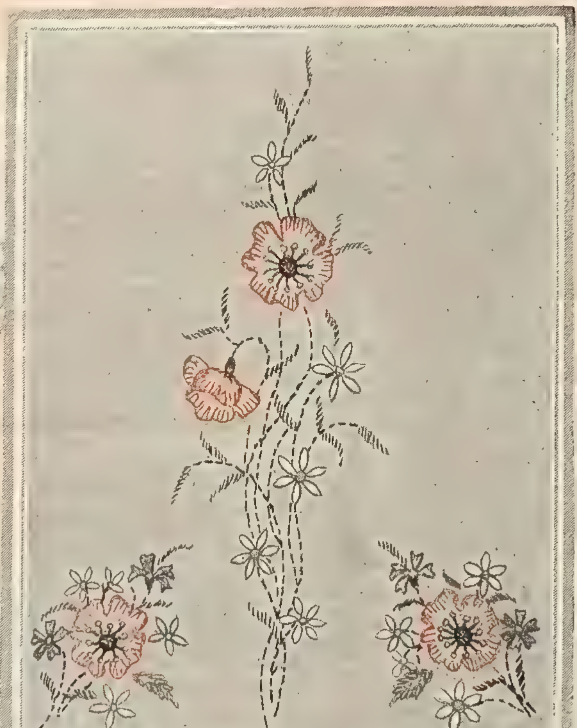
No. 13028 Floral Designs in Color

The Pictorial Review Company's New Colored Embroidery Design No. 13028, furnishes eight basket motifs 2⅛, 2½, 2⅜, and 3 inches high and eleven sprays 1⅛, 1⅜, 2, and 2½ inches high.

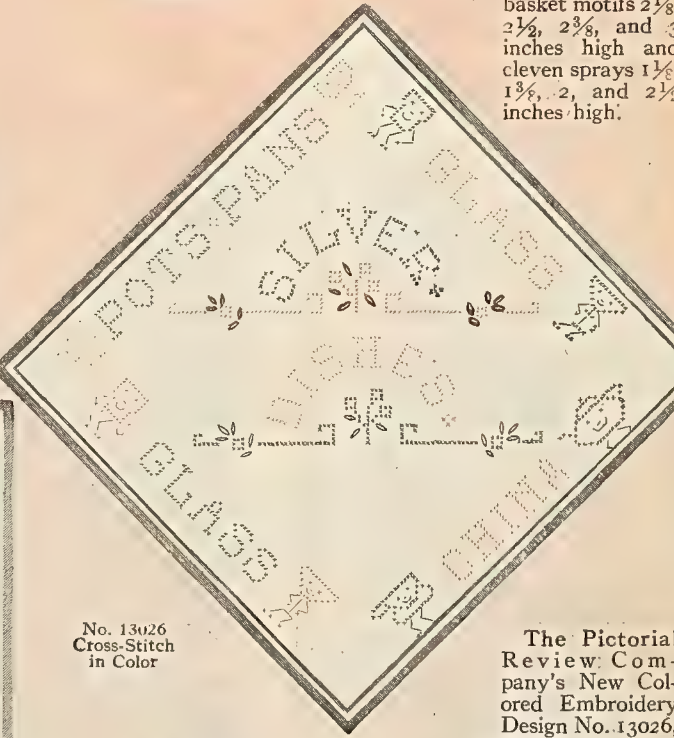
The Pictorial Review Company's New Colored Embroidery Design No. 13029, supplies twelve different motifs ranging in height from 1⅝ to 6¾ inches. These dainty motifs are especially appropriate for trimming children's frocks, luncheon sets, guest towels, table-runners, and other household linens that the clever needlewoman likes to finish with a touch of embroidery. These motifs are to be developed in cross-stitch and outline in the colors suggested, if you wish to use them. Three-strand floss is the most suitable for cross-stitch work, which continues to be favored this season.



No. 13031—Panel and Motif in Single-Stitch

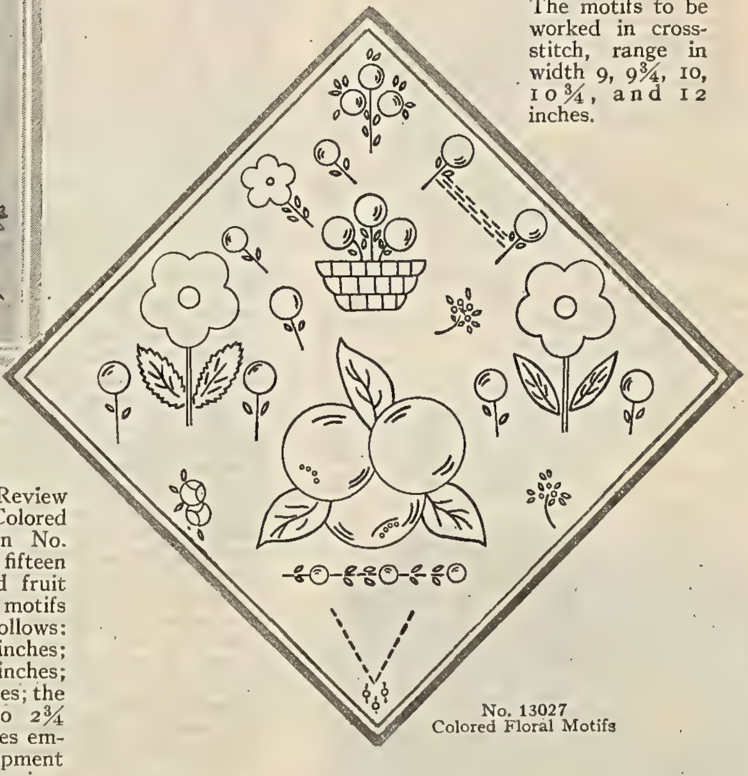


No. 13030—Floral Motifs and Spray



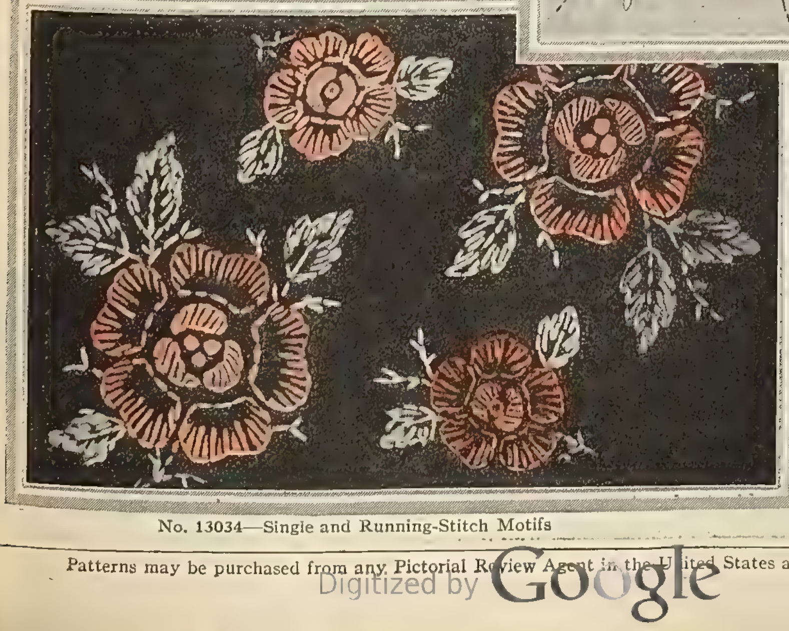
No. 13026 Cross-Stitch in Color

The Pictorial Review Company's New Colored Embroidery Design No. 13026, supplies six different motifs to trim the ends of towels. The motifs to be worked in cross-stitch, range in width 9, 9¾, 10, 10¾, and 12 inches.



No. 13027 Colored Floral Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's New Colored Embroidery Design No. 13027, furnishes fifteen different floral and fruit motifs. These motifs range in height as follows: apple-and-leaf, 5 inches; flower-and-leaf, 4½ inches; basket motif, 3 inches; the others from ½ to 2¾ inches. The stitches employed for development are raised satin, running, lazy-daisy, outline and chain.



No. 13034—Single and Running-Stitch Motifs

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

STRENGTH FOR BABIES

Avoid Summer Diarrhea

A simple, tested way—and your first package FREE

NO NEED to fear that "dread first summer". Eliminate summer diarrhea, and you eliminate almost every other danger.

How to do this is told by Dr. Louis Fischer, in his book, "Infant Feeding in Health and Disease". Dr. Fischer says: "Summer diarrhea is usually caused by milk which has undergone fermentative changes due to the presence of bacteria". (Milk frequently undergoes these changes, due to summer's heat.)

"Milk in every form (mother's as well) must be stopped. As a temporary substitute feeding, I advise the following: Nestlé's Milk Food one teaspoonful, Rice water 3 ounces. Rub up the Nestlé's Milk Food powder with a little cold water, add the rice water, heat slowly till it comes to a boil. Do not add sugar or lime water. The above quantity can be fed every 3 hours to a baby up to 3 months of age."

But why not avoid all risk, and go to Nestlé's Milk Food at once?

Then there will be no danger from fermented milk, no changes of food made necessary by travelling. Baby goes steadily on, storing up strength, building bone and muscle.

Free Package for Trial

We will send you, without one penny's cost, a regular 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food. Just fill in and mail the coupon. It will also bring your copy of Nestlé's Mother Book, valued by millions of mothers for its common-sense suggestions on feeding and caring for baby. Books such as this usually sell for a dollar or more. This coupon therefore is actually bringing you $1.35 worth FREE. Mail the coupon today.

Mother Book Messenger PR3

NESTLÉ'S FOOD CO.
130 William Street, New York
Please send free the 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food and the Mother Book to

Name..............................
Street..................State..........
Town or City..........months old
My baby is..........

Nestlé's Milk Food

Makes correct feeding as simple as 1 2 3

Wild Geese: The Great Prize Novel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

miles to the east of the Gares, and five of whom attended school. The black-eyed Hungarian Klovacz children, whose father had a homestead several miles east of the Sandbos'. The Bjarnassons, who came from the great lake on the west, and drove seven miles to school. Swarthy-faced young tartars from north of Latt's Slough, momentarily impressed and suppressed, most of whom were too old to go to school, and would probably not appear on the second day at all.

Lind saw with relief that she had captivated the children. There would be no trouble. She looked around at the dingy whitewashed walls.

"We shall have to have some pictures," she said. "How would you like to do a little painting this morning?"

There was vigorous assent. A little apple-cheeked Icelandic boy from the Narrows and a half-breed girl from Yellow Post importantly passed around the paint-boxes and the coarse paper Lind had found in the store-closet.

And so the first day of school began at Oeland.

IT WAS April, and the little buds were opening stickily on the elms and tingeing their boughs with purple and brown. The cottonwoods were festooned with ragged catkins. A softness was unfurling like silk ribbons in the pale air, and the earth was breaking into tiny warm rifts from which stole a new green.

The children came to school in the mornings with their arms loaded with the long green catkins of the gray birch, which Lind told them was the *Betula lutea;* which they promptly forgot. The ditches along the wood road became a gray blur of pussy-willows; and one day Lind heard the first robin. It was a time of intense wonder in the north, after the long, harsh months when the heart is shut out from communion with the earth.

Lind frequently walked alone through the green filter of light in the woods that led away from the Gare farm northward to the farm of Fusi Aronson.

She thought of Caleb Gare and Amelia, and wondered how a human soul could keep from breaking utterly. Lind had wakened early one morning and had looked out from her window to see Amelia staring with transfixed eyes at the dawn—at something beyond the sky, it seemed. It was not like a farm woman to do that. There must be some reason for Amelia's endurance. Was it a hope of compensation of some kind? The children? No, there was not enough affection among them—after the precious flame had been sucked into the very earth upon which they lived—to make the sacrifice worth while. There must be something else.

On a Friday evening Lind prepared to leave for the Sandbos', whose homestead was in sight down the wood road from the Gares'. Caleb and Martin were repairing the chicken-house, removing the Winter sod from the roof and sparingly inserting shingles where there were leaks.

Judith came out of the house with the teacher, who had with her a small bundle. Mrs. Sandbo would expect her to stay the night. at least.

"I'm goin' to ride down with you—the cattle are down that way," said Judith, glancing toward the chicken-house, where Martin was standing on a ladder swinging a hammer upon the damp shingles. Judith turned toward the log barn that crouched like an old moss-backed turtle between the wagon-shed and the granary.

Except for the blows of Martin's hammer on the soggy shingles there was not a sound abroad. The air and the earth seemed to be held together in a glass bowl. There was that thin luster over everything that comes only on a clear April evening. The dank, clinging smell of newly turned soil rose like a presence.

Lind was glad that Judith was to accompany her. They would have many things to talk about. Even at her age Judith had a certain fineness of mind which came, perhaps, from the seasonal contact with the teachers of Oeland, but more from a deep native consciousness drawn from Amelia. Lind delighted in the rich spontaneity of the girl, in her native reactions. She saw much less of her than she might wish to. Caleb saw to it that Judith was busy about the place or in the fields during the day, and at night she wished for sleep more than for the comfort of friendship.

The teacher stood below Martin and talked to him while she waited for Judith. Caleb had gone into the tool-shed near the barn.

"Martin," it must be wonderful to make things—and mend them with your hands," she ventured. Martin talked so little. He had not yet voluntarily addressed her.

He looked down at her and half grinned, drawing in his under lip bashfully. "'Tain't so wonderful—got to do it in any kind o' weather," he managed to say. His long, dull face became suffused; he intently inspected another shingle.

Poor Martin! At twenty he understood only one thing: work.

Caleb came out of the shed. With his left hand he brushed the right side of his weedy mustache: a gesture that had become familiar to Lind. He did not look at the teacher. She was rather glad that he had adopted the policy of ignoring her. It gave her more opportunity to watch him.

JUDITH, mounted on the mare, Lady, beckoned to Lind. Caleb turned and saw her.

"Too early to go for the cattle," he said, lifting the bank of his eyebrows toward her meaningly. "That old seeder has to be fetched from Thorvaldsons'. Charlie can bring in the cattle."

"Charlie can get the seeder," Judith said in a clear voice. She sat straight and formidable in her saddle, facing Caleb coldly. Of the two, Lind felt that the girl was the more to be feared in sheer physical power.

"Did you hear what I said, Jude?" Caleb asked, handing a box of nails up to Martin. His voice was gentle, casual.

In answer Judith wheeled the mare toward the gate and started down the wood road. Lind mounted the pony that the Sandbo children had left for her. She met Jude on the road, her face dark with anger. "I'm through puttin' up with it!" she flared. "He's got to quit thinkin' we're animals he can drive around."

They rode along together for a short distance. Then Judith turned to go back.

"It's no use—he'll take it out on ma. He knows I'm goin' to the Sandbos'. Find out if Sven is really comin' home, will you, Lind?"

The teacher had asked her to call her "Lind."

She nodded in response to the girl's request and rode on down the shimmering wood trail. In the shallow ravine on either side lay a mist of flowering dogwood-trees. Behind her, growing fainter now, came the thudding sound of Martin's hammer on the rotten shingles of the chicken-house.

SALAD-MAKING SECRETS

Do you want something new in salads or ices for hot, sultry days? You will find easy and delicious recipes for them in "The Little Cook-Book," sent post-paid for 25 cents. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

THE Sandbos boasted a frame house, and a wire fence around their buildings, not a sagging wooden one such as the Gares did with. The entire place was so overgrown with choke-cherry and wild plum-trees that in a short time now the house and barn and cow-shed would be hidden in a white nebula. This beauty was more by accident than by design, for Mrs. Sandbo would have preferred the frame house to be in full view to passers-by the whole year round. Frame houses were rare at this distance from the Siding of Nykerk.

In a remote time, which Mrs. Sandbo liked to speak of as a year or two ago, the family had lived in a small village where a locomotive and passenger-coaches were seen three times a week, and where a freight-train was a daily sight and nothing to be marveled at. The Gare children, never having been beyond a radius of ten miles from home (save perhaps Martin and Ellen on their trips with the cattle to Nykerk), had never seen one of these wonders of modern times, and as for having ridden on one—! Well, the Sandbos, all of them except little Lars, who was born at Oeland, *had* ridden on the railway. So, altho they were friendly enough from Mrs. Sandbo's point of view, there was an unspannable gulf between the two families.

Mrs. Sandbo, having lived in a village, awaited Lind in the parlor. This was the thing to do. Emma, a ponderous girl of fifteen who still attended school half days, was still and sober in a clean dress which had been donned for the occasion. She ushered Lind into the presence of her mother without a word. She suffered, in fact, the sensation of strangling until the teacher was out of her sight behind the parlor door.

All the blinds except one were closely drawn in the room where Mrs. Sandbo sat. There was a dry smell of wall-paper, as if the windows had been nailed down since the day the room was decorated. Mrs. Sandbo herself looked like wall-paper, as if she had no sizable depth, but a crisp, flat surface, the back of which would be gritty. On each of the four walls of the room, in geometrically precise relation, hung an enlarged photograph of one or more of the Sandbo family. The photographs bore the rainy-day look of all enlargements. That which first met the eye was an enormous likeness of the late Ludvig Sandbo himself, Mrs. Sandbo's husband.

Lind entered and greeted Mrs. Sandbo in her warm manner. Her hostess had been sitting on an upright settee of pale-brown imitation leather and elaborately carved and scrolled oak.

"I em glad to see you, Mees Archer," Mrs. Sandbo beamed with a square, Norwegian intonation. "Seet down. I vill get coffee. The girls say you like it at Gares'. Iss that so? You are the first then, much as I hate to say it. But vait—the coffee cooks." She rustled out of the room without waiting for a word from Lind.

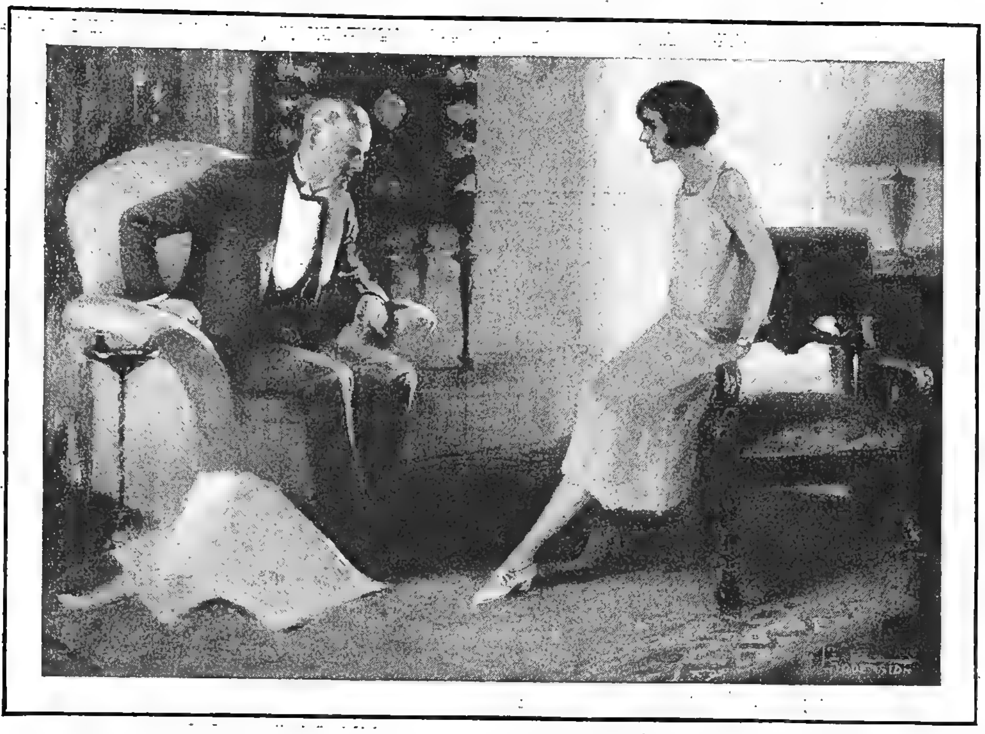
The teacher sat down before the frame of Ludvig Sandbo. He had eyes like black shoe-buttons. They chilled Lind. She moved to a chair near the lighted window.

Mrs. Sandbo returned with steaming coffee and little round pink-frosted cakes.

She assailed Lind at once with questions, not so much to get an answer as to show the teacher her familiarity with objects of the world beyond Oeland.

"Oh, yess, my husband, Ludvig, he vass there, many, many times." she in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



"These shoes have earned $5000 for me!"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of a Nation. No. 9

HER home had been in a small Indiana city. She had been prominent there. Her father was president of the stronger of the two local banks. Her mother was a leader in social affairs.

She had gone to New York City to "seek her fortune," to hew for herself a career in the industrial world.

She was a capable young woman. Many things about business had been learned from her father. And she had completed the commercial course at one of the State universities.

"I don't think anybody will take me for a shrinking little violet," she laughed, as she said good-bye to her parents.

Yes, indeed. She would take care of herself. Business was not a challenge to her, but an invitation to come and sense the thrill of accomplishment and the glory of success.

During her first week on her new job (she was filing clerk in the office of a department store) she wrote home: "I just love it here. I know I'm going to succeed. It's hard, and people are *so* busy. But I have my work, and that is all I ask of New York."

She worked diligently. Day after day, month after month, she was at her desk before starting time, and yet at her work after quitting time. She enjoyed every moment, too.

But the end of her first year found her still in the same position. Nor had her salary been changed.

She felt very, very tired. Her enthusiasm was gone. She began to doubt her confidence in herself. Too, she dreaded the burden of going through a whole day. It was a great relief when five o'clock came.

And she would drag herself wearily to her room, hardly able to wait until she could get her shoes off and just rest, rest, rest.

Getting old? She was only twenty-seven. Then she went to a doctor. He merely told her she had been working too hard. That confused her. How could she work too hard, if she spent only eight hours a day at her tasks, and was in good health?

Then she realized that she was lonely. If only she had some other girl to share her room, so that they could trade confidences and sympathies — so that they could "just talk" about everything — it would help.

The new comrade happened to be a saleswoman in a shoe store. She was an energetic woman, vigorous, keen. "I've just about won my shoe string," she announced cheerfully. "Going into business for myself one of these days."

They talked much of shoes. Our young Indiana girl learned many things about feet and shoes that she had never dreamed of before. She learned about the Arch Preserver Shoe, and how its concealed, built-in arch bridge supports the foot naturally and prevents sagging.

She also learned that this shoe has a flat inner sole which allows the bones, nerves and blood-vessels of the forepart of the foot to function normally, without interference.

"You see, Margery," continued the new friend, "if a woman's feet aren't in shape then she's a failure everywhere. No nerves, no energy, no enthusiasm — why, every day, I see them come into our store, frowning, listless, worn-out old women, bewildered by it all, because they've been told they are not sick. Then when they wear this shoe they begin to feel like girls again. It's great!"

A few weeks ago (Margery had spent eight years in New York) she and Ruth (that was the older woman's name) opened their own store. It is an exclusive little shop, just off Fifth Avenue. They don't sell shoes. But they are still interested in shoes, and they both *wear* Arch Preserver Shoes. Their new store is a success, because they are both energetic and capable, both hustling about, creating business, holding old business.

Margery was home a short time after they opened their new establishment. She talked with happy frankness about her success. "I had accumulated $5,000—enough for my half of the shop," she explained. "But I never could have done it without these shoes on my feet."

"Aw, shucks," laughed her father.

"Sounds foolish, I know. But it's true. I was near to giving up. Then when Ruth made me get a pair of these shoes I was my old self again. I shudder when I think of the suffering and failure these shoes prevented."

In all walks of life women, both young and old, with healthy, vigorous feet and weak, troublesome feet, are helped toward success, toward happiness, toward the things they long for most.

It's such an easy matter to *prevent* foot trouble, to keep yourself progressing toward bigger, better things, no matter what you are doing.

Be sure to remember this: The Arch Preserver Shoe keeps the foot well; it prevents strain and sagging and pinching. It permits the whole of the foot to function normally.

Yet this shoe is smartly styled. Comfort is so much more enjoyable when it is *stylish*, isn't it? There are styles in the Arch Preserver Shoe for every occasion.

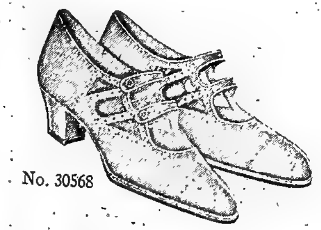
If you will write for our little booklet, "Use Your Feet," you'll learn many more interesting facts about this shoe — the shoe that has changed the ideas of the Nation.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
330 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.
Makers of Women's Fine Shoes
for more than Forty Years

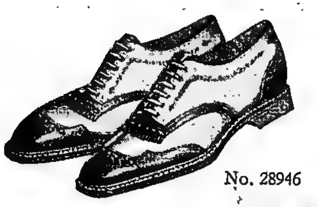
Use Your Feet

Don't wait until your feet become troublesome. Let this book tell you now how to keep them well while wearing the smartest styles.

The Selby Shoe Co., 330 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 30, "Use Your Feet", and name of Dealer.
Name________________
Street and No.________________
P. O.____________State__________



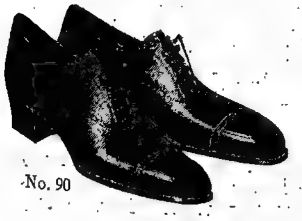
No. 30568



No. 28946

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed— bends where the foot bends

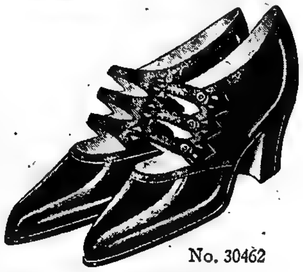


No. 90

Look for trade-mark on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



No. 30462

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

© 1925 The Selby Shoe Co.

Mennen's for the Tiny Toddler

Baby has grown up! That chubby, winsome bit of loveliness which was fondled and nurtured and cherished so dearly has now slipped from mother's lap and learned to walk.

Very often, mother's attention is centered on a new little brother or sister and, from nursery to kindergarten days, the tiny toddler is neglected.

Yet a child's skin is almost as delicate as a baby's and must be cleansed and powdered just as carefully.

Bath-water, if left in the skin-folds, causes colds and painful chapping of the skin. Each fleck of Mennen Borated Talcum is as drying as a dainty fairy sponge. Swiftly, gently, it absorbs all dangerous moisture.

Active, frisky little bodies perspire freely and chafe easily. This soft, pure powder forms a cooling film over the body, preventing the rubbing of tight clothes against sensitive flesh and muscles.

Almost every day, cuts and bruises and scratches come into the lives of healthy, romping youngsters. Every break in the skin is a source of infection. So Mennen's is made not only mild and pure, but wonderfully healing and antiseptic as well.

Mothers! don't neglect the tiny toddler. You have Mennen's right in the nursery—in the familiar blue can. Just fluff it all over the little shaver after his morning dip and before you tuck him in for the night. He'll love it. He's just hankering for a little, old-time coddling.

For your own use, or for some other young mother, send the coupon below for The Mennen Baby Book. It is called the most helpful book on babies ever written. It costs only 25c postpaid in plain wrapper.

MENNEN
BORATED
TALCUM

MAIL COUPON

Aunt Belle
c/o The Mennen Company
337 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.
Canadian Address: The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec
I enclose 25c [Canada 35c]. Please send The Mennen Baby Book, postpaid, in plain package to

Name..
Address..
....

Wild Geese: The Great Prize Novel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

terrupted when Lind mentioned the city she had come from. "It iss him, up on the vall. And a devil he vass, too. Good land, I say, t'ousand times a day, I em heppy he iss gone. Vhat he could drink, that von! Never vonce sober in six years!" She smacked her lips over her coffee-cup and wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Was he not kind to you?" Lind asked gently.

"Kind? Him? Good land, I vass a dog under him. Now I live good, not much money, but no dirt from him, t'ank God!" She lifted her eyes up to the photograph, and Lind saw unmistakably a look of wistfulness in them.

"Hess Mrs. Gare in her new teet' yet?" she asked presently, her pale eyebrows lifting eagerly above her glasses.

"I don't believe she has," said Lind, hesitating. "I think she expects to get them."

"Expects?" Mrs. Sandbo almost snorted. "Her? She don't expect not'-ing—not from *him*. She been getting these teet' now four, five years vhile I get these two sets, and vhat have I got to buy wit' teet'? Old Gare—he got money to buy teet' for hundred head cattle. My man, he vass a devil, but he vass easy with the money. He say, long before my teet' vass all gone, he say, 'Sigri, you tak' couple dollar and go to dentist.' He vass always easy—for easy, I told him. Much for easy!" She looked fondly up at the photograph and sighed. This time there was certainly no doubt as to the wistfulness.

Lind was impressed. Mrs. Sandbo hitched her chair more closely to Lind's and puckered her brows. She lowered her voice.

"Tell me—how goes it there? Iss he crenky with you, too?"

"No, he hasn't bothered me," Lind told her.

"He's a rescal, Caleb Gare," Mrs. Sandbo lamented with a shake of her head. "I feel sorry for the poor voman. To be merried to such a man!"

"Why does she stand it?"

"Vell—" Mrs. Sandbo hesitated mysteriously—"I vould not say it again, but they say who knows it, that he bragged vonce to von of the Icelanders that he hess it *on* her. Vhat more, I can not say. Vhat *you* t'ink, Mees Archer? She iss scared purty near cresy of him, I t'ink."

Lind could venture no opinion. Mrs. Sandbo drifted into other subjects, then rose ceremoniously to show Lind the place and to offer her the freedom of the entire farm.

Lind liked the Sandbos. There had been ten of them, but there were only eight left at home. They were big-boned children, solemn and hard-working. The eldest daughter, Dora, had married and lived on a homestead north of Latt's Slough. Sven, of whom Mrs. Sandbo spoke proudly, had gone to work in town. He was expected home in May.

Emma, the eldest daughter at home, spent much time thinking. At least, her eyes were always downcast, her full, healthy face inscrutable. Lind watched her come up the path leading Rosabelle, the Jersey. She clumped along, a great hulk of a girl, in step with the cow.

"What are you dreaming about, Emma dear?" Lind called to her from where she sat on the stone step of the milk-shed.

Emma looked up, confused.

Lind drew her down beside her on the step.

"What are you thinking of, Emma?" she asked again.

But Emma blushed more furiously than ever, and Lind concluded that if she had really been thinking of anything, it was just as well unsaid. Emma kept her silence and got up to milk Rosabelle. Her thoughts were, indeed, too profound for utterance.

When Lind was out of sight Emma burst into tears of emotion. The teacher was too beautiful and too sweet. She could not endure familiarity with her.

Such was the effect of Lind's coming to Oeland.

On Saturday evening Lind walked home through a fine mist drifting down from the swamps that lay to the northward.

Against the strange pearly distance she saw the giant figure of a man beside a horse. As she walked across the field he came toward her, and she saw that it was Fusi Aronson, the great Icelander. Lind had spoken to him only once before, when she and Jude had found the cattle over on his land.

He doffed his hat when she spoke to him, and returned her greeting in his quaint English that seemed odd in a man of his size. There was a vast, rough charm about the man. He was grand in his demeanor and somehow lonely, as a towering mountain is lonely, or as a solitary oak on the prairie.

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL PICTURE!

Pictorial Review for September will include another beautiful reproduction *in full color* of a famous European painting called "Pals," by Piglhein. It is one of the very best of the series of pictures now appearing regularly in the magazine. Why not make sure of them all by subscribing?

Fusi walked back with her along the margin of a stand of spruce that pointed up blackly above the mist.

"I was just thinking how lucky you people are up here to have Spring so close to you," Lind said, glancing up at him.

"Yes, we are very, very lucky," he responded slowly, carefully. "But few of us know it."

"Don't you think most of the farmers realize it—in one way or other?"

"No," he said. "Here the spirit feels only what the land can bring to the mouth. In the Spring we know only that there is coming a Winter. There is too much of selfishness here—like everywhere."

His voice was deep, sonorous, the tone almost oracular, as if his statement were made as much to the air as it was to Lind. She looked at him furtively.

"I wondered just what Caleb Gare was feeling about this—this mist," she ventured.

"Caleb Gare—he does not feel. I shall kill him one day. But even that he will not feel." There was no anger in Fusi's voice. Only deep, prescient certainty.

Lind started.

"Why?" she murmured.

"He took the lives of two of my brothers. There was epidemic here with the Indians some years back. It was a snow-storm, and my brothers asked in at his door. They were blind from the storm. They were not sick—my brothers. But Caleb Gare feared the sickness—it was the devil-sickness—he feared for himself. And he closed the door in their faces. One I found dead a mile from Caleb Gare's farm two days after the storm. He was frozen so stiff we could not put on him his Sunday clothes and he was buried just so he was. The other died from the cold. I could not get it out of him, how long I worked. But first he told me about Caleb Gare."

There was iron in Fusi's voice. His face against the darkening air was like iron. Lind was silent. Fear had come to her. Fear of this harsh land.

Far overhead sounded a voluminous, prolonged cry, like a great trumpet-call. Wild geese flying still farther north, to a region beyond human warmth—beyond even human isolation.

Lind stayed in the schoolhouse working over the children's lessons usually until the light faded and she knew the Gares would be sitting down to supper. Altho they were crowded with work, these were lonely hours, when the last sunlight streamed in across the deserted desks and blurred with a vague gold the dusty blackboards, so that you could not make out the awkward figures that had been written upon them.

Lind would often take out from her desk drawer the letters she had received from home in the twice-weekly mail, and, ashamed and impatient with herself as she would feel afterward, she could not check the tears that rose to her eyes.

And then, strangely enough, she would wipe her eyes and suddenly realize that it was not herself that she had been thinking of at all, but the Gares—Amelia, with her inviolable reserve and quiet graciousness, behind which she lived who knew what life; Ellen, prim to a point of agony; Martin, the stumbling dreamer, forever silent in his dream; the boy, Charlie, whom Caleb pampered and played against the others; Judith, vivid and terrible, who seemed the embryonic ecstasy of all life; and Caleb, who could not be characterized in the terms of human virtue or human vice—he was a spiritual counterpart of the land, as harsh, as demanding, as tyrannical as the very soil from which he drew his existence.

The teacher was lonely, and even more conscious of the stark loneliness of Amelia, of Judith, of Ellen and Martin, each within herself or himself. Work did not destroy the loneliness; work was only a fog in which they moved so that they might not see the loneliness of each other.

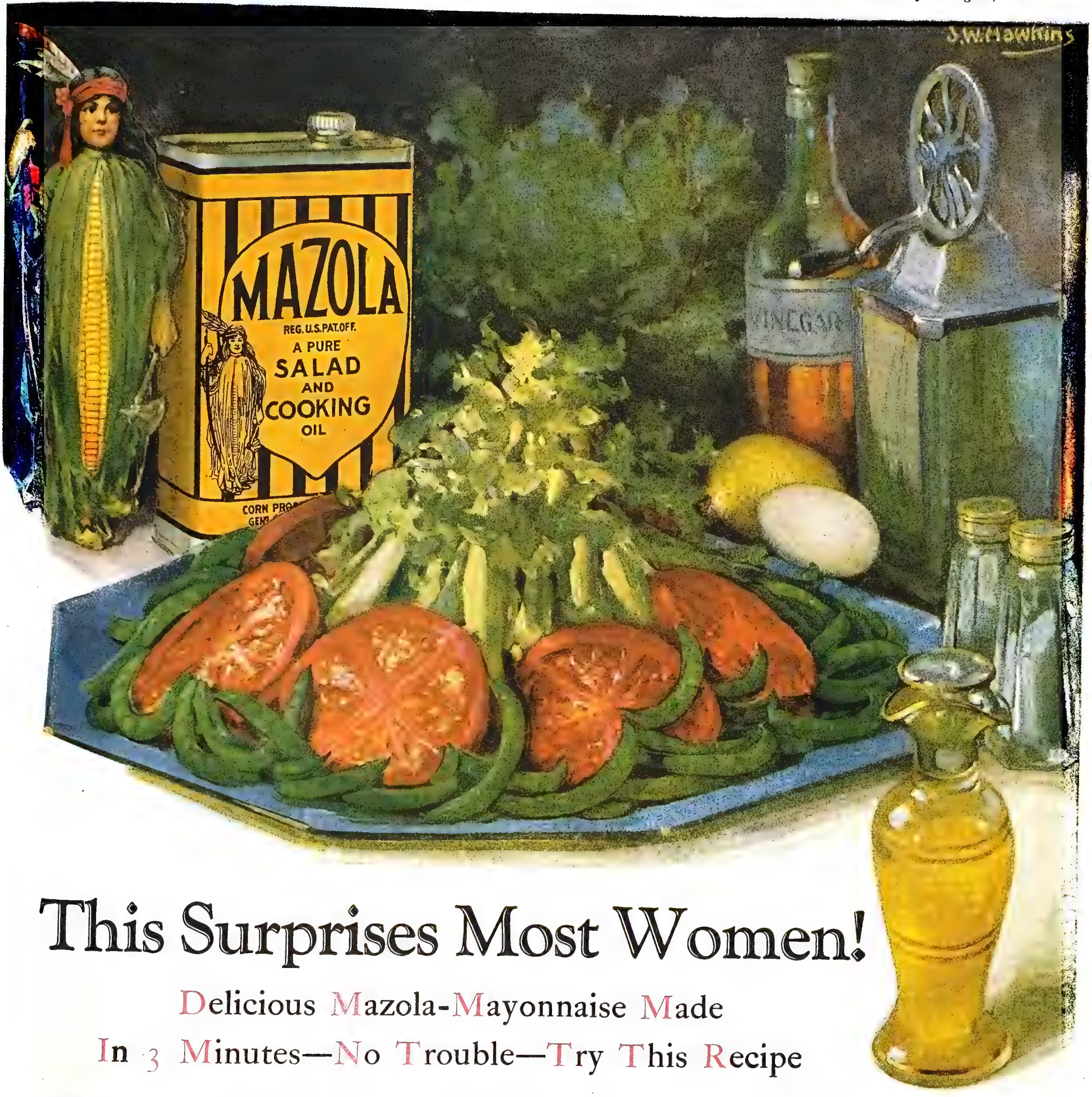
Days came when the loam was black and rich with rain. Judith and Martin, being the strongest of the workers under Caleb Gare, carried the soil's heaviest burden. Judith mounted the seeder and wove like a great dumb shuttle back and forth, up and down, across the rough tapestry of the land. In the adjacent field Martin worked with the bowed, unquestioning resignation of an old, unfruitful man. Occasionally Judith threw a glance at him. Then she would scowl and exclaim profanely to the plodding horse.

What with the work in the fields and the occasional trips with ax and saw into the bush, there was not much time for play. And in the evening the body and the brain would be heavy with sleep, and there was nothing to do but throw oneself down like a spent animal and seek oblivion from thought and feeling.

Lind felt that the rigid routine of the farm was imposed by Caleb to keep anything out of the ordinary from happening. And nothing happened; nothing happened. Day in and day out, not a soul came to the Gare farm; not a soul left it, not even to visit the Sandbos, two miles or less away. And Caleb went about with the fixed, unreadable face of an old satyr, apparently indifferent to what went on, unconscious of those about him; beneath, holding taut the reins of power, alert, jealous of every gesture in the life within which he moved and governed.

Sunday formed a sort of interval. Caleb was the only one of the family who attended church at Yellow Post, but since the minister preached there only

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65



This Surprises Most Women!

Delicious Mazola-Mayonnaise Made In 3 Minutes—No Trouble—Try This Recipe

MAYONNAISE is unquestionably the most delicious of salad dressings. And mayonnaise would be served more generally and more often if every housewife knew how quickly and easily Mazola-Mayonnaise is prepared.

Follow the recipe here—you will be delighted with your Mazola-Mayonnaise—and using *fresh eggs, you know* it is fresh.

Make up as much Mazola-Mayonnaise as you wish. Mazola-made Mayonnaise does not turn rancid or "separate."

This is because Mazola is not affected by light, temperature or climatic conditions, but maintains its pure, sweet wholesomeness almost indefinitely. You need not keep it in the ice-box.

MAZOLA—3-MINUTE MAYONNAISE

(From The Corn Products Cook Book)

1 cup Mazola
1 Egg Yolk
⅛ teaspoon Sugar
½ teaspoon Salt
⅛ teaspoon Paprika
3 tablespoons Lemon Juice or Vinegar

ADD well mixed seasonings to egg, with one teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar and beat well, adding one teaspoon Mazola at a time until mixture thickens, after which the Mazola may be added more rapidly. Thin with lemon juice or vinegar when necessary.

free—The new Corn Products Cook Book, containing over 100 valuable recipes for preparing the most delicious foods. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. 14, Argo, Illinois.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT: "Mazola is as delicious and good to eat as the corn from which it comes"

CHIPSO

This amazing new helper takes the drudgery out of your laundry and dishwashing

"My clothes come out much whiter with less effort, and the china has that clean feeling."

YOU have never had anything that helps like CHIPSO.

Mrs. R. J. Waters of Paducah, Kentucky, says: "I have tried various washing preparations, but find CHIPSO the *best* I have *ever* used. It just makes washing a pleasure. Some of my neighbors ask me how I get my clothes out so early and keep them so white. I just tell them CHIPSO does the work for me."

Letters like this have come from all parts of the country.

From Connecticut: "I find that the clothes come out much whiter, with less effort, and the china has that clean feeling which every housekeeper wants."

From Indiana: "CHIPSO is the best soap I have ever used. It cleans clothes and whitens them. It is also more economical than bar soap or powders."

From Kansas: "CHIPSO softens hard water nicely without leaving any hard particles on the clothes as other soaps often do."

What CHIPSO is

CHIPSO is a marvelous new kind of *soap*.

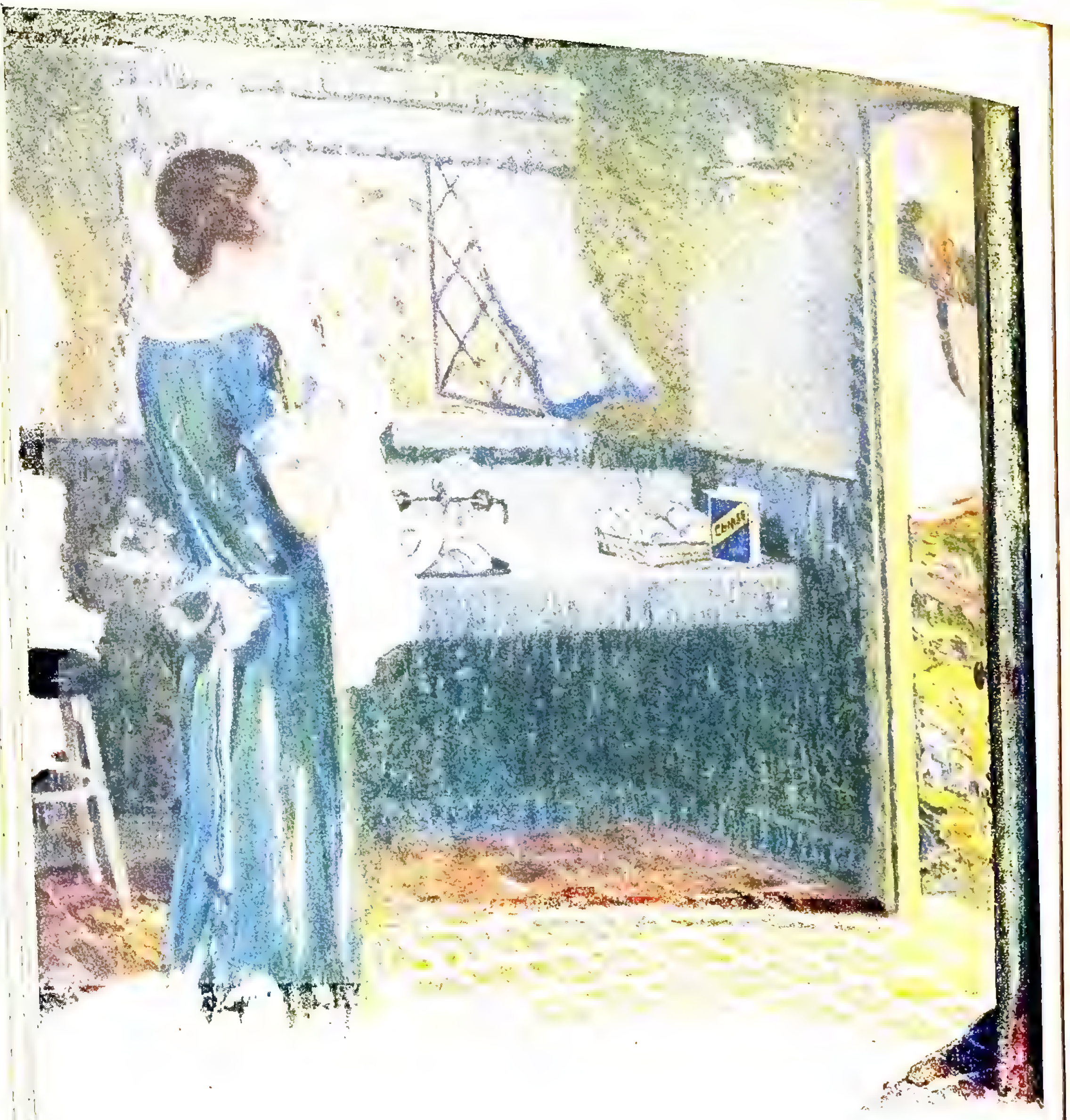
Soap in thin, quick-dissolving flakes, for instant suds.

Soap for every purpose—*not* a special soap for special purposes or special methods.

Soap of such excellent quality that it protects fabrics and colors, yet cleanses thoroughly.

Soap that is economical to buy and economical to use—in big packages for a small price.

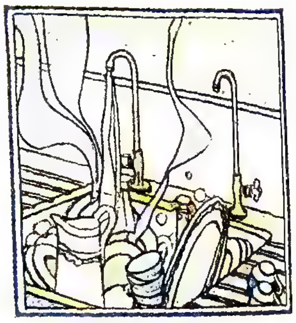
Soap made by the Procter & Gamble Company, who also make Ivory.



Transforms dishwashing

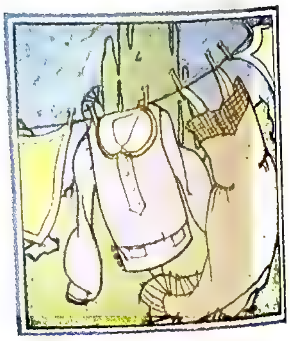
CHIPSO transforms dishwashing—one of the most disagreeable of duties—into a brief, simple task. Make your quick CHIPSO suds, put in the dishes and silver, mop a little, rinse a little, and you're through. Your hands never touch soap, and they need scarcely touch the hot water—CHIPSO dishwashing *protects* your hands.

Once you have tried CHIPSO, you will find dozens of uses for it. Keep a package always on your kitchen shelf—let it make suds for cleaning floors and woodwork and bathroom fixtures.



Dishes? My, but this is easy
Even when they're very greasy

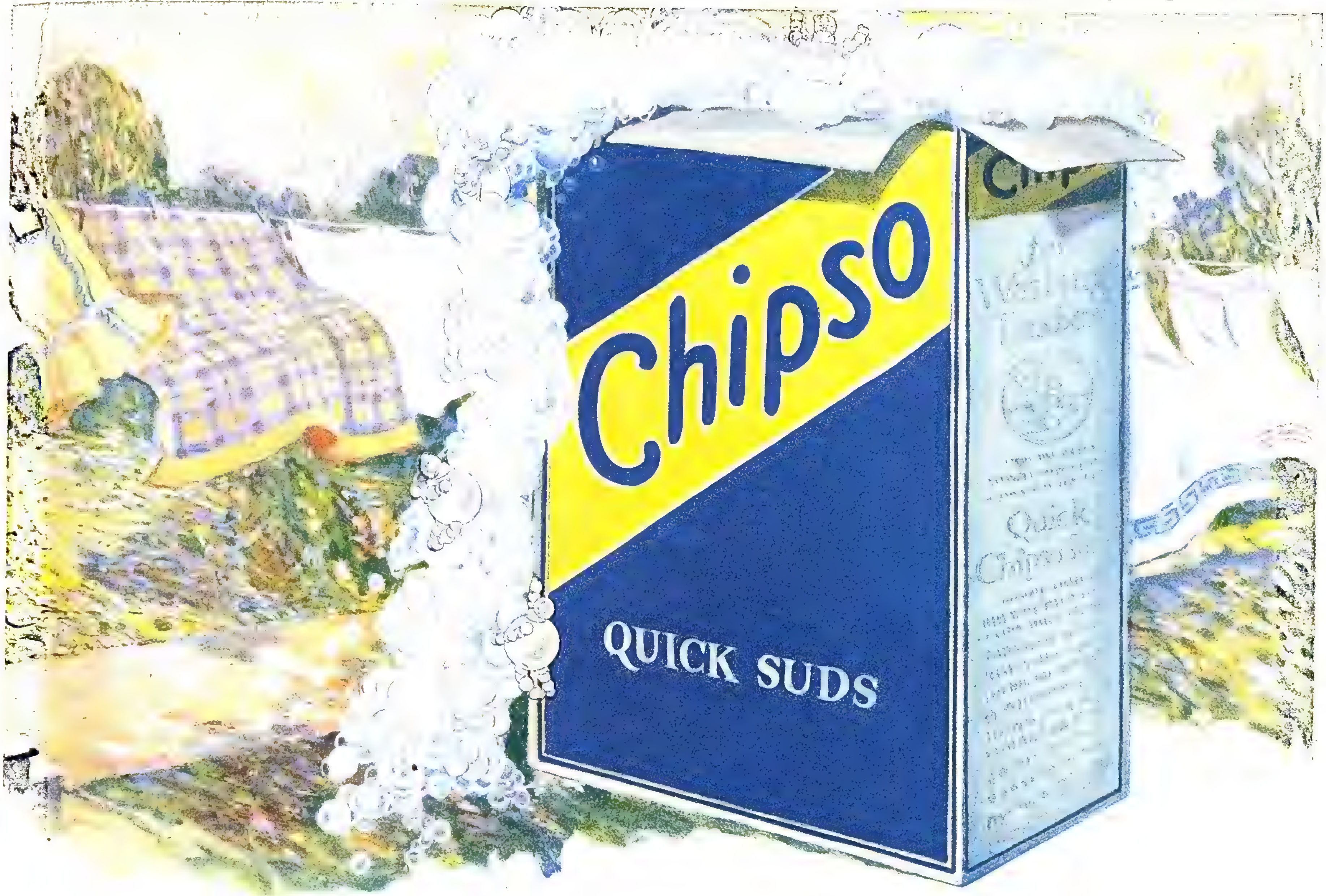
Just let me and my sudsy brothers get to work! You never saw anything dissolve grease as we do. Don't rub the decorations off your china. Mop a little, rinse a little, and you're through.



Monday morning sharp at nine,
My Chipso washing's on the line

Just think what that means! Before I came, there was so much work—shaving and melting soap, hard rubbing, weekly boiling, repeated rinsings. This same 9 o'clock washing almost never got out before ten or ten-thirty.

Copyright, 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



How CHIPSO washing saves your time and strength

With Chipso you no longer have to chip and melt cake-soap—you just pour the thin Chipso flakes into tub or dishpan, run hot water over them, and you have your suds instantly. This saves fifteen or twenty minutes at the very start.

With Chipso—no more hard rubbing, with aching arms and tired back.

Here is the way many women wash with Chipso:—They let the clothes soak fifteen or twenty minutes in the Chipso suds, squeeze the suds through the fabric, rub the very dirty places, and rinse. One rinse is often enough—two, at most. If they like to boil, they boil only once or twice a month instead of every week. But remember, this is only *one* way to use Chipso. *However* you wash, whatever method you prefer, Chipso makes it easier.

You can get Chipso at your grocer's today—in two big sizes.

Procter & Gamble

When heavy linens must be done,
I soak, you rinse and hang in sun

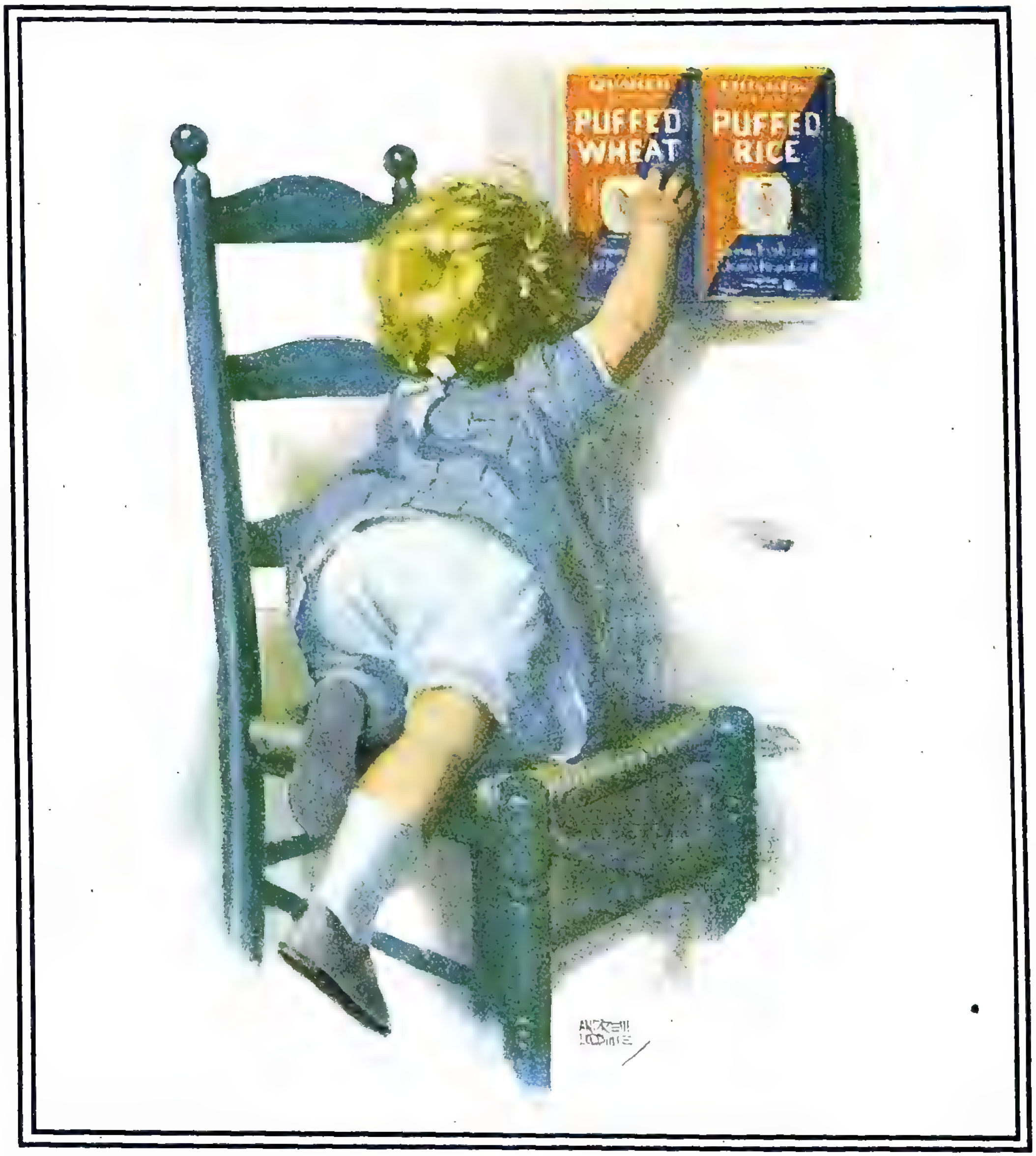
Don't waste time and strength rubbing soap on great big sheets and table-cloths. Just soak, swish, rinse. They will come from this easy Chipso washing gleaming white, without a trace of soap-odor.

The most amazing success in the history of household soap

HOWEVER YOU WASH—WHATEVER YOU CLEAN—
CHIPSO MAKES IT EASIER

Don't chip a soap made like a brick-
My motto is: "Get rich suds quick!"

With me to help, you are ready for work fifteen, twenty minutes sooner. My quick suds fluff up in a few revolutions of your washing-machine, and make the dirt actually *fall* out.



The new Quaker Cook Book is ready

Send for it. 96 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts—oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, Room 1600, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago.

A fair deception

Children think these fairy grains are confections—*you know they're whole wheat*

WHY coax children to eat foods that are "good for them"? Why distract a child's appetite by *commanding* they be eaten? Thousands of mothers have learned how unnecessary that is. How much better it is to give children the food they need in a form that they love.

* * *

Quaker Puffed Wheat is *whole wheat* with the lure of a confection. Crisp and toasty grains, steam exploded to eight times their natural size; gay as the morning, and with the rich flavor of nutmeats. Children revel in this most delightful of cereal foods.

Isn't it better then to give them this than less attractive foods, which contain but the same food elements? Bran, minerals; and when served with milk, the vitamines, all three; you'll find here in luscious combination.

Serve every day in every way you can. Try as a breakfast dish with cream or milk, or half and half. Serve as a joyous adventure with cooked or fresh fruit. Mix with melted butter to replace too much sweets. Give at bed-time as the ideal night-time dish.

Puffed Rice, too

Rice steam exploded like the wheat—"The Enchanted Breakfast" in a million homes; a delightful alternate with Puffed Wheat.

Quaker Puffed Wheat **Quaker Puffed Rice**

The Quaker Oats Company

Wild Geese: The Great Prize Novel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

every third Sunday, coming all the way from the Nykerk parish, the amount of spiritual guidance the others missed was not so great as it might have been.

It happened that the second Sunday after Lind's coming was Easter Sunday, and a new minister was expected to hold services. Amelia rose as early as on weekdays, altho usually an hour's grace was allowed on Sunday, to prepare Caleb's breakfast and lay out his white collar and black-broadcloth suit with the greenish-velvet lapels.

His shoulders were not as square as they had been the decade or so before when the suit had been bought, and the back of the coat hunched up and made a little groove just below the collar, which Amelia could not remove with any amount of pressing. Each time he put the coat on she was afraid he would notice it and complain of her careless treatment of it. Amelia had had to wash the stiff collar he had bought through the mail-order catalog, and its wings had lost some of their contour in the starching. So that by the time Caleb rose and knocked on the ceiling to waken the children, and then came into the kitchen to wash, Amelia was thoroughly worried about how the day would go.

"MARTIN washed the gig over yesterday, after work. It looks real nice," she said to him cheerfully as he spread the shaving-soap over his jaw. Ever since they were first married Caleb had looked most human and likable when he was lathering his face preparatory to shaving, and she had often approached him at such times with requests or confessions that she dared not make before or after his toilet had been completed.

Caleb stropped his razor-blade to his satisfaction before he replied. He always took his time in answering Amelia. It gave him leisure to weigh his words and to create a certain uneasiness in the woman concerning his reply, that was flattering to him even when the matter under discussion was a trivial one. This morning he was in a generous mood.

"Martin did well. I'm half a mind to take him with me. He's a way of doin' things without bein' driven to it," he chuckled, as tho there were some underlying humor in the observation.

"Martin would like to go," said Amelia, careful not to make her voice too eager. She set the coffee on to boil. Then she went to the door and stood for a moment looking down toward the wood road where the willows were drooping in early bud as delicate as a green rain.

It would be sweet going to church this Easter morning, she thought. It was a long time now since this had been a reverent custom with her. Amelia had been Roman Catholic before her marriage to Caleb Gare. There had been one Easter more blessed and more joyous than all the others, when she had ridden across country to church with Mark Jordan's father. She had been a girl then—such a girl—not like her own daughters, but like Lind Archer.

Her heart caught her suddenly, and her cheek warmed at the little disloyalty to her own flesh and blood. No reason why Judith or Ellen should not be like Lind. Was there none? A strange little jealousy crept into her breast. Lind had undoubtedly gone to church of an Easter Sunday, just as she had done—perhaps even sung in a choir, just as she had done. Jude and Ellen knew nothing of such things.

Caleb did not see fit to permit them to go to Yellow Post services, where the lusty young swains of the entire countryside gathered to worship in good weather. He had once remarked pointedly to Amelia that, as she well knew, little good could come of their mixing in with that lot, and their salvation might easily prove their damnation. Amelia had seen through his pretenses very clearly. And she had come to regard with a bitter humor the sermons he brought home each Sunday after he had been to Yellow Post, genially reading the text from the Bible and giving a résumé of the minister's words as nearly as he remembered them, all before dinner. She forgot the sweetness of the willows and went back to the kitchen stove with the faint tightening about the lips that was all that was ever visible of Amelia's impatience with her lot.

THERE was no sound in the kitchen save the crackling of the wood in the stove and the little scraping of Caleb's razor. In the loft above she could hear the children stirring, and she hoped they would not delay in coming down. When Caleb saw his collar it would be enough to set him off without further vexation.

Lind was the first to come down. Amelia glanced at her quickly and saw how pretty she was in a blue-silk gown that seemed to make her hair even more lustrous and her skin more delicate.

"Let me set the table for you, Mrs. Gare," Lind offered.

"No—don't bother," said Amelia in an abrupt tone that made Lind look at her in surprize. A slight flush came into Amelia's cheek. She could not understand herself for hating the girl at the moment. "You go out and see how nice it is," she hastened to add, "and Jude'll be down and set the table."

Wondering a little, Lind went out to the corral, where a pair of yearlings came up to the wooden bar and reached out their muzzles at her for stroking.

Caleb finished shaving and pulled on his starched white shirt. Then he picked up the collar Amelia had laid out for him. He looked at it once and laid it down again without a word. Amelia, stirring porridge on the stove, prepared herself for his usual sneering comment. She was thankful Lind had gone out. But no remark from Caleb. He left the collar where it was and passed softly into the other room.

THE HOUSE YOU DREAM ABOUT

Do you know the type of house you would like to build? Look for it in "Houses from Coast to Coast," sent postpaid for 30 cents. This booklet contains thirty new photographs of small houses and their floor-plans collected by Collier Stevenson from North, South, East, and West. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 7th Ave. and 39th St., New York City.

Jude and Ellen and the boys came down one after the other, and breakfast was on the table in a few minutes. Lind entered from the front doorway that looked out on the horse-corral, and her silk gown billowed softly in the little breeze that came in behind her. She carried an armful of pussy-willows that she had gathered in the ditch near the schoolhouse, and placed them in a basket near the organ. Ellen gave them a glance and went into the kitchen abruptly.

"Clutterin' up the house like that," she sniffed to Amelia. "Father will have something to say about her takin' it on herself."

Amelia sighed. "Let him say it, then, Ellen," she replied. "Go and eat your breakfast. Tell the others to sit in. He'll not get to church if we don't eat right away."

On Sundays Caleb said grace. Meals on the other days were taken up with discussions of things on the farm. Lind and the others bowed their heads, but Judith sat upright and looked straight ahead of her. She forced herself to think of something else until Caleb had said "Amen." The thing that actually came into her mind was that he had not the Lord to thank for what they were about to receive, but her, and Martin, and Ellen, Amelia, and even Charlie, whose downcast face was hiding a grin.

"I'd like to take you with me this morning, Martin," said Caleb. "It'd do you a heap o' good, gettin' out among young people for a change. But I don't want you to be ashamed o' your own father, Martin."

Martin's long countenance lifted questioningly. He did not understand what Caleb meant, and before the teacher he dared not ask. So he fell to eating his porridge again, slowly so that he should make no uncouth sound in Lind's presence.

EVERY one ate in silence. An expression of pained regret had come over Caleb's face when he spoke. Amelia knew what that meant. What he was about to say was designed to mortify her, she knew.

"No, Martin, you'll have to wait until some time when I have a clean collar to wear," he said slowly, mildly, almost humorously.

Amelia's face flamed. Her eyes darted to Lind to see if she had heard. But the teacher went on serenely eating her breakfast.

Judith spoke up, in spite of Amelia's quick frown. "Well—I guess you'd have plenty of clean collars if you'd buy more than one a year," she snapped. "And send the stiff ones to Nykerk instead of expectin' ma to do 'em up."

"You're right, Jude. You're right," Caleb chuckled. "Guess I'm a little careless." He pushed his chair back and rose from the table. "Mind hitchin' up Lady, Charlie? You and me'll go to church anyway, collar or no collar." He turned his stooped back upon them and shuffled into the kitchen. Amelia followed him.

"Caleb—you're not going to church without a collar on?" she said in dismay.

He turned slowly and looked at her. "Think the Icelanders'll see what a fine wife you are, eh?" he asked softly. "Well—you go talk to Jude. See she looks to her manners. That young one is gettin' a sight too smart. Understand?" The sour grimace appeared on his face that Amelia was so used to seeing there. He ran his hand over his mustache as if to wipe the expression away. He put on his coat and went out of the house. Amelia was thankful he had not noticed the hump behind his coat-collar.

She hurriedly cleared the table with the girls, and spoke to Judith in a low tone. "You must not cross him or be cheeky to him, Jude. You know he's getting old and can't stand it," she murmured, so that Lind should not hear.

"He's no older now than he ever was. He's always been as bad, and I'm through standin' for it," Jude replied promptly and in no low tone. "Seems to me I've just started growin' a brain enough to know how I hate him!"

"Judith!" cried Ellen, aghast. "Your own father!"

"He's not! I don't care if he is! I don't give a —— for him, and you shut up with your talk!" Jude cried, wheeling upon Ellen.

"Be quiet, Jude!" Amelia said calmly. "You're crazy to go on so! Before strangers!"

Lind had discreetly slipped out the front door.

"She's been that way ever since the teacher came. As if nothing here is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

Pretty clothes cost hundreds a few cents take away Freckles

A CLEAR WHITE skin may be had for less than a new dress, and goes further in giving you a pretty appearance.

Stillman's Freckle Cream has been the world's standard remedy for freckles for 35 years. Freckles, tan, sallowness vanish away under its magic touch. Simply smooth this cool fragrant cream on your skin at bedtime. The rapid improvement will delight you.

Free If You Are Not Satisfied

It has a double action. Freckles are gently dissolved away, and at the same time your skin is whitened. Guaranteed to remove freckles, or money refunded. At druggists and department stores, 50c and $1.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

A free booklet tells you what your type needs to look best. It will introduce other Stillman toilet articles to you. If you buy $3 worth, other than freckle cream, we give you $1.50 bottle perfume free. Write today. The Stillman Co., 1 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Double Action
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

Don't Rinse Your Hair—

make this test

This Quick New Shampoo Makes It Unnecessary

A non-rinsing shampoo—used 20 years by fashionable hairdressers. Now offered you on special trial offer.

In 10 quick minutes *Cleero* washes your hair. 15 minutes to dry it. Your hair is clean and sweet. Gleams with new life and sparkle.

Cleero actually benefits hair and scalp. Because you *don't* have to rinse. Hard or soft water makes no difference—*Cleero* neutralizes all harmful elements.

No more troublesome soap in the eyes. No more colds caught from shampooing. That's why so many hospitals have adopted *Cleero* for their patients.

Cleero brings your hair new life; leaves it soft and silky. But don't take our word. Send 10c for trial bottle. Then note the difference.

Special Offer

Van Ess Laboratories, Inc.
153 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.
Print Name and Address Plainly

Send me trial bottle of *Cleero*. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name.................................
Address.................................
City.................State.................

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid form or waterproof liquid. *75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.*

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Liquid Form
Solid Form

Wild Geese: The Great Prize Novel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

good enough for her any more," Ellen said tartly.

"That's not so! The teacher has nothing to do with it. I've stood enough of his bullyin' of all of us. If he doesn't get a man here soon I'm goin' to leave!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Judith. You have no place to go," Amelia told her.

"Haven't I? You'll see!" She went on drying the dishes then without another word. Ellen's face was a study.

Lind crept under the fence of the sheep-pasture and set out across the field. The scene was painful enough without further agonizing Amelia with her presence. Distressing conflicts of this kind had become increasingly common. She felt vaguely that her coming had seemed to incite Jude to greater rebellion.

Lind wondered, as she had wondered time and again since her coming to Oeland, if there were any means in her power by which she might bring a little happiness into the lives of the Gares. And then in a moment she was overwhelmed by her helplessness against the intangible thing that held them there, slaves to the land. For it extended further than Caleb, this power, altho it worked through him. Lind found herself longing for some one of her own world to talk with, some one to whom she might escape from the oppression of the Gares.

Judith surlily attended to the milking and helped Amelia with the separator, then took Turk, one of the colts, out and proceeded to break him into the saddle. The outraged animal threw her twice, while Martin looked on with a dry smile on his face.

"I don't need to be thrown, Martin," Jude protested. "But I kind o' like it."

"Aw—yes, you do," Martin grinned. "So does Turk."

"Well—you see if he does it again," she retorted, jumping into the saddle once more.

Lind, who had returned from her walk, came and sat on the ground beside Martin. He moved over for her deferentially, and blushed. It was a beautiful morning, full of sunshine, and with Caleb away the atmosphere on the farmstead was almost radiant. Lind felt a releasing of reserve among the children, altho there was not much difference in their conduct, and delighted in being with them. She stared at Judith on the plunging horse, her amazement at the girl's dexterity increasing every moment.

THE animal reared and snorted, pawed the air with his forelegs, and tossed his mane like a black cloud. It was a handsome colt, slender and glossy as black satin, with a fine, blazing eye. For a half-hour Jude wrestled with him, careening in mad circles about the corral, taking near somersaults as the horse's forelegs bent under him and his rear hoofs shot into the air time after time. Her laugh rang out in peals; her eyes were full of mockery. When she came close to the bar of the corral, Lind could see that her wrists, about which the rein was tightly wound, were bleeding.

"Don't you think she ought to stop, Martin?" Lind asked anxiously.

"She wouldn't," said Martin shortly. "He's near done."

When it was over, Jude unsaddled the panting, froth-covered animal, and threw herself down beside Lind and Martin.

"Nothing like a little exercise to make you feel good," she said, wiping her wrists. Her cheeks were deep red, and little beads of moisture shone on her upper lip.

"You're marvelous, Judie," Lind said admiringly, "but you did frighten me once or twice."

"Gee, it's a great day, Mart," Judith observed lightly. "Couldn't you manage to sneak the spring-wagon after dinner and take us up to the Slough? I'd like to get some crocuses. The air smells full of 'em."

"He'd say you was gaddin', like as not," Martin returned dubiously, but his eyes were unusually bright as he leaned back on his elbows and looked on the distant horizon. "I might try, tho."

Lind looked from one to the other of these two Gares, with mixed feelings. The height of their desire this precious April Sunday was to go gathering crocuses, and, simple as the wish was, they took it for granted that somehow it would be denied.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The September issue of Pictorial Review will reach you on the 1st of September instead of the 15th of August. And every month after that please look for it on the first of the month.

"He'll be back from church about now. Sorry you couldn't go, Mart?" Judith's eyes twinkled with mischief, and Martin in appreciation smiled his twisted smile.

THE rattle of a buggy sounded down the road, and Martin rose quickly to unbar the gate. Presently Caleb drove in, with Charlie sitting very straight and important beside him. It was the first time in his life that Charlie had gone to church, and the experience had left its mark on his face and bearing much as a physical shock might have done. Martin, in his quiet, perceiving way, looked at the boy as he got out of the gig. Caleb went on to the house, leaving the two boys to unharness.

"How'd ye like it?" Martin asked.

"I liked the singin' all right, but the rest—I dunno as it was wuth goin' for," he said with a non-committal swagger, hands thrust in pockets. "But the singin'—yeah, it was pretty good. Everybody sung. I sung." He looked down sheepishly and kicked a pebble along the ground. "You better go next time, Mart. There was a lot o' guys there from up north way. An' some girls. I didn't talk to 'em, tho—I mean the guys. Pa said not. Said they was Swedes an' like to beat a little fella like me up—huh! —I could o' licked any o' 'em!"

Martin led the horse to the corral. He saw that Lind and Jude had gone indoors. He was glad. Lind's presence was disturbing to him; he did not know why. Charlie walked thoughtfully beside him.

"Say, Mart—does pa think he's goin' to make us all stay here after we get big?" he asked, frowning. He was an undersized lad and looked up to his brother with some respect because of his superior height. As Caleb had always made a favorite of him, and was amused by his heedlessness, he had nothing but contempt for his sisters, who had been trained never to disobey their father or to speak impudently to him,

"Well, I'm big, Charlie, ain't I? I guess like as not we'll all stay," Martin replied soberly. So now Charlie was beginning to wonder, too.

Charlie was silent as they went to the house. He was only fifteen, it was true. But to-day he had heard singing, and had found he liked to sing with a lot of young people like himself or a little older. There was one boy there he would have liked to talk to. The boy had a red tie, and put a contribution in the plate from his own pocket.

Before dinner on Sunday it was the custom for the family to assemble in the sitting-room and hear Caleb recite the sermon that had been delivered at Yellow Post church. Altho for reasons of his own he did not think it well to permit the family to go to the service, he felt that it was unbefitting a Christian to keep them from the grace of God's Word.

"Will you join us in hearin' the sermon, Miss Archer?" Caleb asked the teacher when Amelia was drawing the chairs into a semicircle in the middle of the room. His manner was his best, suave, gentle, and benevolent. He had taken the Bible down from its place on the shelf above the organ, and held it a little distance away from him as he had seen the new preacher do, as if not to desecrate the book by contact with his sinfully human person.

Lind could not well refuse. She sat down with the others, and Ellen at the organ played "Lead, Kindly Light." Then Caleb held up a hand and intoned the Lord's Prayer. His voice was miraculously soft. Suddenly Lind found herself wanting to cry out against the farce and confront Caleb with the monstrousness of his act. But she sat silent.

Caleb opened the Bible and read.

"Again, I considered all travail, and every right work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. This is also vanity and vexation of spirit.

"The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh.

"Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit.

"Then I returned, and I saw vanity under the sun."

Caleb paused, cleared his throat, and looked significantly at each member of the family, dwelling last upon Lind. The teacher stirred with discomfort under the steely condemnation in the old man's eyes. His voice went on, rising to a grand sonorousness.

"There is one alone, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother: yet is there no end of all his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, For whom do I labour, and bereave my soul of good? This is also vanity, yea, it is a sore travail.

"Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour.

"For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.

"Again, if two lie together, then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone?

"And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken."

Caleb sternly closed the book. "So endeth the lesson," he said huskily.

THE children, waiting for the end of the ordeal, had only half heard the words. But Amelia, naturally pious, had drunk them in. One phrase stuck in her mind. "The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh." That was what he was doing. That was what she was helping him do. Eating his own flesh, here on the land. But for her there was no alternative, no choice save which of her flesh she should eat. Oh, God, it was unendurable! Caleb was going on—and on—the sermon—the new preacher's sermon.

"So must we, who dwell in this lonely land and strive to live Christian lives on the acres the Lord hath given us, cling together for warmth and for good reward for our labor. 'Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit.' Better live here like we are, poor but content, than to seek the world and all its vices for enlargement of our worldly wealth. That, Jude, is for you to think of, careful, and for you, Ellen and Martin, and, like as not, for you, Charlie. 'For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but *woe*'—hear me—'*woe* to him that is alone when he falleth.' Do they understand the lesson, Amelia?"

Amelia murmured, "Yes, I think they all understand it." She could have shouted aloud, beaten his face for his hypocrisy. She could have risen and belabored him with all her strength for his bland misappropriation of a noble passage from the book that had given her many an hour's comfort. But she did nothing but sit and listen attentively until he had, in a hushed voice, given the last blessing.

"This was not strictly an Easter Sunday sermon, you understand. But Reverend Blossom thought it more like for us to have a sermon that would fit in with the season, so he said. What do you think, Amelia?"

"I think it was a well-chosen sermon," said Amelia quietly.

Then they all rose and sat down at the table, while Mrs. Gare brought the food from the kitchen, and Judith, yawning with boredom, helped her.

ON THE following Friday, Gertrude Bjarnasson, who had been friendly toward Ellen the time or two that she had talked with her at Yellow Post, invited Ellen and the teacher for a visit, sending the message to them through the younger children who went to school. Ellen made so bold as to ask Caleb for permission to accompany Lind to the great stone house of the Icelanders on the lake.

Caleb regarded her with pained surprize.

"Do you want them to show you their fine house, and their fishin'-nets, and their boats, and their windmill, when your own father is too poor to have such things? You know how much better they think they are than us," he said gently, wagging his head, "but if you *must* go——"

Ellen sighed. She had never been at the great stone house. She would never, perhaps, be permitted to go. But it was of no use to protest—Amelia would be seen weeping a short time afterward if she did. There was nothing to do but bear with things. And wonder if Malcolm would ever be coming back again. He had said—ah, yes, he had said that he would in the Spring.

It was just a year since Malcolm had left to work in the lumber-mills to the south. And before that there had been only a week or two of incomprehensible, guilty rapture. Malcolm had kissed Ellen but once when they were alone in the barn after milking. An unromantic place save for the witching flood of light from a full moon. It had been a moment of unforgetable bliss.

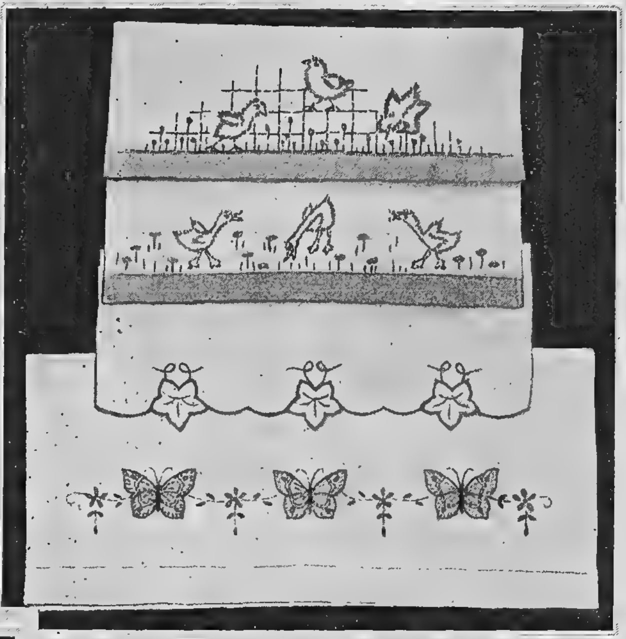
Had Malcolm been less diffident that evening, had he seized the opportunity and taken her away before she had time to reflect, everything would have been different. But Ellen, sustained by her habitual loyalty to Caleb and by the fact that Malcolm had Indian blood in his veins, regained overnight her unbendable control, and Malcolm, wounded and perplexed, went away soon afterward. It was only the pain in her eyes that she could not hide that prompted him to tell her that he would be coming back again. And here it was Spring—after the long Winter.

So, without Ellen, Lind went home that Friday evening with the children of the Bjarnassons, the great clan who lived to the westward.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

Useful as Well as Decorative Are These New Designs

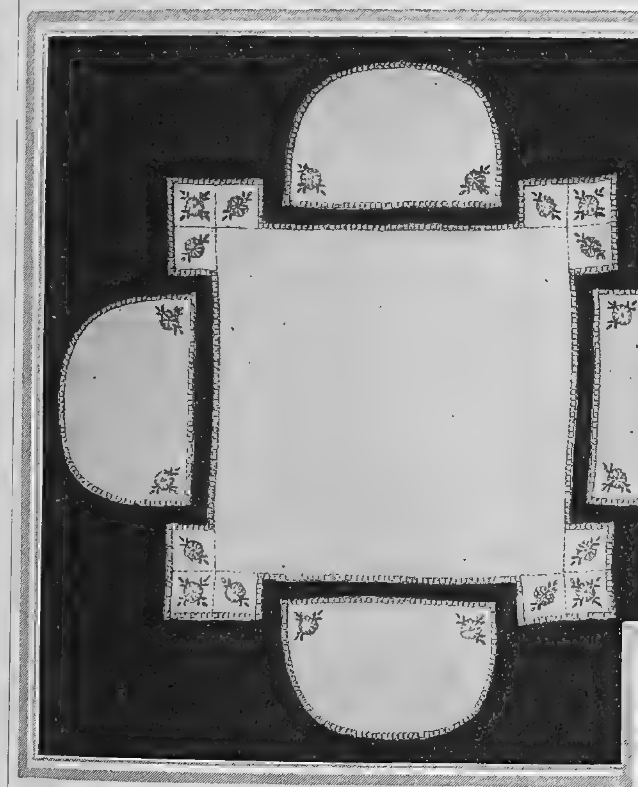
THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13036, blue only, furnishes one each of four towel borders. The butterfly design is a distinctive embroidery, particularly when developed in solid satin, running and buttonhole stitches, using brown for the body, center and antennæ of the design, yellow with pink dots for the wings, pink with yellow centers for the decorative sprays, and green for the leaves. The leaf design with scalloped border is most effective worked in blue in buttonhole stitch with the center and top of the leaf in running stitches of the same color. The borders of chicken motifs are excellent decorations for towels for the children. These designs may be worked in running stitches, using yellow floss with black for the eyes and bills. The floral background may be developed in back stitch in pink, yellow, and green, and the fence in black. This set of towel ends is distinctive. It makes a very effective gift for a linen shower. The stitches employed are the easiest and quickest to handle.



No. 13036—New Towel Ends

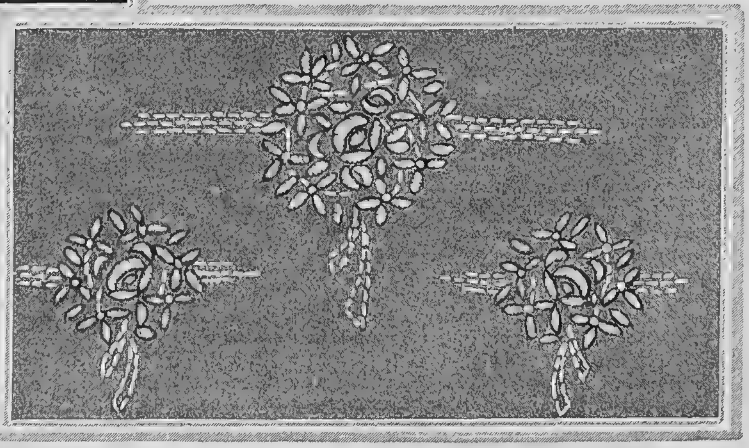
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13033, blue only, provides the shape and design for one 32½-inch cloth and four place mats. It makes an exquisite set for luncheon, breakfast or tea, developed in écru linen, using blue and black silk floss for the edges. The flowers may be worked in two shades of pink, two of lavender, and two of blue, with the leaves in green and the stems in black. The stitches necessary to work up the design are lazy-daisy, one-stitch, and French knots.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13035, blue or yellow, supplies six motifs: three 8½ inches high, three 5¾ inches high. They are suitable motifs for dresses as well as for pillows, scarfs, etc. An effective development is in cotton, silk floss or wool, using single and running stitches. Silver or gold thread is also frequently used to work up this type design.



No. 13033—Breakfast Set

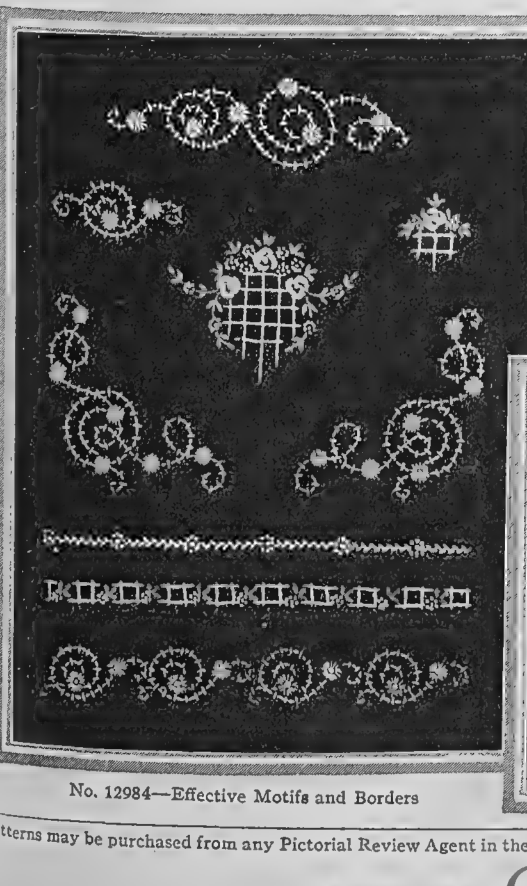
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12984 furnishes 2 yards each of three borders and ten motifs. The borders are ½, ¾, and 2 inches wide, and the motifs range from 2 to 7 inches in height.



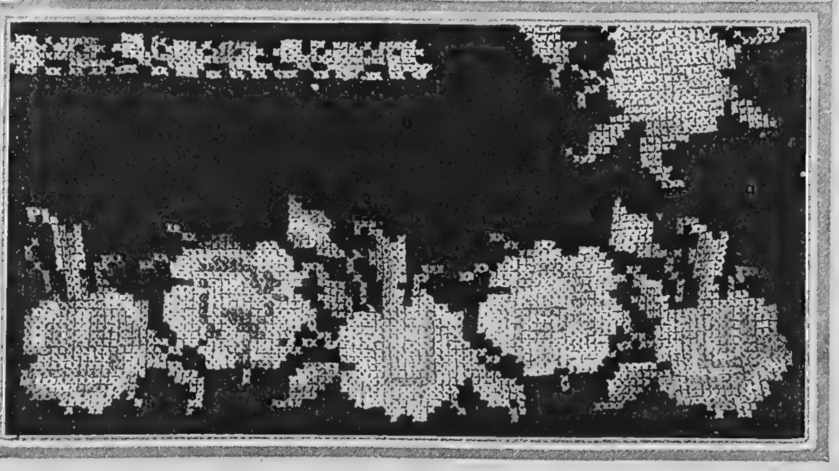
No. 13035—Motifs in Single and Running Stitches

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13032 supplies two borders, each 1¼ yard in length and one 6 inches high, the other 1 inch high, also one and one reverse of a motif 4¾ inches in height. A chart for color placing is furnished. These borders and the motifs are developed in the ever-popular cross-stitch. A well-liked color combination is two shades of green, two of yellow, three of lavender, two of pink, and one of red.

No. 13032—Cross-Stitch Borders and Motifs



No. 12984—Effective Motifs and Borders



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the U. S. and Can. or by mail, postage prepaid. Address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, N. Y. C.

Malcolm E. Russell, Plover, Wisconsin.

Mellin's Food

Give your baby the good health that is obtained from the use of Mellin's Food and milk.

Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants"

Mellin's Food Company
177 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Clarend D. Kelley, Sheffield, Alabama.

For the New Baby—3 Needs in 1

Bassinet—Crib—Playpen—all in one Kiddie-Koop at the price of one good crib.

Used day and night all thru crib years, Kiddie-Koop is an economy investment. Keeps baby off the floor and away from harm, indoors and out. Saves mother many steps, much handling of baby and eliminates worry.

Playpen
Crib at all times

Easy to carry—folds complete to 8 inches. Ivory or white finish. Four sizes. Write today for free illustrated literature, prices and names of local dealers. E. M. Trimble Mfg. Co., 433 Central Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Also Makers of the Baby Bathinette

(This name-plate your protection against substitutes)

MADE ONLY BY TRIMBLE
KIDDIE-KOOP
ROCHESTER
The Modern CRIB Bassinet Playpen

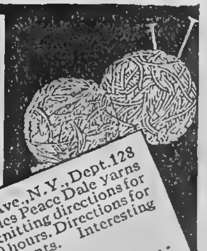
TIRED BURNING FEET

Put Sterizol antiseptic in your foot bath. It relieves the ache, kills odors and leaves feet feeling refreshed. $1.00 jar makes 40 pints of excellent antiseptic. Booklet mailed Free. Of your druggist or by mail enclosing $1.00. Satisfaction or money back.

The Sterizol Co., 128 Water Street, Ossining, New York.

STERIZOL
THE ANTISEPTIC

15¢ *per oz.*



Samples FREE

Peace Dale Mills, 25 Madison Ave., N. Y., Dept. 128
Send me FREE over 200 samples Peace Dale yarns —15c to 27c per oz. Also free knitting directions for 95c sweater—can be knit in 10 hours. Directions for beginners' and children's garments. Interesting Peace Dale story.

Name..............................

Address..............................

Wild Geese: *The Great Prize Novel*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

The air was soft and vibrant with the whir of migratory wild fowl. Rain-pools filled the ditches along the road, and lay like stained glass in the low sun; the overhanging willows were in full leaf now, the sedges vividly green and as yet unbowed by a single wind. Such a new, ecstatic world of growth! Behind the Bjarnasson children in the cart, Lind held out her hands as if to gather in the beauty of it from the wide air.

In the great stone house on the lake dwelt four generations of Bjarnassons. Old Erik, who was among the first of the Icelanders to settle at Oeland, had seen his land pass in turn from his son to his son's son. Erik was well into the eighties now, a time for dreaming much, and fishing a little when the sun was warm on the white rocks in the cove. Young Erik himself was married long since and sent his children to the Oeland school. It was young Erik's father, Mathias, who had built the stone house.

Mathias was a massive man, sixty now, but eternal in endurance, eternal in warmth and hospitality of nature. The house he had built with his own hands was like him, was a square stone image of him. He had excavated the earth and built its rugged, lasting foundation; had hauled stones in slow wagon-loads, and with the care and fineness of a woman patterning lace, had fitted them together in the mortar and had built four broad walls to the blue.

In all that region there was not another house like it.

Its western windows were aflame with light from a red sun like a welcome when Andres and Helga drove up the road with the teacher. Below the house lay the lake, wrought through and through with silver and rose.

HELGA escorted Lind into the house. The immaculate kitchen had a warm, good smell, like cinnamon. There were round "rag" mats on the floor, which was white as bread.

Helga's mother had never been in Iceland, but her English was so little used that it halted here and there. Such was the isolation of the place.

"You will like coffee now, maybe," she said to Lind half shyly. "Bring the teacher a chair, Helga."

She hurried about, a round little figure of a woman with a round, unchanging face. From an immense wooden cupboard with red-glass doors she brought out cups and saucers, and certain thin wafers rolled up tightly in sugar. And while Lind ate and drank she sat with her hands clasped in her lap, never saying a word.

From an inner room Lind heard a steady, muffled sound, between a hum and a purr.

"It is grandmother spinning," said Mrs. Bjarnasson. "She is blind, but she spins. She spins all of our wool."

"She speaks no English, of course," said Lind.

She spoke none. But when Lind went in and shook hands with her the ancient lady raised her face to hers as if she were looking at her with recognition. She was so stooped that as she sat at the spinning-wheel her head was almost level with the distaff.

She murmured something in Icelandic.

"She means that you are good to look on," said Mrs. Bjarnasson the younger. "She always says she can see people's faces when they speak the first time to her. She will tell your fortune if you ask her."

Lind was eager to hear the old lady, who drew aside from her spinning and took both of the teacher's hands in her own withered ones. She held them and turned her knotted, brown face, that had something of the sheen of a cocoon, upward to the light, her eyes sealed.

She spoke rapidly, in a queer, lilting voice. The younger Mrs. Bjarnasson interpreted as she went along.

"She says you will have a lover very soon," Lind was told. "There is a shadow over him. You will never know the secret of him. But you will be happy. That is all—that is enough, she has told you."

Lind laughed, but a ripple crossed her heart. "Does she always tell the truth?" Lind asked.

"Wait and see," said Mrs. Bjarnasson, nodding her head.

Superstition here lay along life in a broad vein.

The men came in to supper from work in the fields and along the shore: young Erik's brothers, Peter and Valdemar, and his cousin, Johan; Mathias laughing mightily at some joke he had turned on one of them.

They spoke in the Icelandic, simple and rough, not thinking to change in behalf of the teacher. They spoke no ill; why should they affect a strange tongue to prove it? Each greeted Lind with an awkward politeness. The women of the family they each kissed in turn. It was the custom.

THERE were other women in the family as well: Gertrude and Althea, sisters of young Erik, and Althea, his maiden aunt. The women were in constant attendance upon Lind, to see that she was at ease. While supper was being prepared the elder Althea, who was somewhat intellectual, brought her a book of Icelandic sagas translated into English, and placed a stool under her feet to insure her comfort; then she moved as quietly away as a wraith.

The supper was a vast affair of fish that had been brought from the "great" river, dried meats, potatoes, and many kinds of crisp sugared cakes, and many cups of coffee. The men ate heartily of the fish, lifting it in their hands and consuming head, eyes, and all. To Lind it was a revelation.

A wind rose suddenly before the meal was over, and in a surprizingly short time the lake was breaking in a long shudder against the rocky shore. Quiet descended upon the family group, as from some unseen force outside.

"Baldur will not rest to-night," the elder Althea murmured in her language. Her eyes were bright and strangely young, altho she was fifty and had never married.

"Baldur was a fool to defy the lake that night. He will be a long time on the bottom," grunted the younger Erik. But he started as a door slammed to in the upper part of the house.

"Tell the teacher," Gertrude said. She was round-eyed and pretty. She had stared uninterruptedly at the teacher throughout the meal. Now there was a detached look in her face.

"The teacher has heard, like as not," began young Erik in the uneven vowel-tones of the Icelander. "The Gares know, I think."

"No," said Lind. "I have not heard anything."

"The lake has two of our family. One, my brother Gisli; one, my sister Althea's promised husband. They were friends, and they quarreled. They carried their quarrel into the lake in two boats. It was a storm—the lake took them. We have not yet found any of them—not a small sign. Until so, we do not let others fish in the lake. Caleb Gare, he says, yes, he shall fish. We say not. We are a family, Mees Archer—a great family. We shall not let others in to fish where our dead lays buried," Young Erik ended sternly.

Lind trembled and thrilled.

"No, they will not rest until we find them," said the elder Althea. Her niece and namesake sat still with her eyes downcast.

There followed tales of supernatural events, of visions and omens, and of disaster that befell the unheeding. The great, grizzled Mathias told solemnly of the ancient pride of the Bjarnassons in Iceland, and of the dire fate of one who was disloyal to that pride, to that great bond. Told of how the curse of the ancients fell upon him, and of how his days were a torment and his nights a madness, so that even death could not bring forgetfulness.

There was a weird poetry in Mathias's telling, a great rhythm of melancholy romance. He had lived much in communion with solitude, and had come to know that there is an unmeasurable Alone surrounding each soul, and that nameless and undreamed are the forms that drift within that region. So that it was well for the members of a great family to cleave together and so ward off the dreads of the great Alone.

When the teacher went to bed finally, the storm had abated. High above the soughing of the wind under the great eaves of the stone house, Lind heard the trailing clangor of the wild geese. Their cry smote upon the heart like the loneliness of the universe—a magnificent seeking through solitude—an endless quest.

THE farm of Thorvald Thorvaldson lay half-way between the Gares' and the Bjarnassons'.

Thorvald had nine girls and no boys. Consequently his farm was a fragment of neglect, a ragged piece of land of no value save as a hindrance to Caleb Gare's ambition to extend his pastures farther westward. Which hindrance, Thorvald maintained, was gratifying in itself.

Lind stopped there on her way home from the Bjarnassons' to speak to Mrs. Thorvaldson about the condition of the scalps of her younger daughters. She would bring the matter up delicately.

From the seat of the Bjarnasson children's cart, Lind saw Mrs. Thorvaldson struggling with the cattle in the milk-yard—saw her pushed and jostled about by the unmanageable animals, which she was trying to separate. Lind saw also that she was heavy with child.

Somehow Lind could not bring herself to mention the heads. She waved good morning to the woman and then told Andres to drive back. She would use kerosene herself on the young ones.

From the top of the sharp ridge that looked down upon the forks where three roads met, from the north, the east, and the west, Lind saw a man on horseback. His head was bare, his hat slung across the pommel of his saddle. His clothes, the contour of his well-groomed head, even the way he sat astride his horse, signified to Lind that he was from the world beyond Nykerk Siding, the direction from which he had come. For some reason she felt shy about encountering him, and asked Andres to rein in and let the stranger pass ahead of them on the forks. Andres stopped his horse, and Lind saw that the man on horseback rode on without having seen them.

Mark Jordan smiled broadly to him-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

THE STORY OF A PRAIRIE POET

Pictorial Review for September will introduce you to one of America's most extraordinary characters — Carl Sandburg, the Prairie Poet. Read the stupendous task that has occupied him for over seventeen years.

The Lure of Bobbed Locks!

For her whose beauty is emphasized by the boyish bob, the use of the right shampoo is most essential. Every curl must be perfectly clean, fluffy enough to admit the play of sun and breeze and show at its very best.

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

is recommended by thousands of women to get this result—both on long and short hair. Not only does it make the hair more beautiful but it has a healthful effect on the scalp, dissolving and removing dandruff and excess oil.

Convenient—Economical

Easily used and costs only three cents a shampoo. The thick lather will carry off with it all the excess oil and grimy grease, leaving each strand fluffy, soft and exquisitely perfumed. At all good drug stores.

FREE Trial Offer

We want you to know that Canthrox is the most pleasant, effective and economical shampoo, and we will send enough for a thorough shampoo on receipt of two cents for postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.
214 W. Kinzie St., Dept. 562
Chicago

Malvina CREAM

Booklet FREE

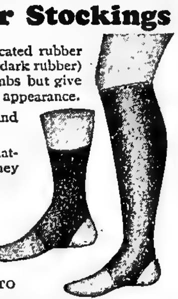
Don't cover up a poor complexion with rouge, paint and powder! Develop and preserve a clear, lovely skin. Bring out your natural beauty by using Malvina Cream, Lotion and Malvina Ichthyol Soap as perfected by

Prof. I. Hubert's
Famous Secret Formula

Malvina preparations have been in use over 50 years. Thousands of testimonials from women everywhere. For sale where toilet goods are sold. Write for free booklet "She Won a Husband"—contains many beauty hints.

Prices
Cream $.55
Lotion .55
Soap .30
All $1.40
Postpaid—Send money order

Prof. I. Hubert, Dept. 985, Toledo, Ohio



Reduce Your Limbs with DR. WALTER'S
Medicated Rubber Stockings

The wearing of these wonderful medicated rubber anklets and stockings (in either light or dark rubber) will not only reduce and shape the limbs but give excellent support and a neat and trim appearance.

They relieve swelling varicose veins and rheumatism promptly.

Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat and keep it in the body. They stimulate the circulation and are a great protection against cold and dampness.

Anklets, per pair $7.00
Stockings, per pair $12.00
Send ankle and calf measure

WRITE FOR BOOKLET TO
DR. JEANNE Q. WALTER, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

No. 10
PRICE $6.00

Rock-A-Bye Roadster

Makes Baby Happy

THIS ROADSTER is the only one in which it is not necessary to tie or strap the baby. Baby is perfectly comfortable while in the seat and can't get out. The seat is made of washable gray material. The frame is strong and durable. Disc wheels are enameled and have rubber tires. Your baby will be happy in this *Rock-A-Bye Roadster.*

Get one for him at any store where nursery supplies are sold, or write for our nursery accessory catalog.

PERFECTION MANUFACTURING CO.,
2705 N. Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Wild Geese: The Great Prize Novel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

self as he jogged along the road on the Indian pony he had hired at the Siding to take him to the farm of the Hungarian, Anton Klovacz. His greenish, ironical eyes, that could in an instant take on the shadow of a dream, searched the dust in the road ahead of him, and saw never the track or trace of human passage. For a day, then, fully, the road had been empty save, perhaps, for the foraging sparrows. What an ideal place to come to, away from Arbuthnot and his wife and their eternal friends, who would leave their tracks on pavement, if self-importance counted for anything! But then—perhaps he was unfair.

Arbuthnot wasn't such a rotter in some ways. But he did get on the nerves of a man whose nerves were raw to begin with—with his everlasting talk on art and the City Beautiful of To-morrow. A good architect, in his way, but an unbearable ass. No better as an architect than Mark himself, if it came to that, for all his name and fame. Well, he was free of it all for a half-year, thanks to good old Doc Brisbane! There was a medico with perception! One who could tell what the soul of a man wanted long before the body tumbled to it, fret about it as it might in the quest.

Heavens, how good this air was! It smelled like the young lilac-leaves you used to suck against your lips and break with a snap when you were a kid, or like the slippery-elm bark you used to chew and make a viscous cud of! Dwelling on his childhood, Mark thought of the kindly old priests in the mission who had given him everything in the way of training and education in the hope that his mind would develop along religious lines. If they had harbored any resentment, they had concealed it well, and had encouraged him when he took early to architecture. He would have to go back and visit them when this "jump-cure," as old Brisbane called it, was effected.

Mark paused in the road and looked out over the prairie, flat and new-looking, as tho hills had not yet been dreamed of by its Creator. On the north side of the road there was stiff timber, scantily green as yet, springing up from ground that was black and scarred from an old fire. Mark dismounted and stepped in among the charred stumps of the old trees. At the base of one, leaning against it as if for shelter, grew a tiny wood-violet, almost colorless. He looked at it, but did not pluck it as he was first tempted to do. He laughed at himself for his compassion and walked back to his horse.

"We all do that—lean up against burnt stumps—somehow or other," he mused. And then he wondered, rather irrelevantly, he thought, "What would have happened to me if mother and father had lived?"

AS HE rode along, a mood of loneliness overtook him—the same cold feeling of belonging nowhere that he had had at night when he was a little boy, after the priest had put the light out and he lay listening to the rain on the glass of the window. He shook himself impatiently. Time he was getting over that morose habit now, when he was nearing thirty.

He looked over his shoulder and saw that the sun was only a fillip of gold on the rim of the horizon. A steady blue was creeping over the prairie in place of the magnificent light that had been there the moment before. The churr of the frogs had begun in the ditches along the road, and the small leaves on the willows hung with a faint indolence. Suddenly Mark stopped his horse to listen. He lifted his face up to catch the strange sound that was passing over him, a great summoning trumpet-call that seemed to hollow out the heavens.

"Wild geese," he said aloud. "They sound as if they know something about it—something about being alone."

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Beginning with the September issue Pictorial Review will be on sale on the first of the month. For instance, the September issue will come out September 1st instead of August 15th as hitherto, the October issue will appear October 1st instead of September 15th, and so on.

ON a morning ringing with bird-song Ellen and Martin took the wagon into the bush for wood. It was before school-time, an hour after sunrise, and the teacher, who always breakfasted, of course, with the family, rode with them.

When the horse came to a stand Lind asked Ellen and Martin to listen. In the stillness among the dogwood-trees the first sunlight lay like a faint yellow dust. Suddenly a catbird called. Lind trilled, whistled. The catbird returned the salute on the identical note. Lind laughed. There was a birdish laugh from the trees.

"We used to do that when we were kids," said Ellen. "A long time ago——"

"Remember that blue jay we saw, Ellen? That one that was mad at the catbirds?" Martin put in. There was something almost eager in his voice.

Ellen laughed her half-startled laugh. She did everything suddenly, nervously, after a period of slow considering.

Lind followed them into the timber, where Martin fell to with the ax, cleaving with sloping blows into the bole of a dry birch. The swing and shock of the ax broke into the cool morning and woke a chorus of echoes. While Martin chopped, Lind helped Ellen drag the trees which were small into a clearing. Then Ellen, with a small hatchet, trimmed them down to the trunk. Afterward they piled them into the wagon, and saw that the sun was now free of the bush and that it must be well on toward nine o'clock.

BEFORE Ellen returned to the wagon the last time, she ran a thorn through her shoe and into her foot. But she said nothing about it. Ellen had come to pride herself on her stoic endurance of physical pain, and no matter how small or great it was pain was no longer distinguished for her by its *degrees* of suffering.

Martin was happy this morning. Lind saw that he was, and would have liked to engage him in conversation about himself, but knew his shyness.

It always made him happy to feel his strength where results were immediate. He did not know, however, that this was the cause of his mood. He would have whistled or even stamped with both feet on the floor of the wagon had the teacher not been there.

Caleb Gare was examining a number of cattle in the barnyard when Martin and Ellen returned. They had left the teacher at the school.

Caleb called to Martin:

"These steers go in to the Siding to-morrow. Take Ellen with you."

Martin wondered to himself what object there was in selling steers just now, but he said nothing. Then he noticed that one of the animals was a favorite of Judith's, which she had raised and planned to sell in the Fall in order to get a Winter coat. Still he made no comment. It was Judith's steer.

That day Ellen applied poultices of hot soaked bread to her foot. Amelia was concerned about it, but, as was her way, made no mention of it to Caleb when he came in for the noon meal.

Charlie had given Amelia further cause for distress that morning. He had ridden the mare so hard that she had come home in a white froth; and Charlie knew it was forbidden to spend the animal in such a way. The mare was still quivering in the stable when Caleb examined her. It happened that Judith had just returned from the muskeg, where, mounted on Prince, she had roped out a calf that had broken from the pasture with a number of cows.

Caleb entered the house. Amelia, busily taking biscuits from the oven for dinner, saw his face and knew that something had happened. Ellen's foot and now trouble over the mare. Amelia pushed her hair back from her hot forehead.

"Where is Judith?" Caleb demanded, the points of his eyes like steel.

Ellen, who was setting the table, straightened her narrow back and listened. So Judith, thoughtless of Amelia, had done something again.

"She's putting ointment on her hands," Amelia said.

"And well she might! Ointment! T-t-ch! Bring her here!"

"What is it, Caleb? What has she done?"

"Done! Bring her here, I say!" The veins swelled in his neck to livid welts. Amelia hurried past him to call Jude from the loft, but the girl had heard the conversation where she stood up-stairs.

She came into the kitchen, her hands hanging before her and covered with yellow salve where the rope with which she had rescued the calf had burned into the flesh. She regarded Caleb coldly.

"Well?" she asked.

Caleb approached her, his head jutting forward from his shoulders.

"Don't you 'well' me! What have you done with the mare? What have you done with her, I say?" His voice rose from a sort of husky whisper to a thin peal.

"I wasn't ridin' the mare!"

"Then who had her? Who had her but you?—tell me that."

"Charlie rode the mare, Caleb! I told him before he took her out to be easy with her," Amelia put in hurriedly.

Caleb threw back his head with a jerk. He laughed. "You did! Well, well!"

LAUGHING softly, he shuffled into the other room and sat down to the table. Presently the others came in and quietly took their places. When Lind entered and threw her wide lacy hat upon the hair sofa, Amelia winced at the incongruity of her presence in the room. The teacher smiled at them all and sat down in her chair. "It's the most beautiful day we have had yet this Spring," she remarked. "I have never seen the sky so blue or the trees so green. The rain last night seems to have cleared the whole world. It must have been fine for the crops, Mr. Gare?"

"H'm—yes, yes indeed. So she threw you, eh, Charlie?" Caleb asked the boy, scarcely glancing at Lind in reply to her question. He winked at Charlie, and Charlie grinned broadly. The youngest of the Gares had a habitual snuffle which Amelia had tried in vain to correct. He was an anemic-looking boy, and cared little for anything except that which was forbidden. This trait appealed to Caleb, and he chose to humor it, to the annoyance and indignation of the others, especially Judith. Charlie had always taken advantage of his father's leniency.

"Nix," said Charlie. "She smelt a bear. The Klovaczs shot at two last night—one got away with a pig."

"Bears, eh? That means trouble," Caleb observed, to switch the subject. "Have to look out on the way to Nykerk to-morrow, Martin. Keep Ellen under cover. She's nice and plump. Eh, Ellen?" He leaned over and playfully tweaked Ellen's arm. She smiled dutifully. Judith made a grimace which she did not try to hide.

To the end of the meal Caleb was genial, jovial, in fact. No further mention was made of the mare. Judith had not ridden her, after all.

FOR the rest of that day Judith's hands were of no use to her, so she slipped away with her dog, Pete, through the bush to a little ravine where a pool had gathered below the thread of a spring. Pete caught a scent and was off, and Judith was left alone.

It was clingingly warm, as before rain. Not knowing fully what she was doing, Judith took off all her clothing and lay flat on the damp ground, with the waxy feeling of new, sunless vegetation under her. She needed to escape, to fly from something—she knew not what.

Caleb—Ellen—the farm—the hot reek of manure in the stable when it was close as to-day. Life was smothering, overwhelming her, like a pillow pressed against her face, like a feather tick pinning down her body.

She would have struck Caleb to-day had it not been for Amelia. Always pity stood in the way of the tide of violence she felt could break from her. Pity for Amelia, who would get what Caleb did not dare mete out to her, Judith.

Oh, how knowing the bare earth was, as if it might have a heart and a mind hidden here in the woods! The fields that Caleb had tilled had no tenderness, she knew. But here was something forbiddenly beautiful, secret as one's own body. And there was something beyond this. She could feel it in the freeness of the air, in the depth of the earth. Under her body there were, she had been taught, eight thousand miles of earth. On the other side, what? Above her body there were leagues and leagues of air, leading like wings—to what?

The marvelous confusion and complexity of all the world had singled her out from the rest of the Gares. She was no longer one of them. Lind Archer had come, and her delicate fingers had sprung a secret lock in Jude's being. She had escaped like a chrysalis. There was no going back now into the darkness.

Sven Sandbo, he would be home in May, so they said. Was it Sven she wanted, now that she was so strangely free? Judith looked straight above her through the network of white birch and saw the bulbous, white country that a cloud made against the blue. Something beyond Sven, perhaps. Freedom, freedom. She dipped her blistered hands down into the clear topaz of the pool, lifted them and dipped them and lifted them, letting the drops slip off the tips of her fingers each time like tiny cups of light.

She thought of the teacher, of her dainty hands and her soft, laughing eyes—she came from another life, another

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Free at last
No more perspiration ruined dresses

NO WOMAN can radiate freshness and sweetness—her greatest charm—so long as she is annoyed by excessive underarm perspiration. Neither can she avoid ruined gowns nor the embarrassment of armpit odor. By all means, such women should begin at once, the use of NONSPI, which—

Keeps the Underarms Dry and Odorless

NONSPI destroys the odor and diverts the excessive moisture from the underarms to other portions of the body. NONSPI (a pure antiseptic liquid)—approved by high medical authority—used by more than a million women—and sold by druggists and toilet dealers everywhere.

TRY NONSPI! The price is only 50c and each bottle will last you several months, or we will, upon request, mail you a Testing Sample FREE, with booklet telling what medical authorities say about armpit perspiration.

THE NONSPI COMPANY
2625 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

TRADE NONSPI MARK

THE NONSPI COMPANY,
2625 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.
Without obligation please send free testing sample to:

Name__________
Street__________
City__________

If you already use NONSPI, please send us the name of a friend who does not.

Easily and quickly fade away
Dr. C. H. Berry's Freckle Ointment—a dainty, fragrant, snow-white cream—benefits and refreshes your complexion. Try it today. At all drug or department stores, or by mail, prepaid. Price 65c and $1.25. Beauty booklet free.
Dr. C. H. BERRY COMPANY
2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

CALLOUSES
Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.
At drug and shoe stores everywhere
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone

CLARK'S 6TH CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD
Superb "Laconia", Jan. 20, incl., Hilo, Peking; 128 Days, $1250 to $3000. MEDITERRANEAN, new "Transylvania", Jan. 30, incl. Lisbon, Tunis, 15 days Palestine-Egypt; 62 days, $600 to $1700. SOUTH AMERICA to Buenos Aires; new S. S. "Caledonia", Feb. 4; 50 days, $550 to $1250. Norway in 1926, $550 to $1300.
Longest experienced management.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

21,000 WOMEN
and girls, 15 up, have learned to DESIGN and CREATE their own gowns. Many do outside work and make
$25 to $60 A WEEK
Utilize your waste moments.
SAMPLE LESSONS FREE.
MAIL COUPON TODAY SURE.
CUT HERE
Franklin Institute
Dept. E-655
Rochester, N. Y.
Send me FREE SAMPLE GOWN LESSONS at once.
Name__________
Address__________

Wild Geese: The Great Prize Novel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

world. She would go back there again. Her hands would never be maps of blisters as Jude's were now, from tugging a calf out of a mud-hole. Jude hid her hands behind her and pressed her breast against the cold ground. Hard, senseless sobs rose in her throat, and her eyes smarted with tears. She was ugly beyond all bearing, and all her life was ugly. Suddenly she was bursting with hatred of Caleb. Her large, strong body lay rigid on the ground and was suddenly unnatural in that earthy place. Then she relaxed and wept like a woman.

JUDITH dressed, whistled to Pete, and when he came bounding joyously toward her, walked slowly back home. On the way she passed the north cow-pasture where Caleb kept a few bull calves among the milch cows. She leaned against the fence and looked in at two of the plump young bulls who were dancing about and playfully skulling each other, having apparently just discovered their sprouting horns. She saw how they had developed since she had last observed them. Their grisly, stupid faces had become more surly, their flanks heavier, their dewlaps smoother and whiter and thicker.

Caleb would soon be ringing their noses, and they would become spiritlessly ugly, with all this madcap frenzy suppressed. They were beautiful bulls, and would bring a nice sum from one of the Icelanders, perhaps. Judith felt an inner excitement in watching them. She turned to go, feeling dismayed that she should be so attracted by the young beasts. But a curiosity over which she had no control held her there for many minutes. Ah, how violent they were becoming in their play!

Judith heard Charlie crashing through the timber on his horse, calling the cattle. With the dog at her heels she fled home.

Ellen was examining her foot when Jude came into the house.

"I can take the cattle with Martin to-morrow, Ellen," Jude said sympathetically. "Your foot looks like it's spavined."

"It'll be all right in the morning, I hope," Ellen replied. "Father wants me to go."

"Huh!" Judith retorted. "And you'd go, too—on crutches!"

"Hush, girls!" Amelia pleaded. "Let's not have any more trouble to-night. The mare's enough for one day."

HOWEVER, when Caleb came in from the stable, Judith took pains to mention to Ellen again her willingness to go in her place. The teacher, working at her desk at the other end of the room, watched Caleb out of the corner of her eye. She made a little wager with herself that he would appear not to have heard Judith. She won the wager.

After a moment Caleb, looking up from his agricultural journal, called loudly to Amelia, who was in the kitchen.

"Heard to-day that Sven Sandbo's comin' up from the Siding to-morrow."

Jude's color rose at once. Ellen glanced at her. Both knew, as did the teacher, that he had not been off the farm all day and could not possibly have heard such a thing, no one having stopped in.

A little later, after he had talked casually on other things, he turned to Judith and said, "You can use the new harrow on the east garden to-morrow, Jude."

"Ellen can't go with Martin the way her foot is," Judith observed.

"You mean, Jude, not if Sven Sandbo is comin' up from Nykerk. Hah! Hah! Caught you that time!" He laughed heartily, passing his hand across his mustache. His eyes gleamed with open-hearted mischief. How he loved to have sport with the girls on the subject of beaus! "You're too young to be moonin', Jude. I notice it in you lately. Haven't you, Miss Archer?"

Lind smiled at Judith, who sprang up furious. Caleb regarded her with amusement. "Mother, I'm afraid Jude is forgettin' herself." He turned and, chuckling almost inaudibly, went out once more to inspect something about the place.

"Oh, Jude, you know what that always means!" Ellen whispered so Lind should not hear. "Why on earth can't you control yourself?"

But Judith was sitting dumb and somber at the window, looking out into the twilight. In a few minutes she got up and began to help Amelia with the supper.

"I wish we could stop eating once in a while," Amelia sighed. "It gets tiresome."

Caleb did not come in at all for supper. Every one, even Lind, knew the significance of that. After the children had gone to bed he would be heard talking in a low tone to Amelia, and in the morning her eyes would be ringed with shadows. During the meal Ellen looked across the table at Judith with the rebuke that the younger girl had come to hate. Judith bolted her food and went up-stairs.

When Caleb returned indoors it was to announce bedtime. He did so pleasantly, but Amelia saw below his pleasantness. The children and Lind went to the loft. Caleb was the clock by which the family slept, woke, ate, and moved.

"Five in the morning, everybody. Ellen and Martin are goin' to take the steers in to Nykerk, remember," he called after them.

EVERY one, including Lind, to whom the tyranny was rather novel, was at breakfast at half past five.

There was this to be said about the enforced early rising: you saw the unbelievable dawn whether you wished to or not. It unfolded like a vast flower over the edge of the horizon. The earth was clear and dark under it, as if seen through blue glass. One was aware for the first time of standing on a sphere that moved rhythmically through space. It was an hour of crystal-clear perceptions.

But breakfast was a bleak affair. Ellen was pale from the pain in her foot, and Amelia torn between mother solicitude and wifely submission. Caleb and Martin talked about the sale of the cattle; no mention was made of Judith's steer, altho Martin resolved to see that she was given one in its place.

Judith sullenly hurried out after she had had a cup of coffee, and began to pitch manure into the cart. Her hands were still swollen and sore, but pride kept her from complaining. If Ellen could stand it for Amelia's sake, she could.

Ellen and Martin drove away with the steers before the teacher could say good-by to them. She ran out and watched them disappear down the road, Martin stooped over on the wagon-seat like an old, tired man, Ellen sitting rather too stiff to be natural.

And Caleb Gare left to attend a business meeting of the church at Yellow Post. Altho it took time from his own affairs, it pleased him to be one of the trustees of the church, as he was of the school. The pleasure came mainly from seeing that none of the other guardians of the church funds profited from them.

It was because he had a little suspicion concerning Bjorn Aronson, who was treasurer of the church funds, that he went to the meeting that particular day.

He watched the younger brother of Fusi Aronson narrowly throughout the meeting, in which it was taken for granted that the money Bjorn was entrusted with lay safely in the strong box at the Aronson farm. Caleb saw no reason why Bjorn, at this time of the year, should have been able to buy three head of pure-bred Jersey cattle from that heathen, Klovacz, who did not even belong to the church. Caleb had singled out the new cattle in the herd, and had recognized them at once.

After the meeting he stepped up behind Bjorn, who was untying his horses from the hitching-post.

"See you have some Jerseys," he said, tapping the young man on the shoulder. Bjorn started. Caleb smiled.

"Ya-a, sure," said Bjorn.

"Get 'em at the Siding?"

"Naa-ow. Bought from Klovacz. He needed money before he goes away," Bjorn said. His eyes traveled down the road. Caleb smiled again, balancing back on his heels thoughtfully. Bjorn got into his wagon and drove down toward Yellow Post proper, giving his horses the whip.

BJORN was not the man his brother was, but because Fusi was honest Oeland took it that good blood ran all the way through the family. There they made their little mistake, Caleb thought to himself, congratulating himself upon having discovered a stain upon the Aronson escutcheon which he might with ease lay his finger on. No, he had long known that Bjorn was not the boy his brother was. Bjorn had not even troubled to learn English with the pain that Fusi had given to it. Caleb would pay a little visit to Fusi on the way home, he decided.

There was another little matter that Caleb thought it would be advantageous to attend to. He got into his cart, clucked to the horse, and headed him in the direction of the Klovacz homestead. The day was pleasant and Caleb was in an exceedingly good humor. By turning his head westward he could look upon his own fields, already green and promising. On the east lay the straggling, stony land of Anton Klovacz, with his few acres of miserable timothy. He laughed at the irony that lay in Mark Jordan's coming to this morose patch of land, all that Anton Klovacz, with rarest good luck pending upon the granting of the government title, would leave in his will a few short months hence!

Caleb turned into the narrow, infrequently used wood road that led past Anton Klovacz's outbuildings. He drove slowly, and let the wheels run on the grass alongside, so that there should be as little sound as possible from them. He craned his neck to see all that he could of the Klovacz place.

It was months since he had talked with Anton, but he had heard at Yellow Post that the man was failing fast and was leaving very soon for the city where a great specialist was to examine him. But that news only corroborated the statement of Bart Nugent, who in his last letter had told Caleb that Mark Jordan was leaving at once to tend to Klovacz's homestead during his absence.

Bart was a clever man, and he had done Caleb a lifelong service, never suspecting to what purpose. Bart had fondly thought that Caleb had Mark's interest at heart because of Amelia. A veterinary surgeon and a keeper of stables, Bart had managed to continue his acquaintance with Mark Jordan in a friendly fashion even after the War, and had faithfully reported every move that the young man made. Caleb chuckled to himself when he reviewed the situation. Bart had been a good sort. But now——

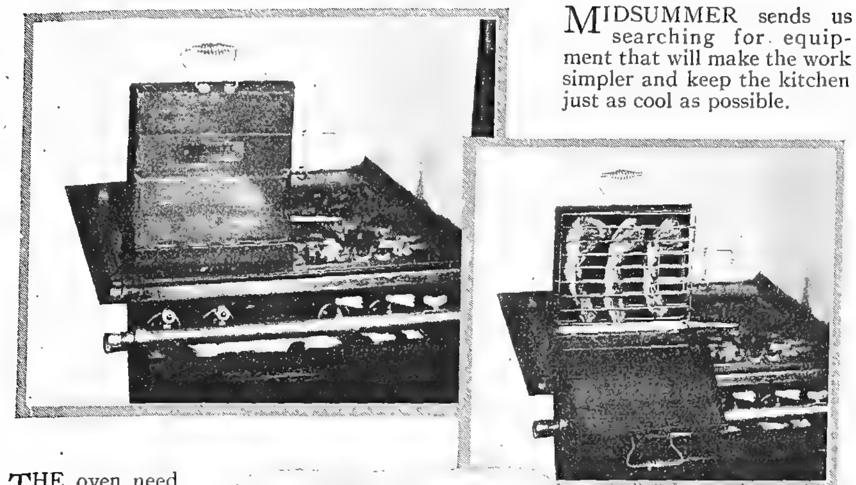
CALEB removed his last letter from his vest pocket, together with one from the hospital which had forwarded it to him. He shook his head, and a look came into his eyes that was seldom seen there. Amelia must never learn that Bart Nugent was gone. For it was Bart and his assiduous reporting on Mark that she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

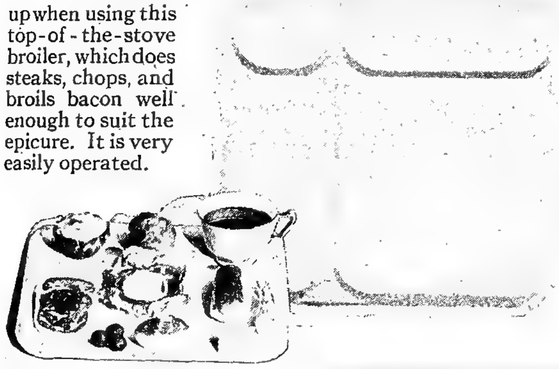
The Home Bureau

Tools for Women

MIDSUMMER sends us searching for equipment that will make the work simpler and keep the kitchen just as cool as possible.

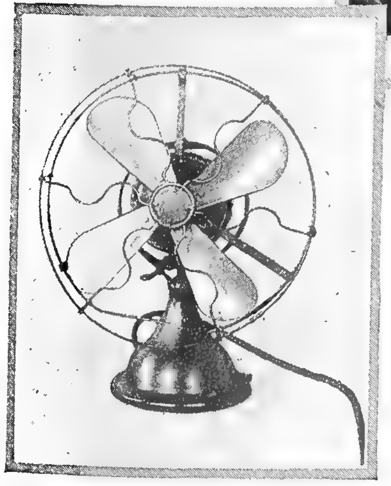


THE oven need not be heated up when using this top-of-the-stove broiler, which does steaks, chops, and broils bacon well enough to suit the epicure. It is very easily operated.



FOR serving the informal home meal or the picnic luncheon this combination tray is unique and saves dish-washing. The outfit consists of an aluminum tray and a glazed-paper filler divided into sections. It holds comfortably a meat, salad, some relishes, bread and butter, coffee, and the dessert.

A SET of refrigerator dishes is a great help toward solving the problem of making the most of a storage-space which is usually very much overcrowded. This glass set consists of four dishes, two large and two small ones, which can be arranged to suit one's convenience. When you wish the dishes to play a hot-or-cold double rôle, an oven-proof set can be purchased.



AN electric fan is an all-the-year-round convenience in the household; but the cook finds it a special boon toward keeping the kitchen cool on the stifling days of Midsummer, when this room is the most uncomfortable of all in the house.

THIS is the time of year for the frozen dessert. With a small, light freezer it is not hard to get into the habit of making ice-cream frequently for luncheon or dinner. The special feature of this all-metal freezer is that it can be clamped to the table when in use. This holds it firmly in place and makes it very easy to operate.

IF YOU are unable to find the pieces of equipment shown on this page in your local stores we shall be glad to send you information telling you where the articles may be purchased. Address Tools for Women, The Home Bureau, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelop with your request.

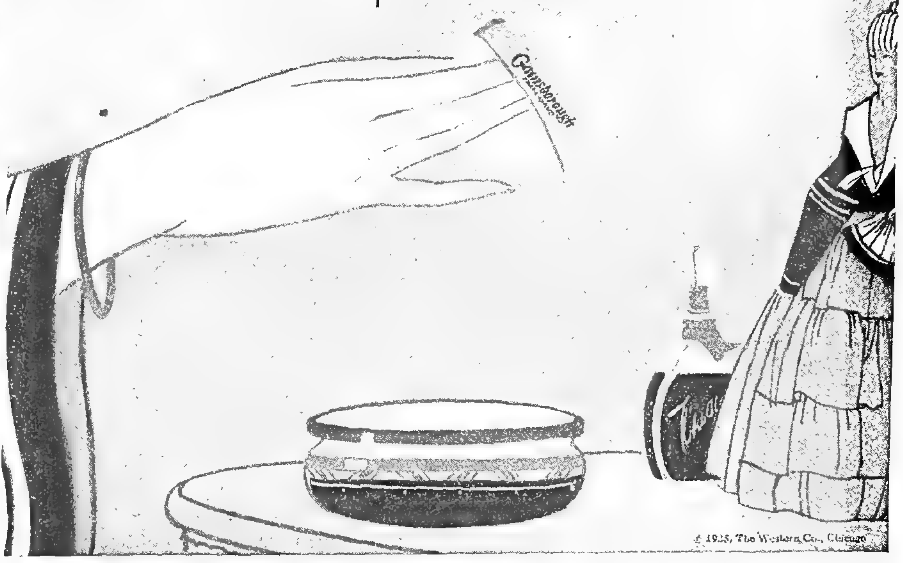
Each Soft Caress adds Loveliness

To impart that flower-like freshness there is the Gainsborough—for vanity, dressing table and bath. In soft Australian lamb's wool or rich velvety velour, each is an artful aid to loveliness.

New Parisian mode! Select your puff to harmonize with lingerie and other dainty accessories. Pink and white in attractive containers, the new peach glow in transparent cellophane envelope. Any size for any need.

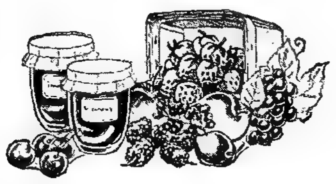
10c to 75c
At the better stores

Gainsborough
POWDER PUFF



© 1925, The Western Co., Chicago

From any fruit
Perfect
Jams and Jellies
every time!



OH, it's so easy now to be sure of perfect jam and jelly! Even the most difficult fruits jell perfectly when Certo is added. For Certo is the very substance in fruit that makes it jell.

This jelly-making element is completely lacking in some fruits, others have only a little, and even in the fruits that naturally contain most of it, it gradually diminishes as they ripen.

But now Certo itself supplies this all-important jelly-making substance. You can use your fruits at their ripest—when color and flavor are best; you can even use the delicious fruits that have themselves no jellying property.

And with Certo just *one minute's* active boil is needed. No loss, now, in steam of flavor, color and juice. Certo's short boil gives you half again as many glasses from your fruit.

Your grocer has Certo; order a bottle today. Send for free booklet telling all about successful jam and jelly making. Douglas-Pectin Corp., Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y. Canadian address: Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Coburg, Ont.

CERTO
(Surejell)

One minute's boil is all your jam or jelly needs

Douglas-Pectin Corp.,
Granite Bldg. Room 208
Rochester, New York

Please send me—free—your booklet that tells about successful jam and jelly making.

My name is ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ______

Wild Geese: The Great Prize Novel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

feared. Bart was Caleb's only connection with the outer world. Even if Amelia did learn of Mark's presence on the Klovacz farm, she must never know that Bart Nugent was dead. Mark Jordan would return to the city, and Caleb would lose all trace of him, but that Amelia must never know. For that would mean an end to Amelia's fear.

Caleb skulked along in the cart, close to the alder-bushes that were flowering like creamy curds between the road and the Klovacz farm. He heard the voices of two men who were approaching on the opposite side of the fence. One voice was reedy and high as a child's, almost with the thin wail of wind in a chimney; the other was rich and controlled. Caleb at once hated the deep assurance in the second voice. He knew by instinct that it was Mark Jordan's. The other was that of Anton Klovacz, dying of consumption, with his feet on government soil.

THROUGH the thick weave of the bushes Caleb caught a glimpse of the two men. Jordan was tall and broad, Anton Klovacz still taller and as narrow as a pine board. His shoulders were scoop-shaped, his face all gone to cheekbones and hollows. "Heavens, how he looks!" said Caleb to himself. Disease—destruction—things that he feared—things out of man's control.

As the men passed, Caleb turned his head and followed the form of Mark Jordan until his eyes ached from the strain. Pah! how like his father he was—walking like he was God Almighty! The furious jealousy of Caleb's earlier years came into his heart again like a ravaging disease long checked and now broken out more violently than ever. Bareheaded, he sat in the cart with his long arms stretched rigidly down between his knees, his hands clasped.

Not his son, not his son, that handsome lad! The son of Amelia and big Del Jordan, who was gored by a bull. Caleb's sons—Caleb's children, what were they? Well born, it was true, and not out of wedlock. But twisted and gnarled and stunted as the growth on the bush-land he owned, and barren as had been his acres before he had put his own life's blood into them for a meager yield. Caleb's head slipped down until his chin touched his chest. The soft wind moved in his scrag of hair, and in the invisible touch was a gesture of infinite pity.

Caleb turned into the farmyard of Fusi Aronson. His face was lined with hard mirth. He had come upon a choice errand. The great Icelander strode down to meet him, and bade him a stiff good day.

"I hear Bjorn has bought some cattle from Klovacz," Caleb began smoothly, dismounting from the cart. "He must be well off this Spring."

"It was in settlement of a debt Klovacz owed him," Fusi replied shortly.

Caleb laughed. "Oh, no, it wasn't, Fusi. Klovacz got good money in return for those same Jerseys."

Fusi started. "What do you mean, Mr. Gare?"

Caleb stepped closer to the Icelander and lifted his eyebrows meaningly.

"Of course he'll put the money back in the strong box, Fusi. The church needs it, you know," he said gently, laying his finger on the breast of the big man's overall. He turned to go.

"Of course," he added, "you needn't fear that *I'm* goin' to squeal."

Fusi, in his heavy way, was looking at him uncertainly, not quite grasping the thing. Then the slow red surged up into his face. He knotted his huge fists and plunged toward Caleb.

"Take your time, Fusi; take your time," Caleb mocked. "Look in the strong box first. And, by the way, when you are ready to deal with me about that timber down there between my hayfields, let me know. The sooner the better for me."

He mounted the cart and drove away.

The second instalment of this extraordinary serial novel, "Wild Geese," will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, out September 1st.

You will be thrilled by Lind Archer's unexpected meeting with Mark Jordan, which is not only the beginning of a charming romance, but also sets in motion the smoldering hatred of Caleb Gare.

When he further discovers the secret intentions of Sven and his daughter Jude, his threats to expose Amelia become more and more violent. The conflict between Caleb and Jude will prove absorbingly interesting to you.

Incidentally, if you do not wish to read this novel by instalments, why not save your Pictorial Reviews and read "Wild Geese" all at once?

What Do You Want to Know?

PICTORIAL REVIEW maintains a free question-and-answer service. All readers of the magazine are invited to write to the editors of the various departments for help with their every-day problems. Each letter must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelop for a reply. The new "Home Bureau Service" booklets supplement the personal-letter service with useful help on foods, etiquette, interior decorating, house-plans, and entertaining.

Household

Write to: THE HOME BUREAU, Marie Sellers, Director, for answers to your questions about food, planning your menus, managing your work, labor-saving devices, and any problems of running your house that are puzzling you.

"EATING TO STAY SLENDER," post-paid 10 cents.
How to reduce, with some advice on building up for those who are too thin.

"THE LITTLE COOK-BOOK," post-paid 25 cents.
A practical handbook of carefully selected, tested, every-day recipes for the up-to-date cook.

House-Building

Write to: HOUSE-PLAN SERVICE, Collier Stevenson, for answers to your inquiries about any house-plans which are published in the magazine, especially the plans for "The House with Three Faces," which is being decorated room by room by Mrs. Fales in the Beauty in the Home Department (see page 31). Mr. Stevenson will also help you with any general questions of building in which you need assistance.

"HOUSES FROM COAST TO COAST," post-paid 30 cents.
An unusual collection of photographs and floor-plans of new houses from all parts of the country, full of ideas for the prospective home-builder.

Interior Decoration

Write to: BEAUTY IN THE HOME, Winnifred Fales, for answers to questions on furnishing your home, selecting your wall- and floor-coverings, color-schemes for curtains and slip-covers, and any other matters of interior decorating in which you need help.

"JUST HOW TO SLIP-COVER YOUR FURNITURE," post-paid 25 cents.
Step by step in fitting, cutting, and making up your slip-covers at home.

"JUST HOW TO BEAUTIFY WITH PAINT," post-paid 25 cents.
Helpful suggestions for using paint at home on woodwork, furniture, and in a variety of different ways.

Entertainment

Write to: ENTERTAINMENT DEPARTMENT, Dorothy Stuart, for suggestions for giving parties of all kinds, planning luncheons and dinners, and entertaining both with and without a maid.

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE!" post-paid 10 cents.
A booklet full of new ideas for showers, luncheons, and wedding arrangements.

Club Programs

Write to: YOUR CLUB AND ITS PROGRAMS, May Lamberton Becker, for advice on questions of literary club programs, the selection of books, and preparation of club papers.

Etiquette

Write to: EVERY-DAY ETIQUETTE, Anna Steese Richardson, for answers to the questions of etiquette that puzzle you. A full description of this service will be found on page 34 of this issue. Use the "Little Lessons in Etiquette" booklets listed below for detailed directions on points of behavior that you are not sure about.

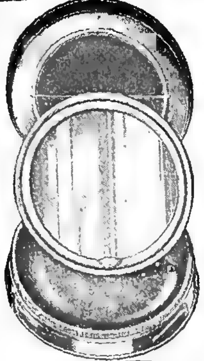
"MANNERS IN PUBLIC PLACES," post-paid 10 cents.
A complete little handbook of correct etiquette when out in public.

"TABLE MANNERS," post-paid 10 cents.
Correct table-setting and serving, with rules for correct manners at the table.

"DRESS FOR EVERY OCCASION," post-paid 10 cents.
The proper clothes to wear at every hour of the day, for business or various social affairs.

Child Health

Write to: THE BABIES' HEALTH DEPARTMENT, Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, for advice on questions of child health. If your baby is under six months of age, join the Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft and receive free each month, for two years, valuable leaflets, formulas, and diet-lists, covering the care and feeding of the baby. Dr. Coolidge also gives advice about older children up to the age of twelve in her Good Health Extension Class. For details of this service see page 46.



Be sure to ask for—
NORIDA—The Non Spilling Loose Powder Vanitie

Single, Powder only $1.50
Double, Powder and Rouge, $2

Refill It Yourself

It Cannot Spill

It Cannot Spill

Norida Vanitie for Loose Powder

Made expressly for your favorite loose powder. Now you need never use cake powder again.

Norida is a genuine beauty aid, worth many times its price. It's a dainty case of just the right size, handsomely embossed. Comes filled with Fleur Sauvage (Wildflower) Poudre in your favorite shade.

Mailed direct if your dealer can't supply you
Sold in all Beauty Shops, Department and Drug Stores

Not a Sifter — Filled with Loose Powder But Cannot Spill — Not a Compact

NORIDA PARFUMERIE
630 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

INECTO RAPID NOTOX

Banishes GRAY HAIR in 15 Minutes

Hundreds of thousands of American women are regaining the youthful glory of their hair by using INECTO RAPID NOTOX.

And the success of these is guiding thousands more to use this, the one tint that is perfectly natural and perfectly safe.

INECTO RAPID NOTOX is a strictly scientific hair tint. It conforms with the most exacting laboratory standards.

It is specifically guaranteed to impart to gray, streaked or faded hair all its former harmonious beauty of lustre, of silken texture and shade. Its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed permanent; its coloring will withstand any condition or treatment that Nature's will—brushing, rubbing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish and Russian baths, permanent waving, marceling and curling. The majority of high class hairdressers, from coast to coast use and recommend it. It is safe, it cannot injure texture or growth; it contains no paraphenylene diamine. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it with invariable success, in the privacy of the home.

If you are concerned about your hair, Jeanne Ruere, expert of the greatest hair coloring manufacturers in the world, is ready to give you confidential advice on your particular problem. **SEND NO MONEY.** Merely fill out the coupon below.

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 W. 46th St., New York

INECTO, INC.,
33-35 West 46th St., New York City
Please send me without cost or obligation full details of INECTO RAPID NOTOX and the Beauty Analysis Chart Form P-24

Name________________
Address________________
City__________ State__________

Men and Women Can Earn
BIG PROFITS selling CLOWS-KNIT Hose in spare time. Immense variety. Supreme quality. Guaranteed. Prices low. Liberal earnings for you. Write for FREE samples.
GEORGE G. CLOWS COMPANY
Dept. CA, 234 S. 8th St., Phila. Pa.

CASH YOUR SPARE HOURS
MEN and WOMEN by taking orders for our fast selling dress materials, handkerchiefs, hosiery, etc., can easily earn from $25 to $75 a week. Wonderful sample outfit sells for you. No experience necessary. Write for all the facts.
MITCHELL & CHURCH CO., Inc., Dept. 2, BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

Why some women look ten years younger than others of the same age

You have met such women. You have wondered at their youthfulness . . . .

Now Science tells us that one outstanding cause of our looking older than we are—or younger—is diet.

Reasonable, isn't it? Reasonable that the food which nourishes our bodies—which creates our vitality—should influence, to a very great degree, our appearance?

And our food influences us rightly or wrongly, toward health or illness, toward youthfulness or age, *in accordance with the value of the elements it contains.*

This delightful food was planned, in every particular, to give you exactly what you need!

WE KNOW, now, that a deficiency of any one of the basic food *elements* affects us seriously.

If a food expert planned every meal, we could preserve the right balance in our diet. But we can't all be food experts. And we can no longer trust our appetites. They have been pampered. They have lost the *instinct* to choose the right food.

It was to overcome this fault that Grape-Nuts was originated—a food designed, deliberately, to give elements we need: dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy, iron for the blood, phosphorus for the teeth and bones, protein for muscle and body-building, and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite! Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

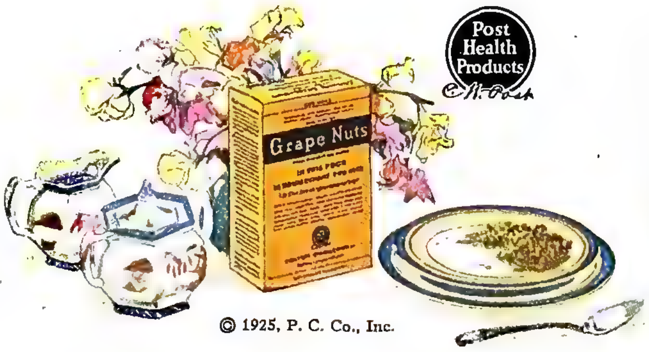
Pour just a little into a bowl—two tablespoonfuls are enough—and fill the space beside it with cream. Chew it slowly. Enjoy to the utmost the rich, nut-like flavor of this wonderful food.

Grape-Nuts is rich in nourishment. If you prefer a small breakfast, it gives you the energy for a difficult morning. If you start the day with a heavier meal, eat Grape-Nuts for the essential elements. Then turn to other foods with a ready appetite.

A special baking process prepares Grape-Nuts for digestion—makes it possible for you to get the essential food elements with the least digestive effort.

And this a crisp food—a food you will like to chew. It gives your teeth and gums the exercise which every dentist so urgently recommends.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.



© 1925, P. C. Co., Inc.

Get a package from your grocer today, or accept the following offer:

A series of health breakfasts—with two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

P. R. 8-25 G. N.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

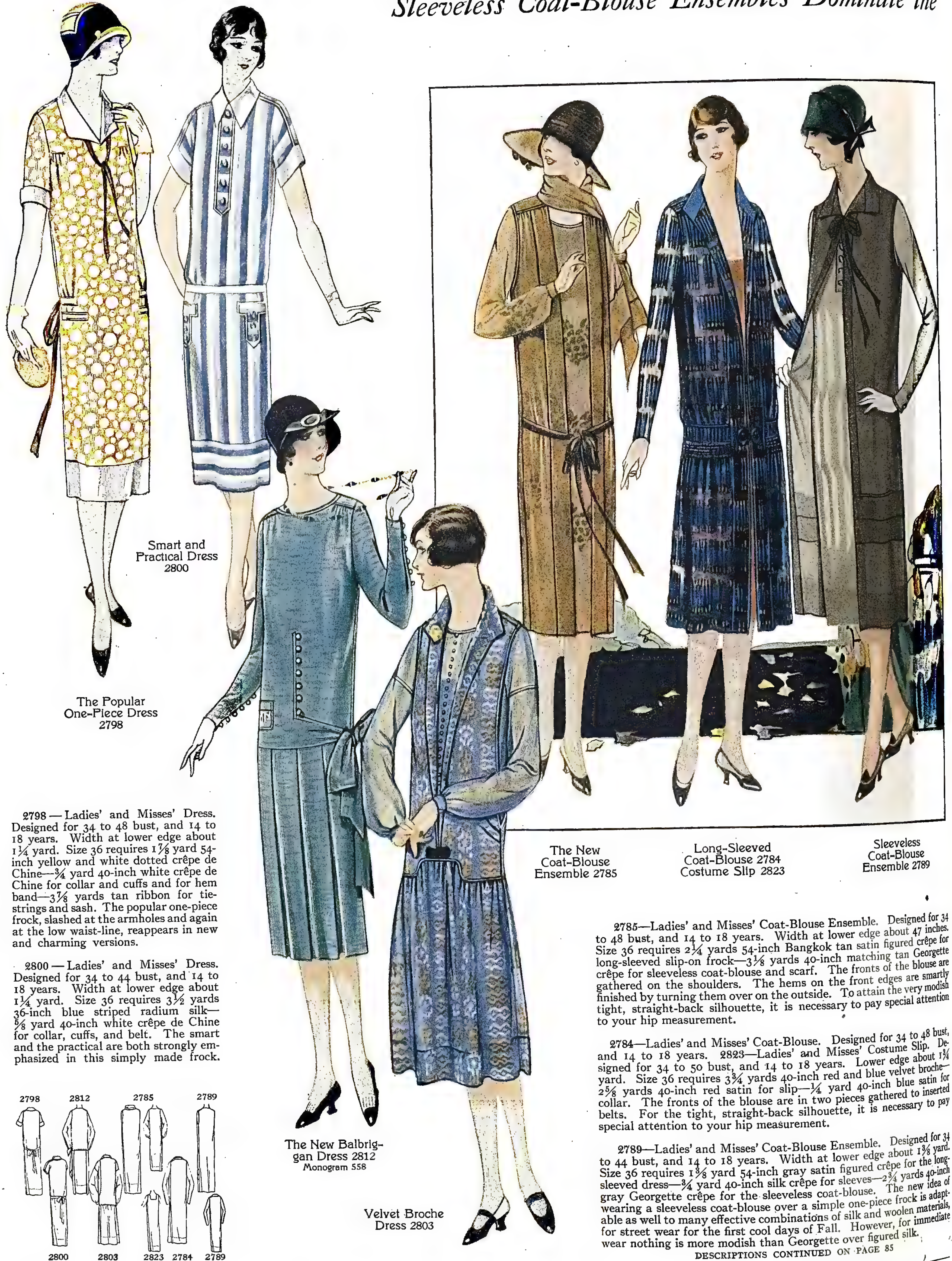
Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

Sleeveless Coat-Blouse Ensembles Dominate the



Smart and Practical Dress 2800

The Popular One-Piece Dress 2798

The New Coat-Blouse Ensemble 2785

Long-Sleeved Coat-Blouse 2784 Costume Slip 2823

Sleeveless Coat-Blouse Ensemble 2789

The New Balbriggan Dress 2812
Monogram 558

Velvet Broche Dress 2803

2798 — Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch yellow and white dotted crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs and for hem band—3⅞ yards tan ribbon for tie-strings and sash. The popular one-piece frock, slashed at the armholes and again at the low waist-line, reappears in new and charming versions.

2800 — Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch blue striped radium silk—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, and belt. The smart and the practical are both strongly emphasized in this simply made frock.

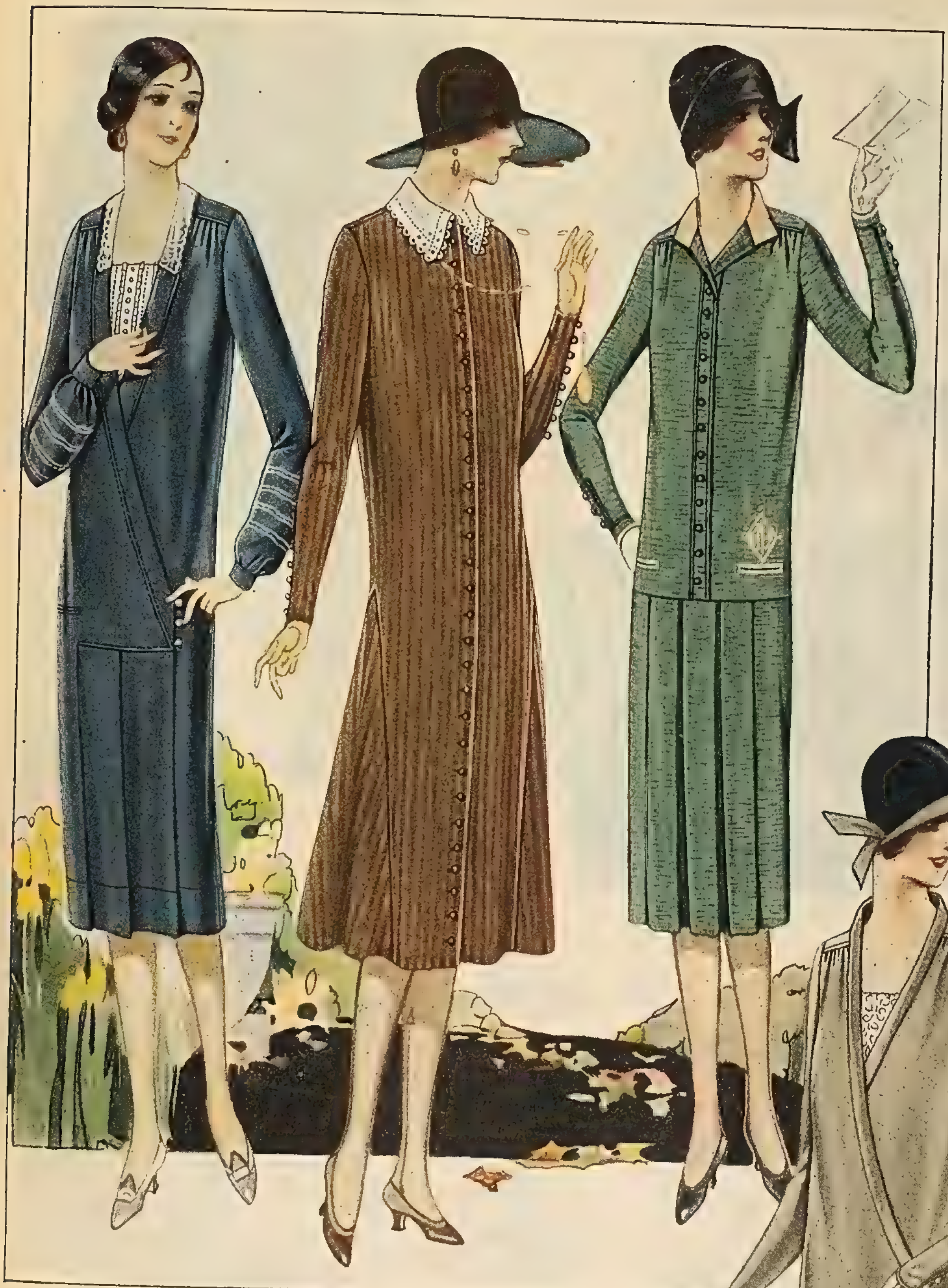
2785—Ladies' and Misses' Coat-Blouse Ensemble. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 47 inches. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch Bangkok tan satin figured crêpe for long-sleeved slip-on frock—3⅛ yards 40-inch matching tan Georgette crêpe for sleeveless coat-blouse and scarf. The fronts of the blouse are gathered on the shoulders. The hems on the front edges are smartly finished by turning them over on the outside. To attain the very modish tight, straight-back silhouette, it is necessary to pay special attention to your hip measurement.

2784—Ladies' and Misses' Coat-Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. 2823—Ladies' and Misses' Costume Slip. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch red and blue velvet broche—2⅝ yards 40-inch red satin for slip—¼ yard 40-inch blue satin for collar. The fronts of the blouse are in two pieces gathered to inserted belts. For the tight, straight-back silhouette, it is necessary to pay special attention to your hip measurement.

2789—Ladies' and Misses' Coat-Blouse Ensemble. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch gray satin figured crêpe for the long-sleeved dress—¾ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for sleeves—2¾ yards 40-inch gray Georgette crêpe for the sleeveless coat-blouse. The new idea of wearing a sleeveless coat-blouse over a simple one-piece frock is adaptable as well to many effective combinations of silk and woolen materials, for street wear for the first cool days of Fall. However, for immediate wear nothing is more modish than Georgette over figured silk.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Fashions for Mid-Summer and Early Autumn



Surplice Frock 2813

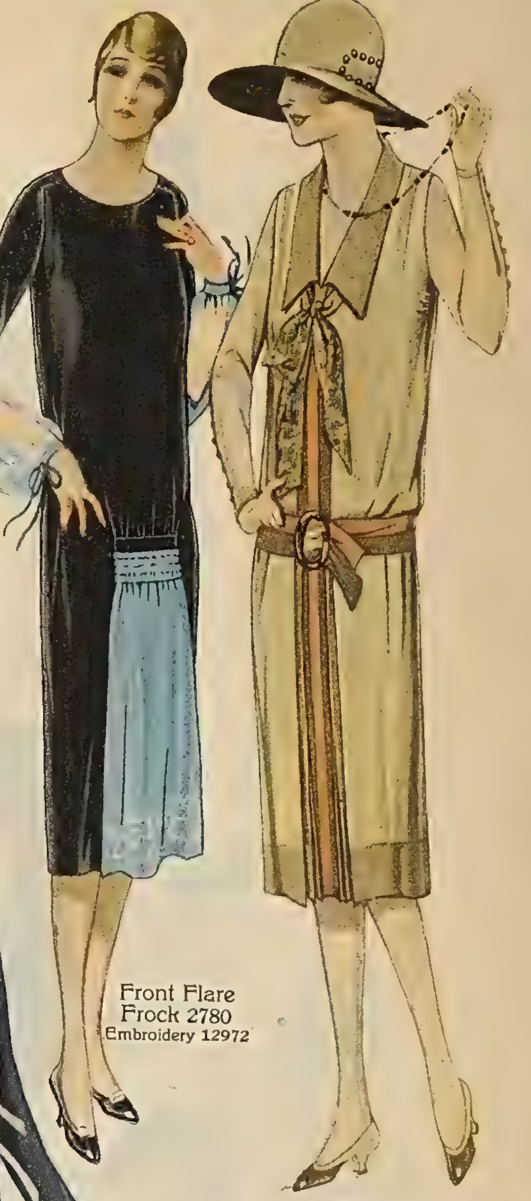
Satin-Striped Flare Frock 2816

Box-Plaited Balbriggan Frock 2804
Monogram 573

2813—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch marine-blue charmeen—¼ yard 18-inch white organdy vesting and collar. One of the new features of the early Autumn mode that is strongly in evidence is the surplice closing at the low waist-line and the ever-popular box-plaited front section. Full sleeves are frequently trimmed with contrasting stitching. For the tight, straight-back silhouette, it is necessary to pay special attention to your hip measurement.

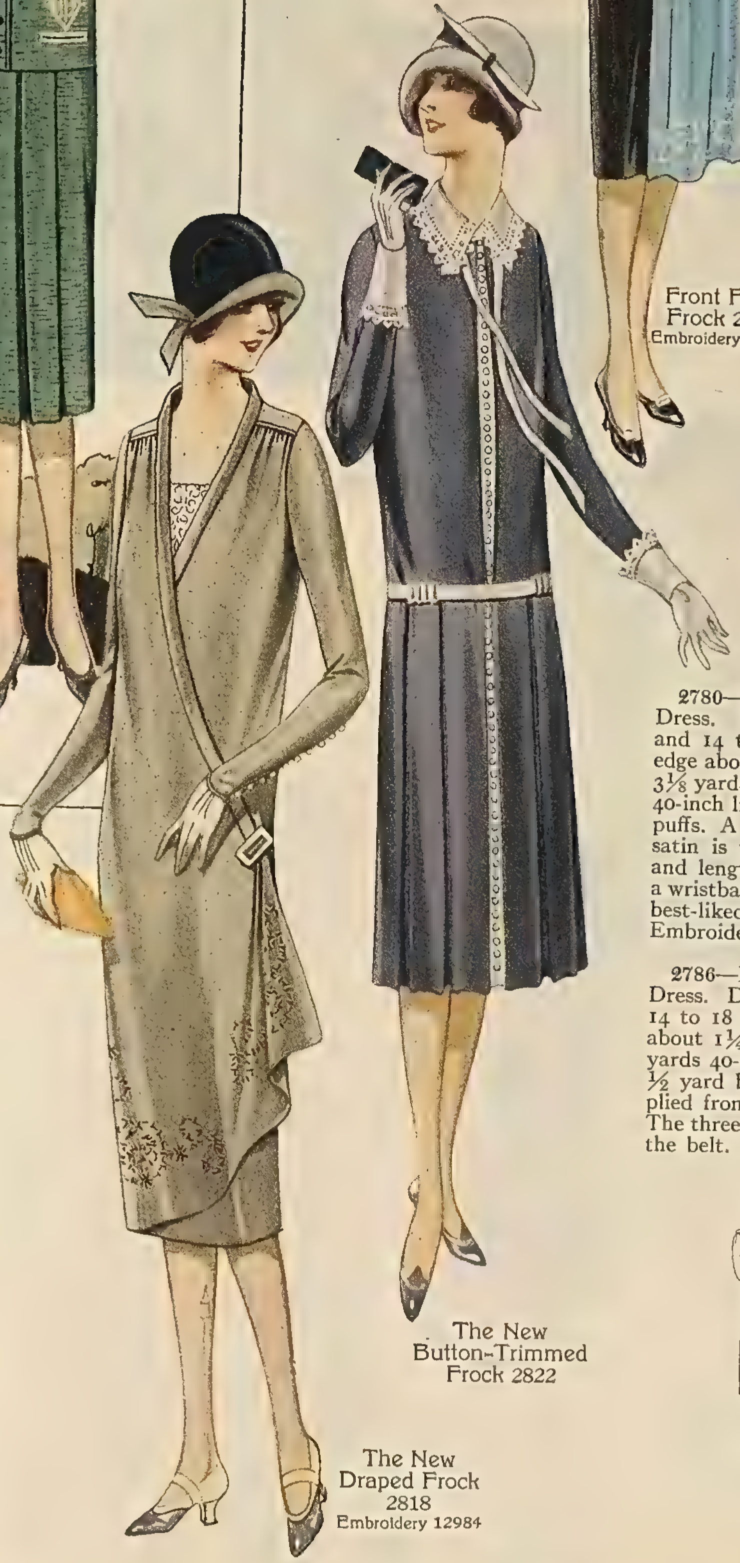
2816—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch rust-brown satin-striped crêpe. Crêpe de Chine lace-edged collar. The smartest frocks are flat back and front, with sudden flaring godets at the sides. To achieve this tight, straight-back silhouette, it is necessary to pay special attention to your hip measurement. Long tight sleeves are especially modish for Fall. Closing with buttons from neck to hem is also a favored feature in frocks designed for slender figures.

2804—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch green Balbriggan Jersey—¼ yard 40-inch beige crêpe de Chine for collar. The two-piece mode is considered among the smartest of the practical daytime frocks, especially when fashioned of the popular Balbriggan Jersey and with the skirt laid in inverted box-plaits at the center-front. The fronts of the blouse of this costume are shirred to shoulder yokes. Monogram No. 573, the popular adornment of the moment, is sometimes placed over one pocket top.



Front Flare Frock 2780
Embroidery 12972

The New Ribbon-Trimmed Frock 2786

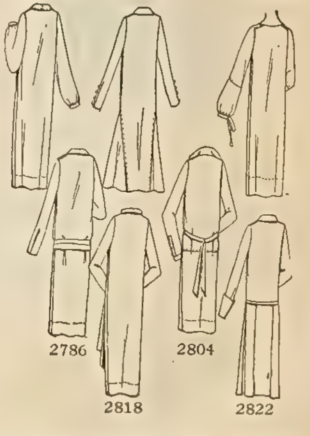


The New Button-Trimmed Frock 2822

The New Draped Frock 2818
Embroidery 12984

2780—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 54 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch black satin—⅞ yard 40-inch light blue chiffon for tunic and puffs. A charming sleeve for a frock of satin is this one which is cut raglan and lengthened with puff caught into a wristband. Oval lines are among the best-liked neck-lines for early Fall. Embroidery design No. 12972.

2786—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch beige Georgette crêpe—½ yard beige and red ribbon for applied front—1⅜ yard ribbon for belt. The three-piece tunic is attached under the belt.



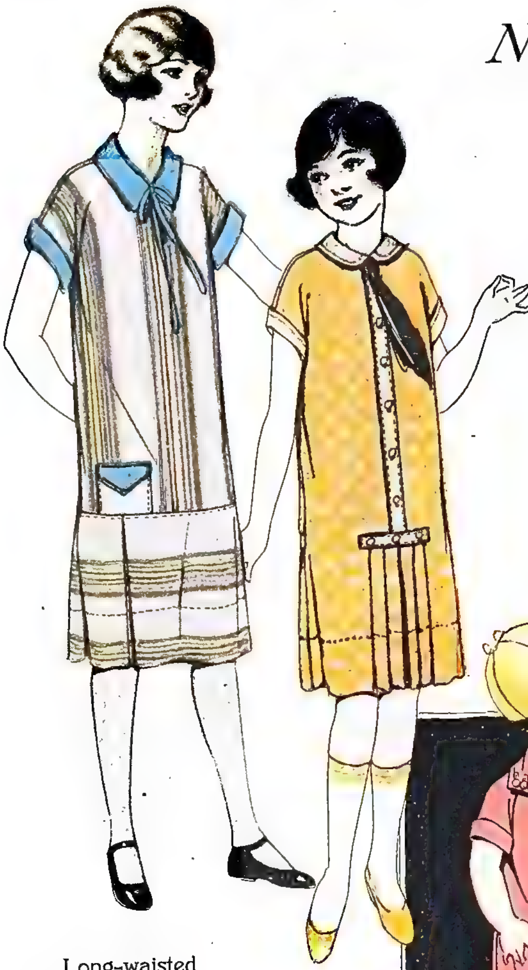
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

New Styles of Exquisite Simplicity

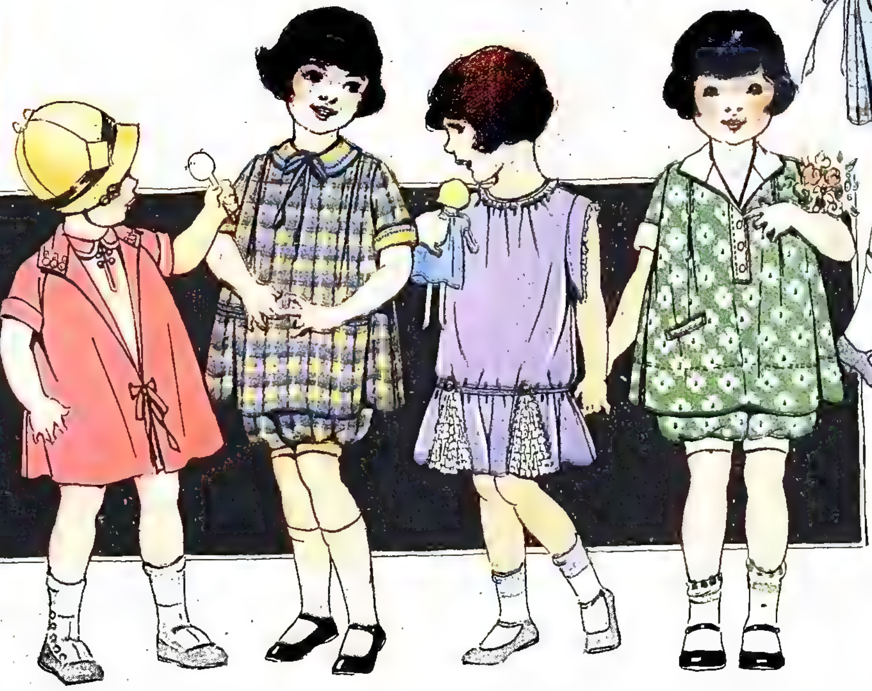
2747—Girls' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch striped flannel—⅝ yard 32-inch plain contrasting flannel to trim. The one-piece skirt with stripes running crosswise has the approved box-plaits at side-fronts and at center-back. The kimono sleeves are finished with bias turn-back cuffs and the open neckline with a flat bias collar. The short skirt is sewed to the edges of the extremely long waist.

2746—Girls' Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch orange and white figured voile—⅝ yard 40-inch pale yellow voile for collar, cuffs and bands. The dress closes in front under a band which is cut in one with the underfacing and, in the smartly popular way, a group of box-plaits is placed at the lower edge of the band. The belt, extending across the back, fastens at the underarm seams. This is a smart little frock for the young miss for mid-season wear and for the first days of school



Long-waisted Dress 2747

Front-Plaited Dress 2746

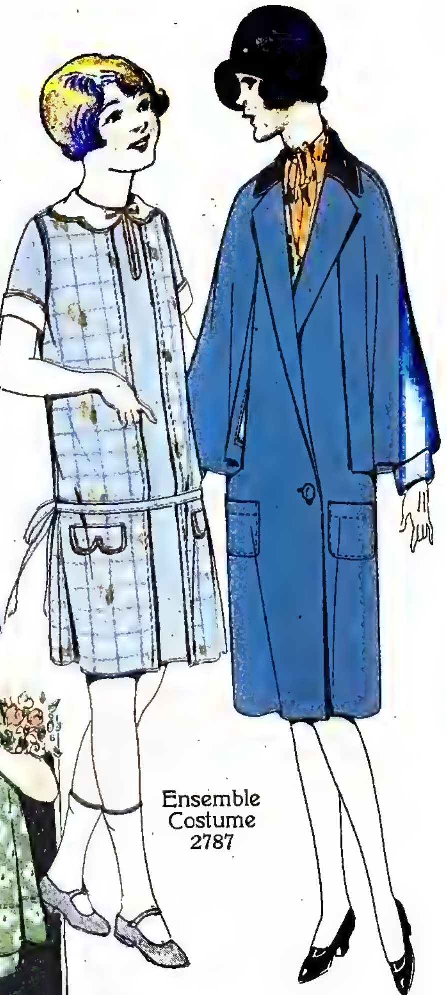


Ensemble Costume 2795

Bloomer Dress 2778

Godet Dress 2741

Bloomer Dress 2774



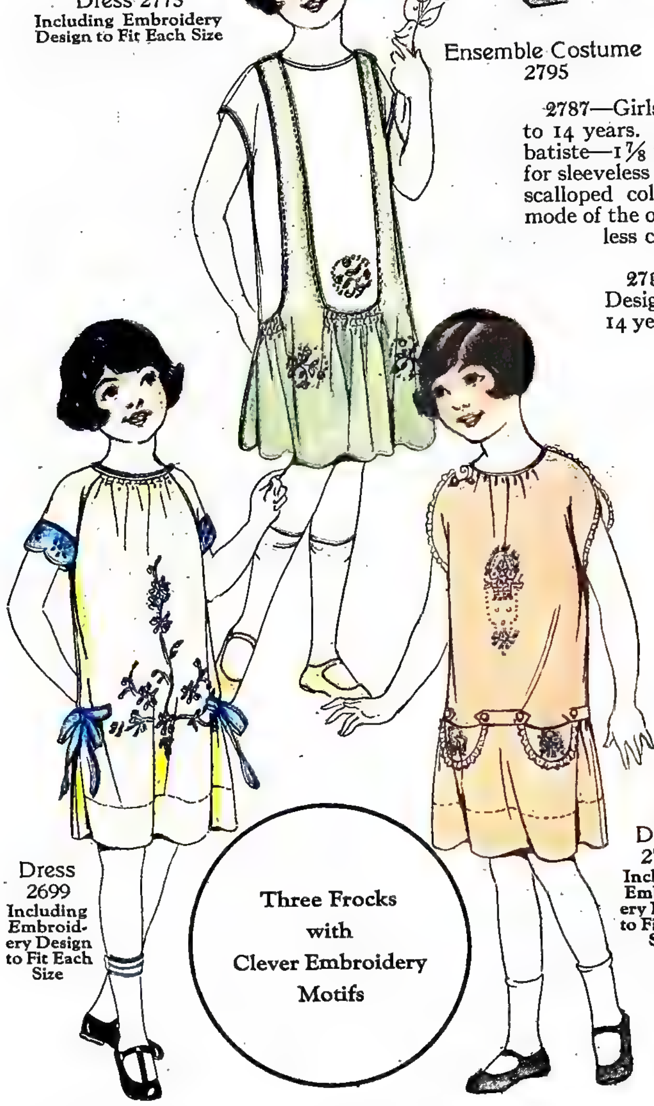
Ensemble Costume 2787

Circular Cape Coat 2807

2787—Girls' Ensemble Costume. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch blue batiste—1⅞ yard 40-inch gray and blue figured voile for sleeveless coat—⅝ yard orange bias binding to edge scalloped collar, cuffs, armholes, and pockets. The mode of the one-piece slip-on frock worn under a sleeveless coat is highly approved by Fashion.

2794—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch tan and white crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine for inset vestee and round collar. The dress closes in back. It is cut out in front and is then shirred to the lower edge of the vestee.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

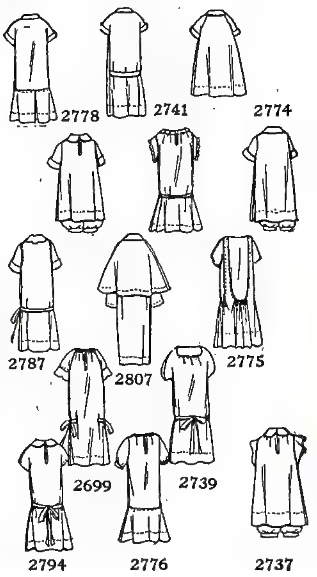


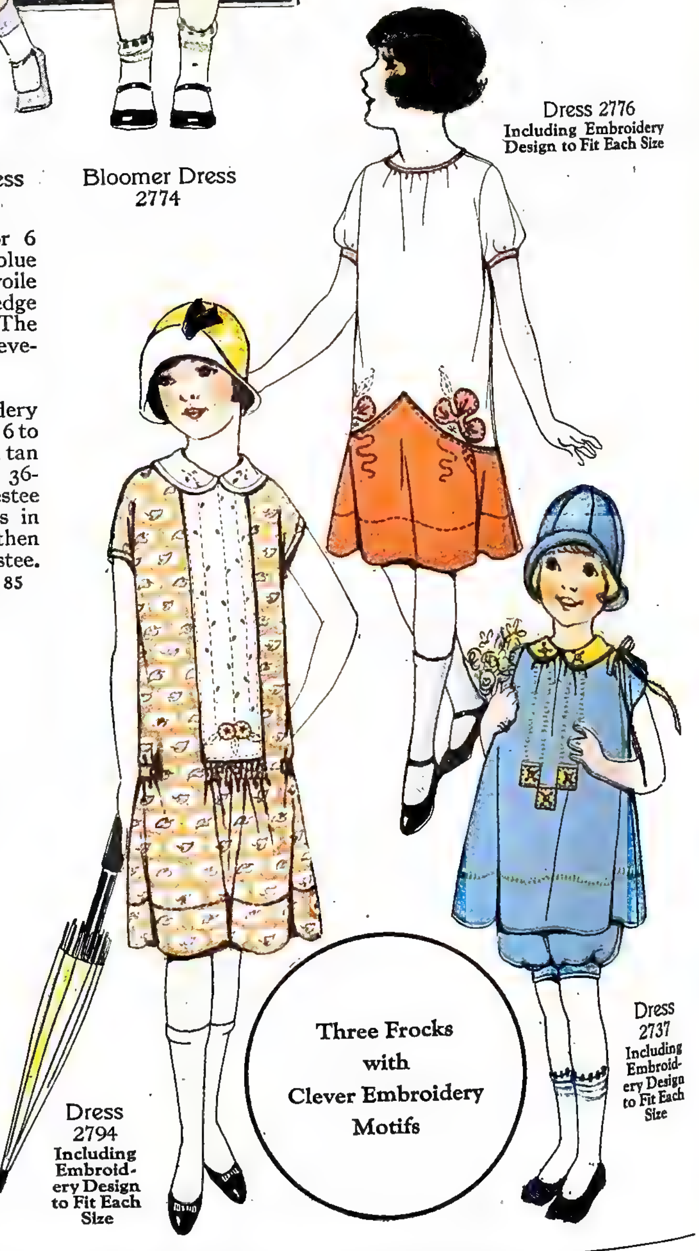
Dress 2775 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Dress 2699 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Three Frocks with Clever Embroidery Motifs

Dress 2739 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size





Dress 2776 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

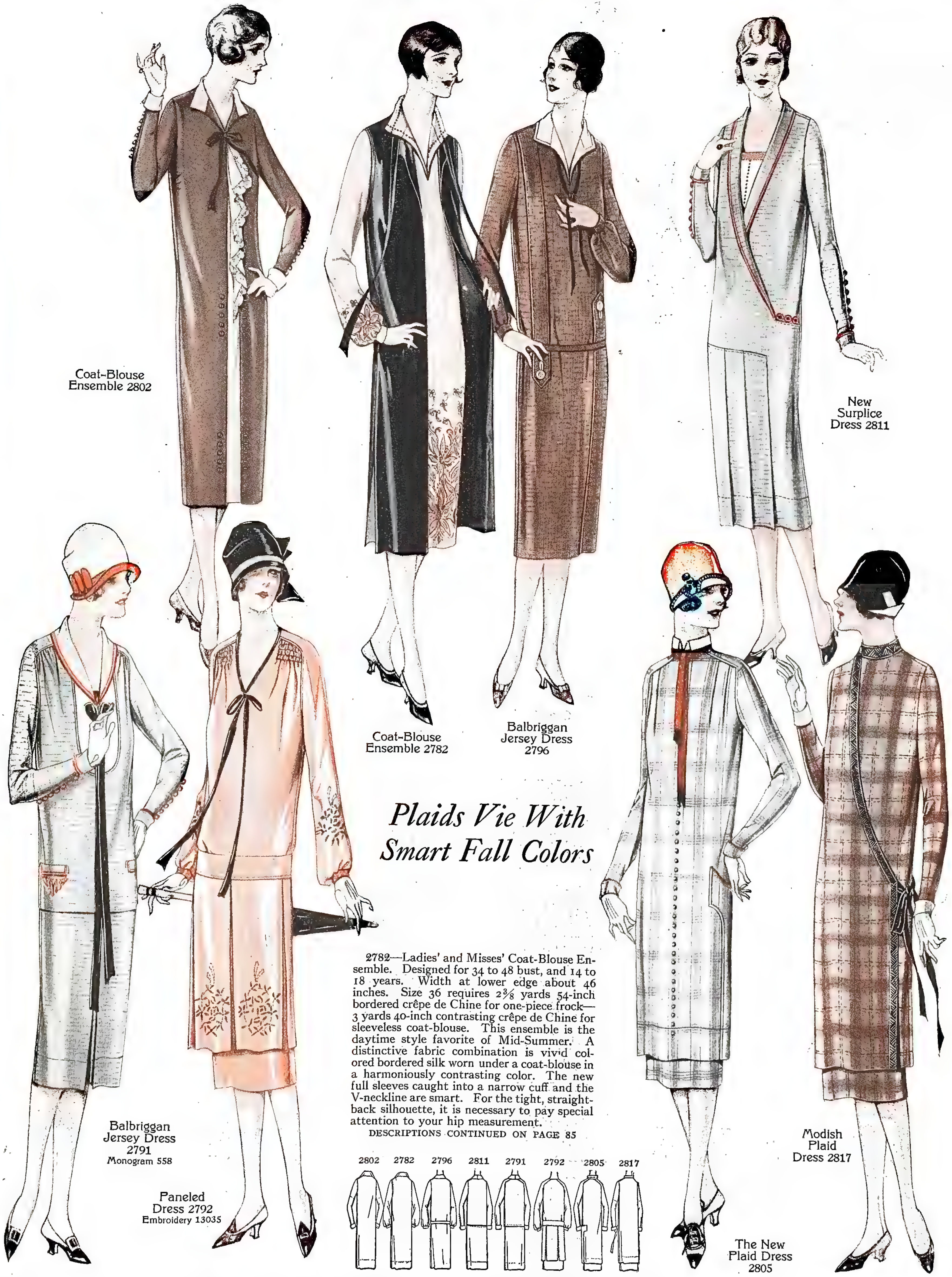
Dress 2794 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Three Frocks with Clever Embroidery Motifs

Dress 2737 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Plaids Vie With Smart Fall Colors



Coat-Blouse Ensemble 2802

Coat-Blouse Ensemble 2782

Balbriggan Jersey Dress 2796

New Surplice Dress 2811

Balbriggan Jersey Dress 2791 Monogram 558

Paneled Dress 2792 Embroidery 13035

The New Plaid Dress 2805

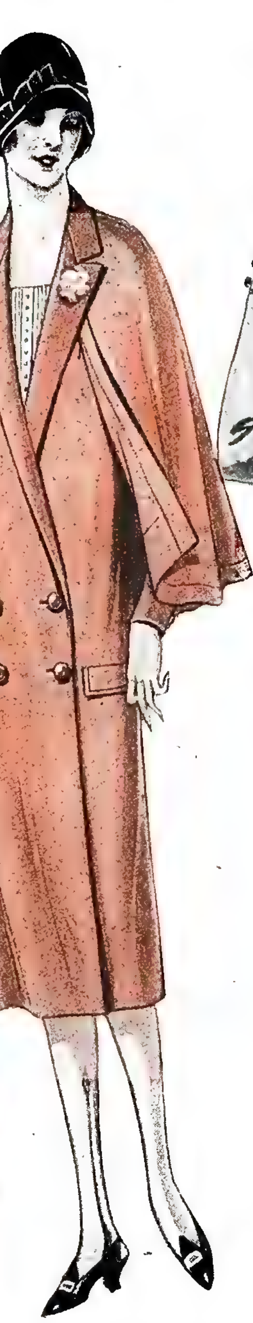
Modish Plaid Dress 2817

2782—Ladies' and Misses' Coat-Blouse Ensemble. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch bordered crêpe de Chine for one-piece frock—3 yards 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for sleeveless coat-blouse. This ensemble is the daytime style favorite of Mid-Summer. A distinctive fabric combination is vivid colored bordered silk worn under a coat-blouse in a harmoniously contrasting color. The new full sleeves caught into a narrow cuff and the V-neckline are smart. For the tight, straight-back silhouette, it is necessary to pay special attention to your hip measurement.

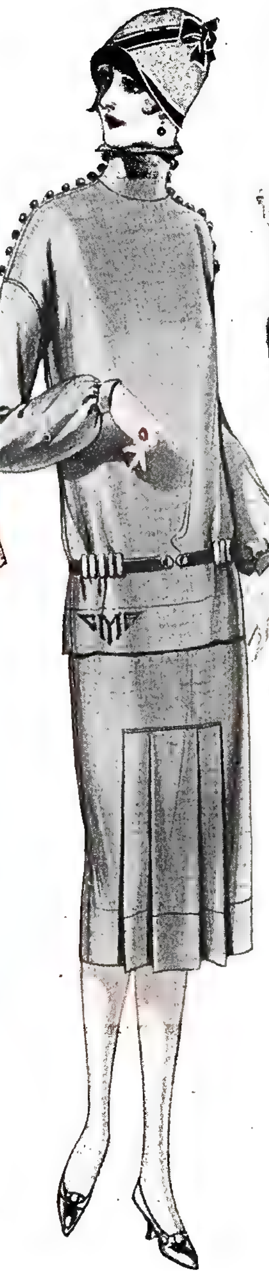
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

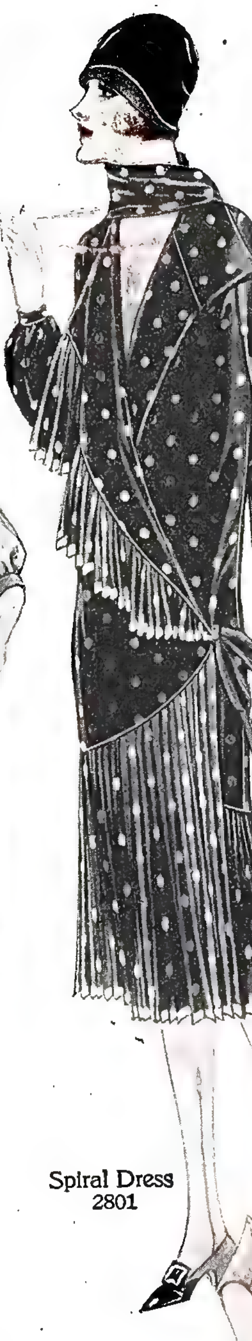
Flounces and Plaits Indicate Style Trends



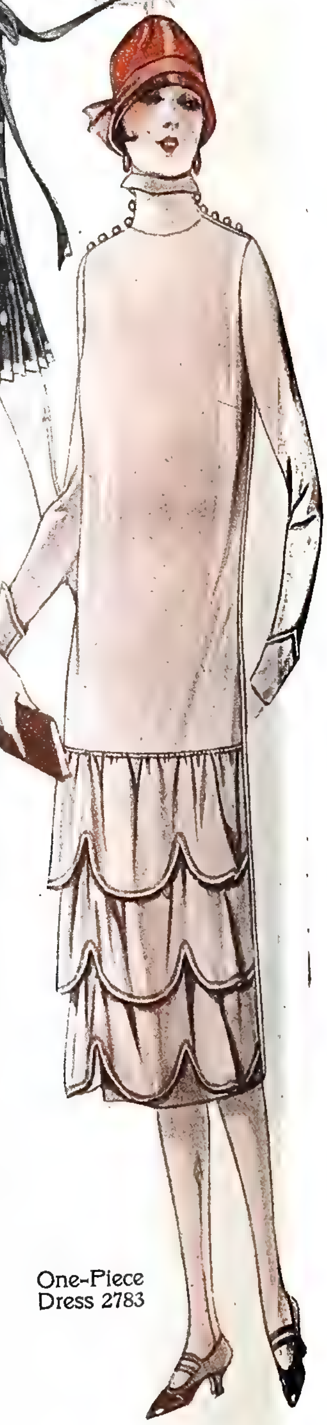
Cape-Coat
2824



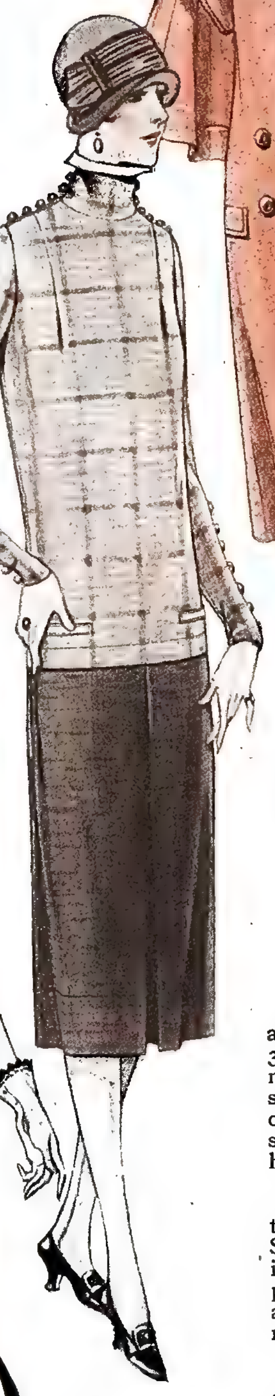
Balbriggan Blouse
2777
Bodice Skirt 2768
Monogram 558



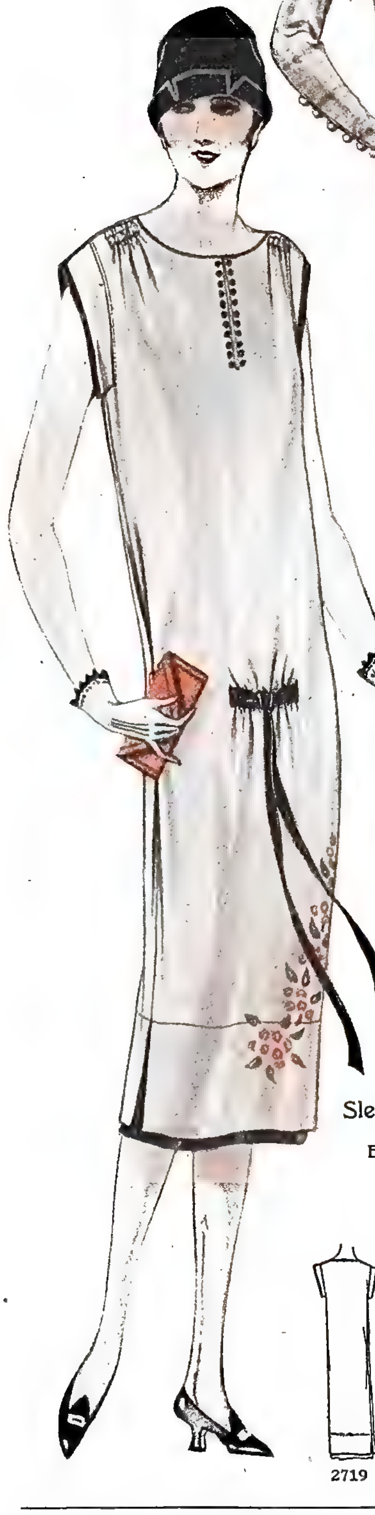
Spiral Dress
2801



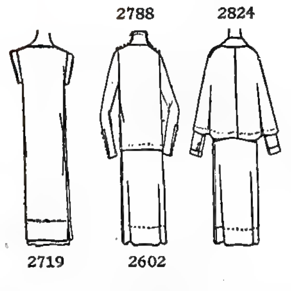
One-Piece
Dress 2783

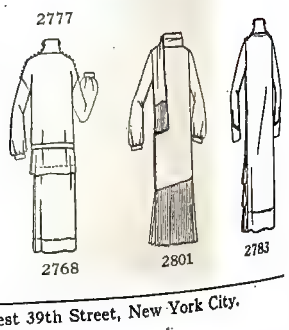


Plaid Blouse
2788
Bodice Skirt
2602



Sleeveless Dress
2719
Embroidery 12933





2783—Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 38 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch satin. The several smartest items that top the Autumn mode are embodied in this slim frock of satin—the full-length one-piece sleeves, scalloped and gathered flounces, and the standing collar which closes at the sides. The dress closes on the shoulders. To achieve the tight, straight-back silhouette, it is necessary to pay special attention to your hip measurement.

2719—Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for under hem band and to bind armhole trimming pieces—2 yards ribbon. To lend distinction to this simple one-piece frock, an under hem band is added and the dress is slashed at the side seams revealing this contrasting hem. Embroidery design No. 12933.

2788—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. 2602—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch plaid surah silk—1 yard 54-inch kasha for skirt—⅞ yard 36-inch silk for bodice lining—⅛ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for collar and pocket trim. The new plaid silk blouse is smartly high-collared and long-sleeved, and accompanied by a plaited-front skirt, is among the irresistible newer modes.

2777—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. 2768—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 58 inches. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Balbriggan Jersey—⅞ yard 36-inch silk for bodice lining. The turtle-neck collar, so popular in sports clothes, is made in two pieces, closing on either side; the blouse also closes on the shoulders. Inverted plaits are inserted in the front of the skirt. Monogram No. 558.

2801—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 67 inches. Size 36 requires 6⅜ yards 40-inch polka-dot crêpe de Chine—6½ yards bias binding to edge plaitings. Paris sponsors the spiral frock and this reproduction of that mode achieves the spiral effect by plaited flounces which swirl about the figure to a point where the crossed collar meets the upper edge of the plaited flounce. A graceful scarf with plaited ends is thrown about the throat in the approved fashion.

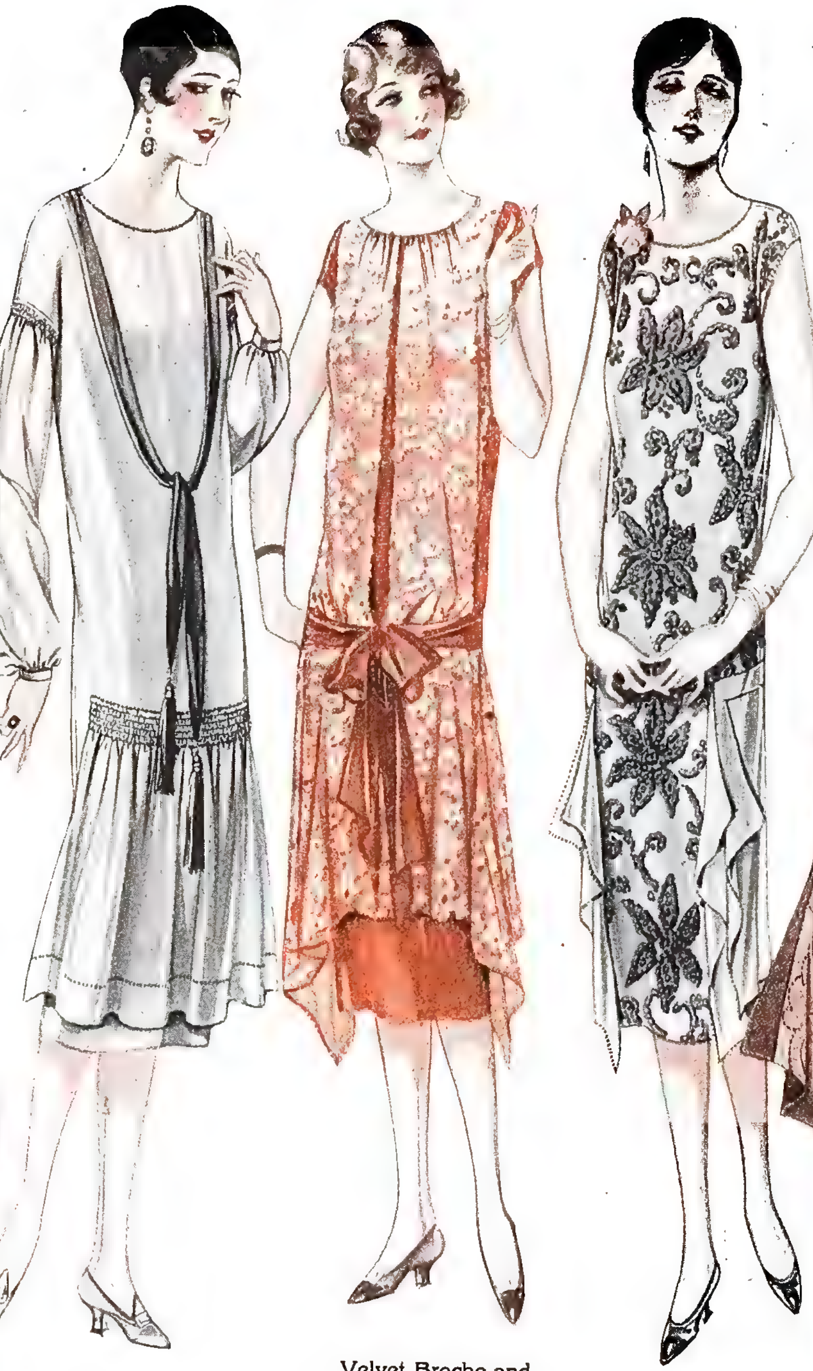
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

2729—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 69 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin. Two bouquets of ribbon flowers in variegated colors are suggested for trimming; this quaint trimming lends a festive air to so demure a frock. The popularity of the bouffant mode for slender figures continues to be received with enthusiasm. It is shown not only in satin, but also in changeable taffeta and chiffon velvet.

2734—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch faille crêpe—1¾ yard 40-inch chiffon for sleeves and tunic—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting chiffon for scarf collar. In selecting a frock on lines as slim as these it is necessary, for this tight, straight-back silhouette, to pay special attention to the hip measurement. The first requisite for the success of a frock of this type is that it moulds the figure lines gracefully from shoulder to hem-line.

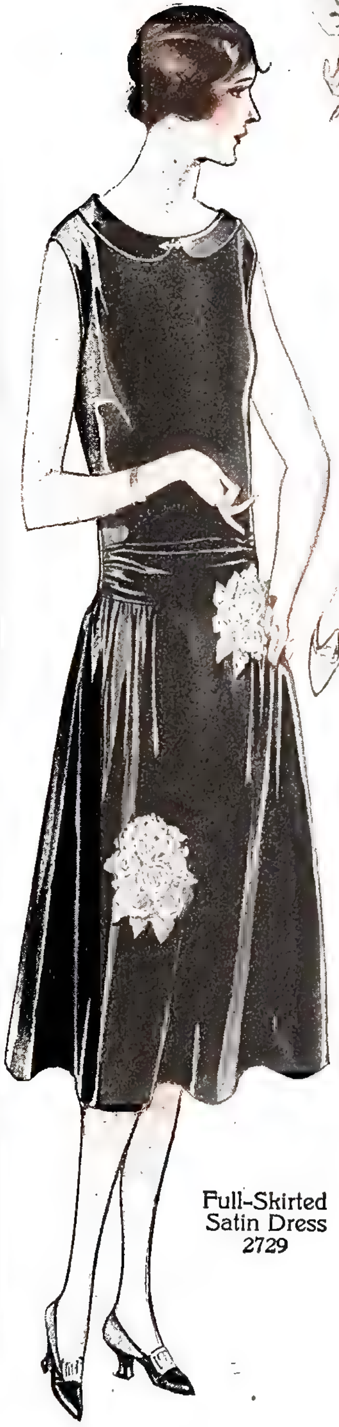
2740—Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin—2 yards 40-inch velvet broche for applied fronts and tunics. The ideal frock for Mid-Summer is one that can be utilized for varied occasions now and still retains its style and adaptability during the Autumn season. Such a model is this one in satin and velvet broche, the latter fabric being smartly new and worn everywhere. The simple construction of the dress commends it to the woman who makes her own clothes.



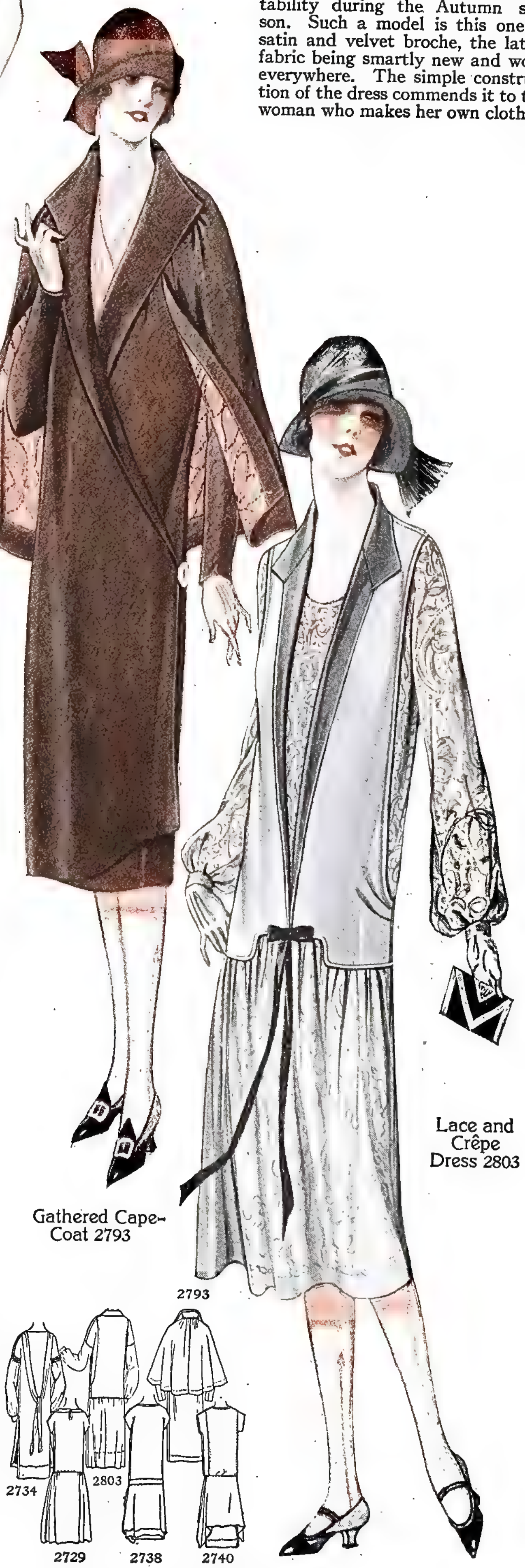
Shirred Tunic Dress 2734

Velvet Broche and Satin Dress 2740

Brocaded Crêpe Dress 2738



Full-Skirted Satin Dress 2729



Gathered Cape-Coat 2793

Lace and Crêpe Dress 2803

Latest Paris Arrivals Have Intriguing Tunics

2738—Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch brocaded crêpe—1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for tunics. Something new in the tunic trend is the double effect which is stitched across the back of this dinner frock, extending to the front where it falls in cascades at either side. There are only a few seams to sew and the clever needlewoman should experience little difficulty in putting it together in short time. One of the exquisite fabrics of Mid-Summer, brocaded crêpe, is suggested for this frock.

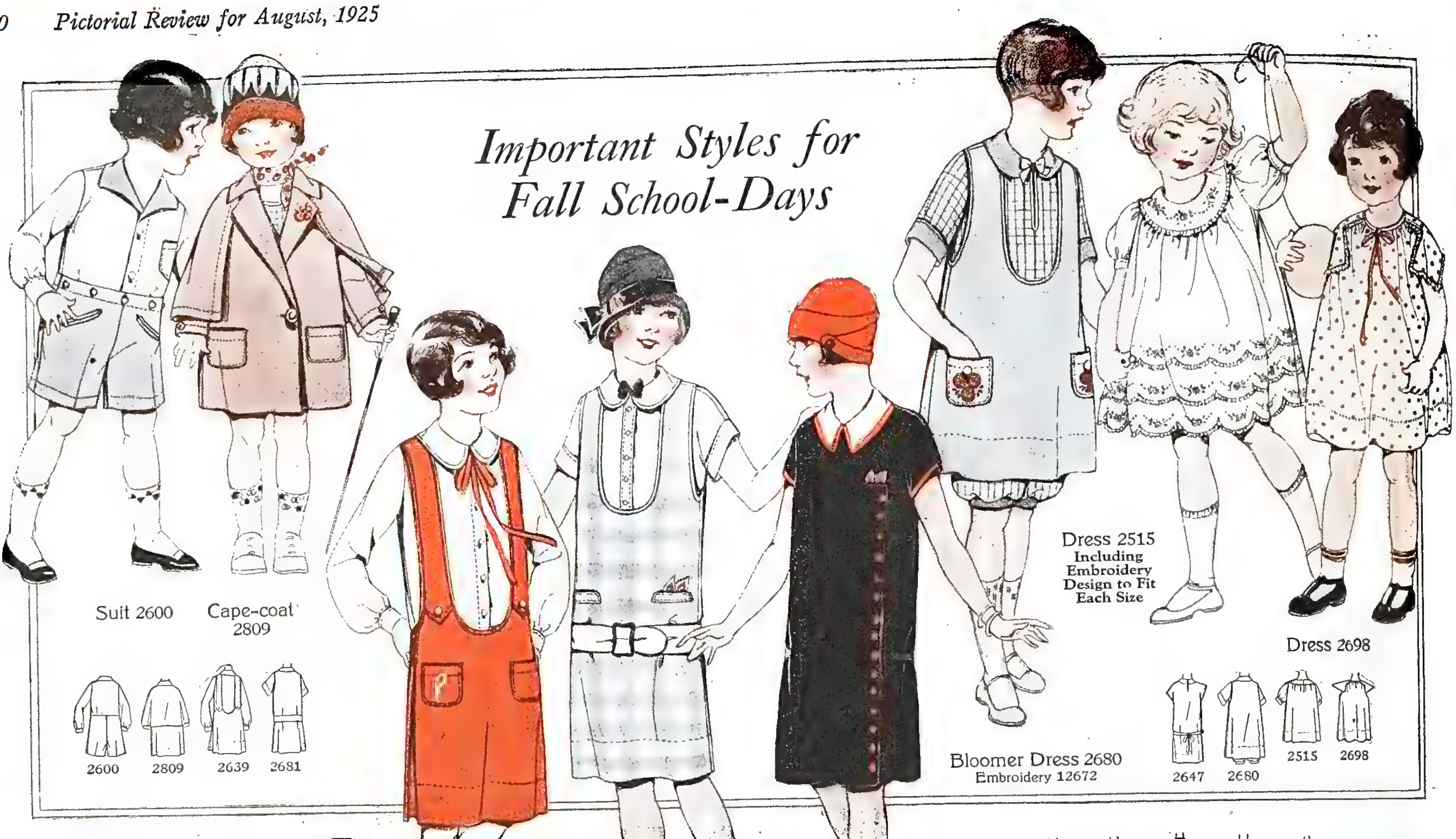
2793—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch suede velour—5⅛ yards 36-inch figured silk crêpe for lining. Fashion displays the new Fall coats for approval. Chief among them is the coat with two-piece gathered cape. The fronts of this model are underfaced, crossed and rolled with the convertible collar, forming long revers. The low-hip closing continues to be a conspicuous feature. In this case the coat edge is cut in curved outline. Plain, full-length sleeves appear under the cape.

2803—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 47 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch allover lace for one-piece underdress—1⅛ yard 40-inch taffeta for sleeveless blouse—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for gores—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting taffeta for collar and revers—2 yards ribbon. One of the smart modes of the moment is the lace frock. It appears for afternoon, dinner, and evening. It is always charming and especially so when combined with taffeta, silk crêpe, or Georgette. The entire underdress, in this instance, is of lace and the overdress of taffeta and Georgette crêpe.

The most interesting innovation in Mid-Summer fashions is the coat-blouse ensemble, frequently shown with the new balloon sleeve but more often without sleeves. And the best-liked modes that retain their popularity in this between-period, are circular godets, shirred tunics, and the frock with surplice closing. For street wear there are straight, tight frocks made of large plaids and new coats with circular or gathered capes.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Important Styles for Fall School-Days

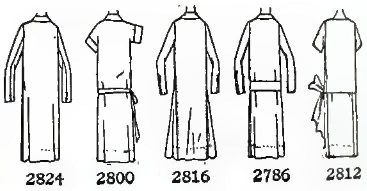


Suit 2600 Cape-coat 2809

Dress 2515
Including
Embroidery
Design to Fit
Each Size

Dress 2698

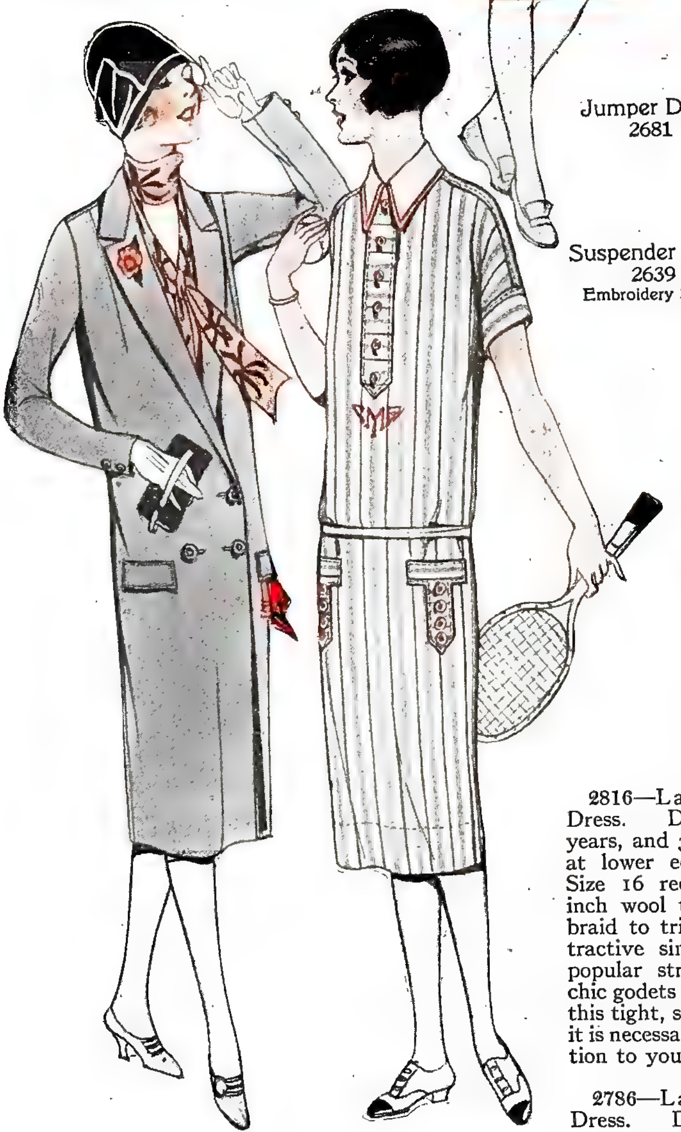
Bloomer Dress 2680
Embroidery 12672



Jumper Dress
2681

Suspender Dress
2639
Embroidery 12254

Dress 2647



Mannish Coat
2824

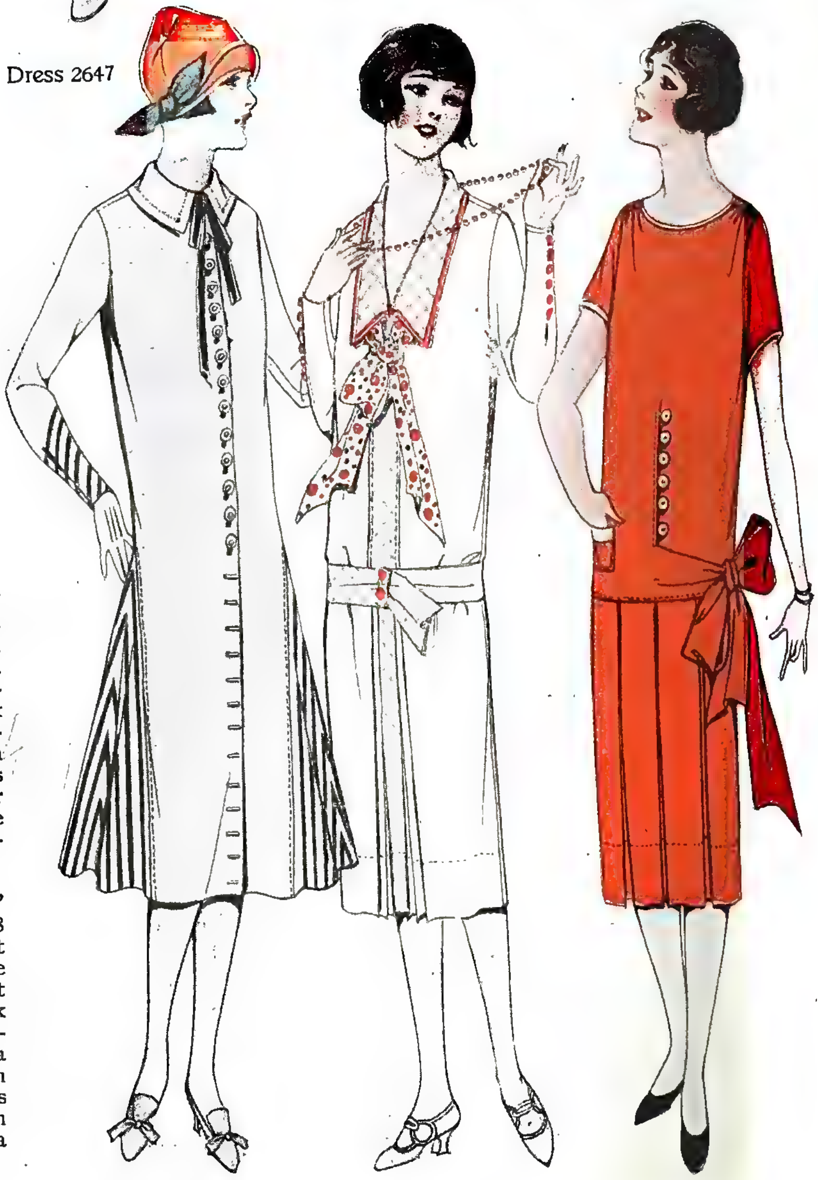
Sports Dress 2800
Monogram 558

2800—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 53 inches. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch striped flannel—⅜ yard 36-inch silk crêpe—1 yard bias binding for collar. This dress closes under the applied band, and conveniently slips on over the head. It is an excellent example of the boyish simplicity of today's mode, which is becoming to the slender schoolgirl. Monogram 558 is used.

2816—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 38 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool twill—12½ yards silk braid to trim. This frock of attractive simplicity departs from popular straight lines and adds chic godets at the side seams. For this tight, straight back silhouette it is necessary to pay special attention to your hip measurement.

2786—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch flat crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch check crêpe de Chine to trim. A three-piece tunic, arranged under a broad belt, is laid in plaits in front. An applied band extends full length in front, and it, with belt and collar, may be used in a contrasting material.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

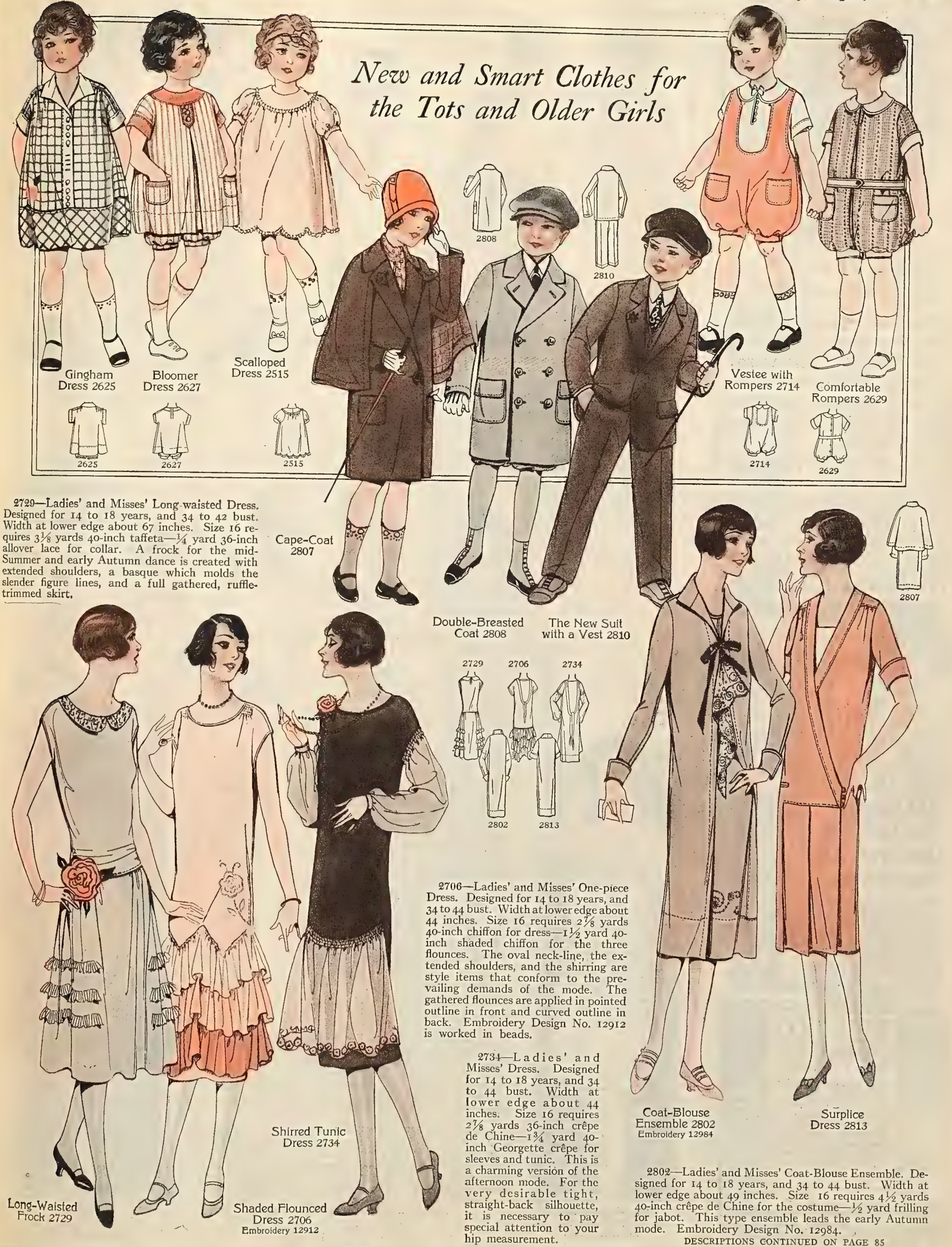


Flared-Godet
Dress 2816

Utility Dress
2786

Plaited Dress 2812

New and Smart Clothes for the Tots and Older Girls


Gingham Dress 2625
Bloomer Dress 2627
Scalloped Dress 2515
2625
2627
2515
2808
2810
Vestee with Rompers 2714
Comfortable Rompers 2629
2714
2629
Cape-Coat 2807
2807
Double-Breasted Coat 2808
The New Suit with a Vest 2810
2729
2706
2734
2802
2813
Coat-Blouse Ensemble 2802
Embroidery 12984
Surplice Dress 2813
Shirred Tunic Dress 2734
Long-Waisted Frock 2729
Shaded Flounced Dress 2706
Embroidery 12912

2729—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 67 inches. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch taffeta—¼ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar. A frock for the mid-Summer and early Autumn dance is created with extended shoulders, a basque which molds the slender figure lines, and a full gathered, ruffle-trimmed skirt.

2706—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 44 inches. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch chiffon for dress—1½ yard 40-inch shaded chiffon for the three flounces. The oval neck-line, the extended shoulders, and the shirring are style items that conform to the prevailing demands of the mode. The gathered flounces are applied in pointed outline in front and curved outline in back. Embroidery Design No. 12912 is worked in beads.

2734—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 44 inches. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and tunic. This is a charming version of the afternoon mode. For the very desirable tight, straight-back silhouette, it is necessary to pay special attention to your hip measurement.

2802—Ladies' and Misses' Coat-Blouse Ensemble. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 49 inches. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the costume—½ yard frilling for jabot. This type ensemble leads the early Autumn mode. Embroidery Design No. 12984.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

"Mum"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
keeps you fresh from bath-to-bath

The odor of perspiration is unpleasant and unfeminine.

But "Mum" is the word! A touch of "Mum," the cream deodorant, frees you from *all* body odors, from bath to bath.

"Mum" is used regularly with the sanitary napkin—proof of its effectiveness and safety. Get "Mum" today.

25c and 50c at all stores or from us postpaid.
MUM MFG. CO., 1105 Chestnut St., Phila.

Whiten Your Skin-Almost Over Night

No more blackheads, pimples, freckles or muddiness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, sallowness, liver splotches, moth patches or any blemish.

Make This 3 Minute Test

Three minutes before bedtime smooth some of this cool, fragrant creme upon your skin. The next morning you will be astonished at the way your skin has begun to clear. Send for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme now—only $1.00. If not delighted and amazed your money will be instantly refunded. Just enclose a $1 bill and address
Paris Toilet Co., 28 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

I'll Keep You in Silk Hosiery for Life
And Give You Money Too

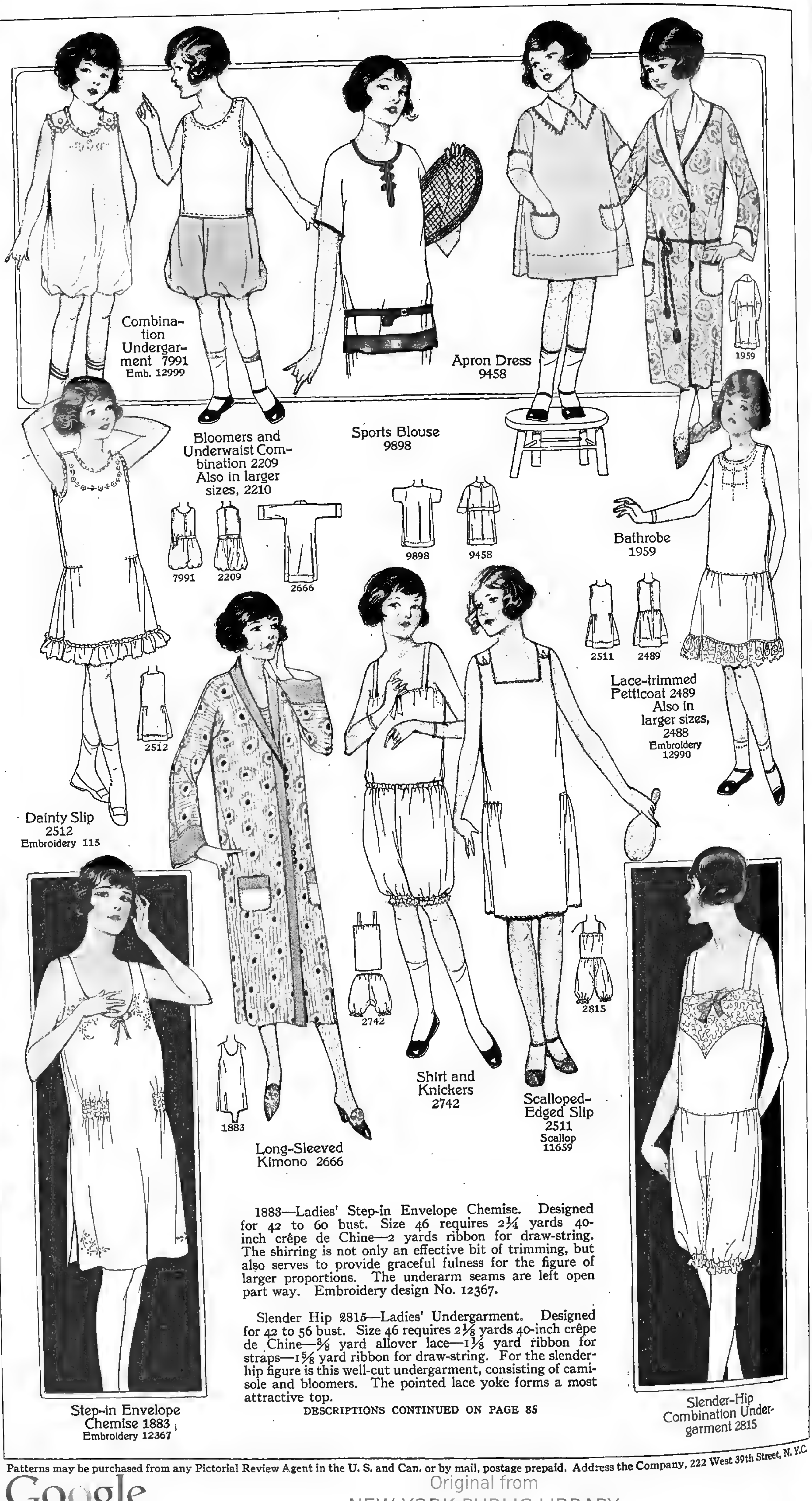
WEAR—at OUR expense—silk hosiery which looks, fits and wears so much better and holds its shape and appearance of "newness" so much longer than any other hosiery that your friends will want to know where you got it. We pay you for telling them. You can make $10 to $15 a week and get your own silk hosiery free. Write for amazing plan today.
Mrs. Mary MacDonald,
care of Wearplus Company
750 Wearplus Avenue,
Bay City, Mich.

Beautiful silk hosiery FREE if you act quickly

REIS:TICO FOUNDATION LETTERS

A delight to embroider and admire. Made of an improved substance which swells when laundered, beautifully embossing the embroidered initial or monogram. Many artistic styles. Ask for them at your favorite store.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for Samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00.
P. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1052 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Combination Undergarment 7991
Emb. 12999

Bloomers and Underwaist Combination 2209
Also in larger sizes, 2210

Sports Blouse
9898

Apron Dress
9458

Bathrobe
1959

Dainty Slip
2512
Embroidery 115

Lace-trimmed Petticoat 2489
Also in larger sizes, 2488
Embroidery 12990

Long-Sleeved Kimono 2666

Shirt and Knickers
2742

Scalloped-Edged Slip
2511
Scallop 11659

Step-in Envelope Chemise 1883
Embroidery 12367

Slender-Hip Combination Undergarment 2815

1883—Ladies' Step-in Envelope Chemise. Designed for 42 to 60 bust. Size 46 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards ribbon for draw-string. The shirring is not only an effective bit of trimming, but also serves to provide graceful fulness for the figure of larger proportions. The underarm seams are left open part way. Embroidery design No. 12367.

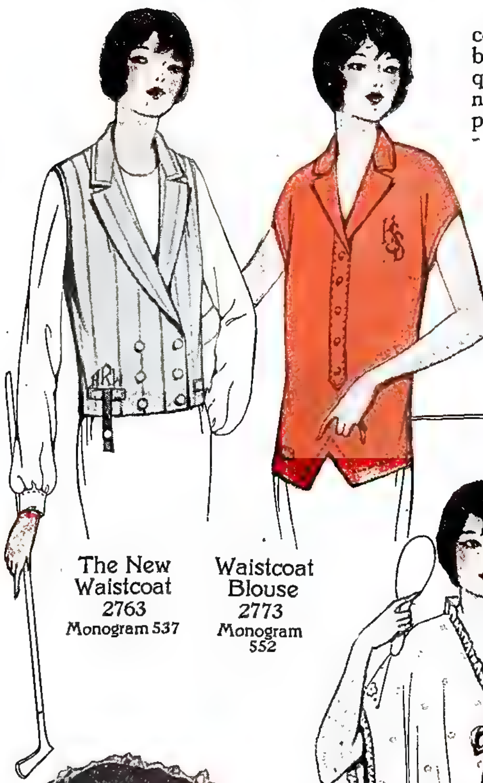
Slender Hip 2815—Ladies' Undergarment. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Size 46 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard allover lace—1⅛ yard ribbon for straps—1⅝ yard ribbon for draw-string. For the slender-hip figure is this well-cut undergarment, consisting of camisole and bloomers. The pointed lace yoke forms a most attractive top.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the U. S. and Can. or by mail, postage prepaid. Address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, N. Y. C.

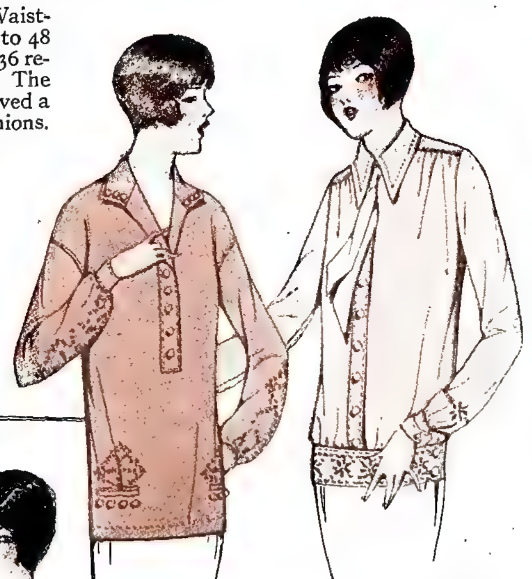
New and Attractive Hand-Made Underthings and Blouses

2773—Ladies' and Misses' Waistcoat Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch satin. The new waistcoat blouse has achieved a prominent place in blouse fashions. Satin is suggested in this instance, but it is frequently shown in flannel, in pique, linen, silk broadcloth, and in the striped tub silks. A belt is included in the underarm seams, closing in back. Monogram No. 552.



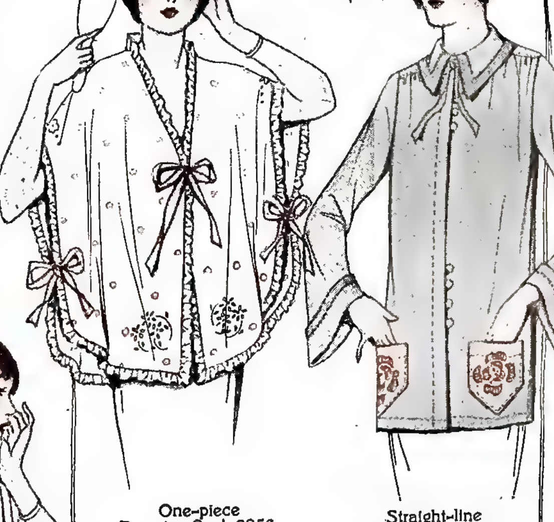
The New Waistcoat 2763 Monogram 537

Waistcoat Blouse 2773 Monogram 552



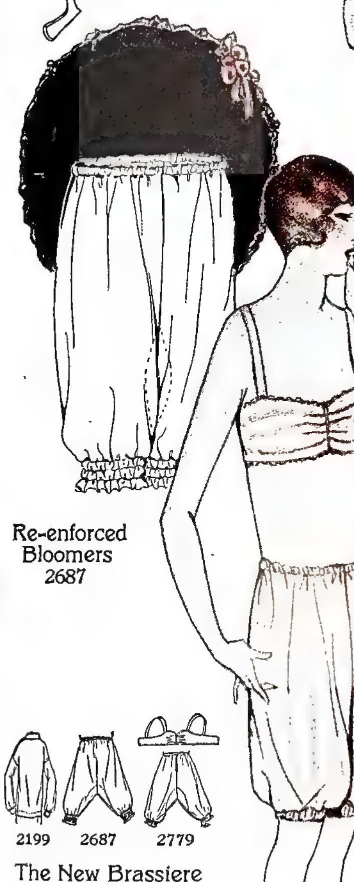
The New Sports Blouse 2199 Cross-stitch 12248

The New Suit Blouse 2799 Embroidery 13008



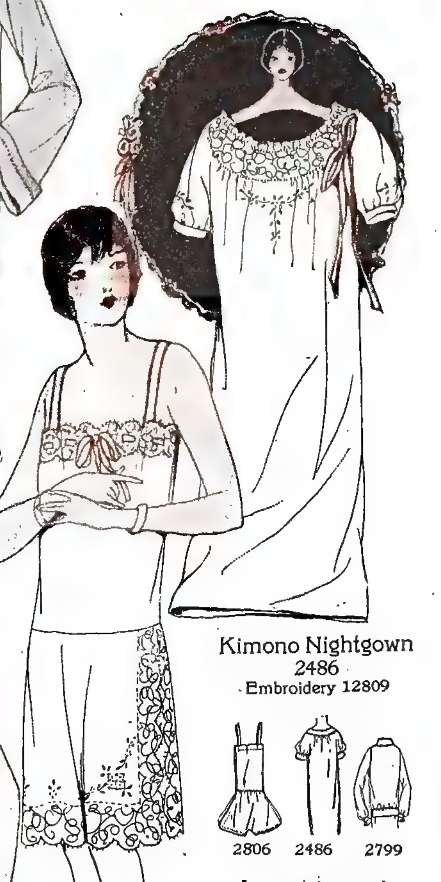
One-piece Dressing Sack 9953 Embroidery 12999

Straight-line Dressing Sack 1532 Embroidery 13023



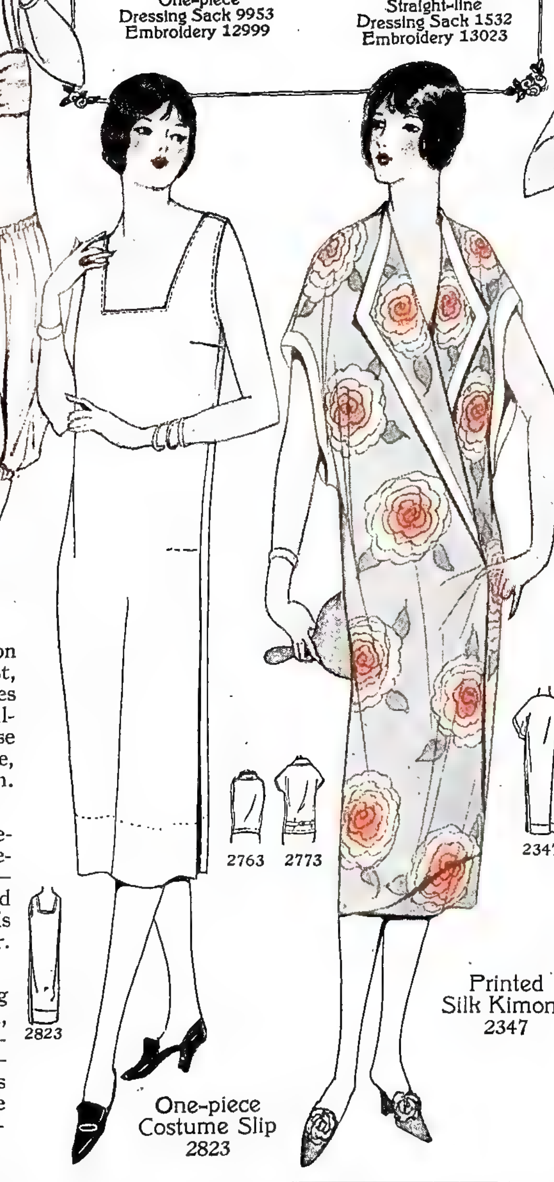
Re-enforced Bloomers 2687

The New Brassiere and Bloomers 2779



Kimono Nightgown 2486 Embroidery 12809

Lace-trimmed Step-in 2806 Embroidery 12990



One-piece Costume Slip 2823

Printed Silk Kimono 2347

2199—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch Jersey. The well-dressed woman has several of these simple sports blouses in her wardrobe, fashioned of Jersey, or silk broadcloth. Cross-stitch design No. 12248.

1532—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch silk crêpe—2⅛ yards ribbon to trim collar and cuffs. A convenient little sack is this one with wide sleeves and round collar. Embroidery design No. 13023.

9953—Ladies' One-piece Dressing Sack. Designed in small, medium, and large sizes. The medium size requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch dotted voile—7⅛ yards ruffling to edge—3 yards ribbon to trim. Nothing could be more simple to cut and make. Embroidery design No. 12999.

2347—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch printed silk—3⅛ yards ribbon to edge revers and sleeves. This graceful design is caught up in plaits in front, closing at the left side-front. The fronts are underfaced and rolled to form the revers. Since there are only a few seams to sew this model presents no difficulty even for the beginner.

2806—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch radium silk—1¼ yard lace for camisole—3⅜ yards lace for drawers—1⅛ yard ribbon for straps. There are several advantages to be found in making your own underthings; in this case it is so comfortably cut that there is no undue strain on the fabric, and you can select a better-grade fabric. Embroidery design No. 12990.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Make These Lovely Things Yourself
For Profit and Pleasure

Earn money at home, this fascinating new way, in spare time—through membership in Fireside Industries, the national organization of artistic home-workers!

THIS is the most delightful work you could imagine; you will enjoy every minute you devote to it. Many people do it solely for the artistic pleasure they get in creating beautiful things. But it also *pays surprisingly well,* for there is an enormous demand for art novelties. Many of our members make $20 to $50 a week, and have built up profitable businesses from small beginnings. Think of decorating a pair of candlesticks, for example, requiring only an hour's work, and realizing a profit of $2.00. What other work could be so interesting, and pay so well?

What Members Earn
"My total sales for the holidays were $187.98—a profit of $126.75."
—Henriette Worthington

No Special Ability Needed

The cooperative association of home-workers known as Fireside Industries now has openings for a limited number of new members. This is your opportunity. Find out how you can secure a membership. The work is easily learned, and a perfect joy to do. You have only to follow the simple directions given by Gabriel Andre Petit, the Art Director, and you easily learn the latest methods of decorating wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, novelty painted furniture, book-ends, greeting cards, batik and other lovely objects of art. Through Mr. Petit's perfected system, the work becomes extremely simple, and you are furnished a complete outfit of materials, worth at least $10.00, without extra cost. You can start making money almost at once.

Money Back Guarantee

What thousands of others are doing in Fireside Industries, you also can do. So sure are we of your success in this fascinating work, that we guarantee to refund your money in full if, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased. You take no risk whatever.

This Opportunity May Not Occur Again

Send for Beautiful Book

The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, explains all about this new way to earn money at home. It will be sent you, absolutely without obligation. Just mail the coupon, or write, enclosing 2c stamp to help pay postage. But do this at once, while openings for new members are available.

Fireside Industries
Dept. 198, Adrian, Mich.

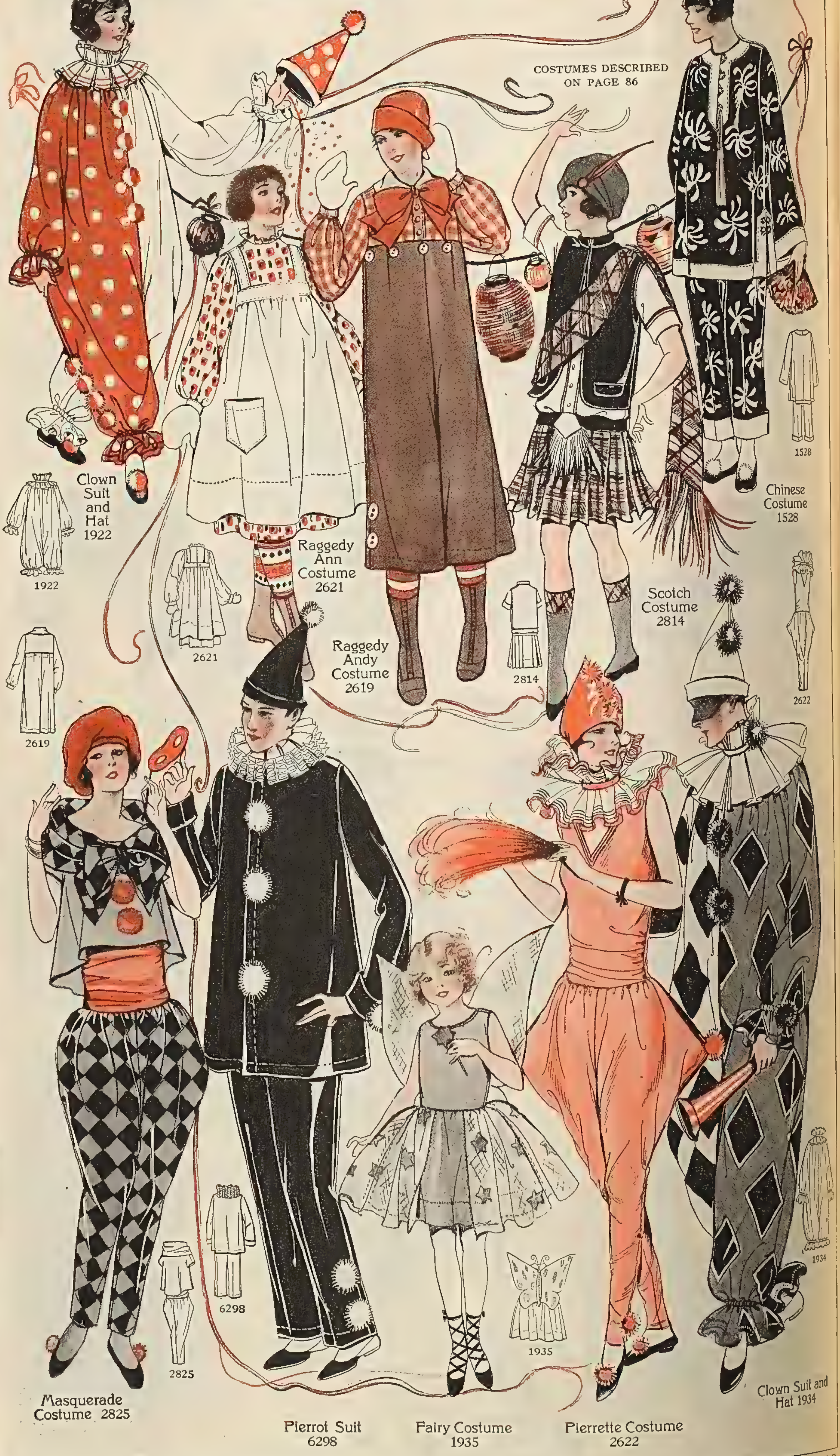
Fireside Industries
Dept. 198
Adrian Michigan.

Please send me the book on Fireside Industries, which explains how I may earn money at home by decorating art novelties; also particulars of your money back guarantee and special co-operative privileges.

Name
Address
City State

Festive Attire for the Dance

COSTUMES DESCRIBED
ON PAGE 86


Clown Suit and Hat 1922
1922
2621
Raggedy Ann Costume 2621
Raggedy Andy Costume 2619
2619
2814
Scotch Costume 2814
1528
Chinese Costume 1528
2622
Masquerade Costume 2825
2825
6298
Pierrot Suit 6298
Fairy Costume 1935
1935
Pierrette Costume 2622
1934
Clown Suit and Hat 1934

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the U. S. and Can. or by mail, postage prepaid. Address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, N. Y. C.

it is so easy

No scrubbing. No hard work. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Watch every mark, stain and incrustation disappear. See how beautifully white and shining it leaves the porcelain.

Sani-Flush is made for just one purpose. It cleans and sanitizes the toilet bowl and hidden, unhealthful trap. It destroys all foul odors. There is nothing else that will do the same work.

Sani-Flush will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, Ohio

Cleans Typewriter Type

Use a cloth saturated with Carbona. Removes the gummy dirt and dust that clog the type. Makes writing clear. No wiping; dries instantly.

For Safety's Sake–demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores.

You wouldn't dare do this with Benzine Naphtha or Gasoline
Cannot Burn or Explode

Keep Sweet with
EverSweet
THE DAINTY DEODORANT

This smooth, white unscented cream neutralizes all perspiration and body odors. It is soothing and very comforting. It is a harmless antiseptic. It is a splendid emollient. No particular woman can be without it. 25c and 50c a Jar. Sample 3c

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH
A Liquid Face Cream
Revives the freshness of youth. Bottle 75c

PHROSTEEN *For Sunburn & Rough Skin* **25c** *bot.*
At Drug and Department Stores
EVERSWEET CO., Dept. PR 62 Cliff St., N.Y.

FREE
a seven day cake

The Secret of a Skin that's Always Young

Known to millions of beautiful women, stage and film stars. It is Sem-pray, the "Always Young" complexion cake. Contains precious aids to beauty which cannot be put up in jars. A super-fine cleansing creme, skin food and base for powder – combined! Guaranteed safe, pure, reliable. Endorsed by skin specialists. Sold everywhere, 60c. Trial cake, with beauty booklet, free. Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay, 658-1 Sem-pray Bldg., Grand Rapids. Mich.

Just Say **SEM-PRAY**

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

2812—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 77 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch jade green Balbriggan Jersey—1⅜ yard 36-inch material for bodice lining. Monogram No. 558.

2803—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch Chanel blue velvet broche—3½ yards 40-inch blue chiffon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

2818—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch gray flat crêpe—⅝ yard allover white lace for vestee. Embroidery design No. 12984.

2822—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch lavender crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine to trim. Silk and lace collar and cuffs.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

2795—Child's Ensemble Costume. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch tanager red silk faille for coat and collar of dress—1¾ yard 40-inch beige crêpe de Chine for dress.

2778—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch yellow and blue check gingham—½ yard 36-inch yellow chambray to trim.

2741—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch mauve voile—6 yards white ruffling to trim.

2774—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch green figured dimity—⅝ yard 32-inch tan dimity for trimming.

2807—Girls' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch homespun—¼ yard 27-inch velveteen for collar—4 yards 36-inch silk for lining.

2775—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch green silk crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white silk crêpe—1½ yard green bias binding.

2699—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch yellow pongee—¼ yard 36-inch blue silk for scalloped cuffs—3¼ yards blue ribbon.

2739—Girls' One-piece Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch rose silk crêpe—1⅞ yard frilling to trim sleeves and pockets.

2776—Girls' Long-waisted Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch light color chambray—1⅛ yard 36-inch red chambray.

2737—Child's Dress with Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch blue voile—¼ yard 40-inch yellow voile to trim.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

2802—Ladies' and Misses' Coat-Blouse Ensemble. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 49 inches. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch Charmeen—3⅛ yards contrasting crêpe de Chine for underdress, collar, frill and cuffs.

2791—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 59 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Balbriggan Jersey—⅝ yard 40-inch silk faille for vestee and collar—¼ yard 40-inch silk to edge collar, cuffs and pockets. Monogram No. 558.

2792—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe satin—2¾ yards ribbon to bind for neck-line and cuffs and for tie. Embroidery design No. 13035.

2796—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 50 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch Balbriggan Jersey—⅜ yard 40-inch flat crêpe for collar.

2811—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 63 inches. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch kashmir—¼ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for vestee—2½ yards bias binding.

2817—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch plaid silk—2 yards braid—2⅛ yards 36-inch lining.

2805—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 47 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool plaid—¼ yard 40-inch satin for collar—1⅛ yard ribbon—1½ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

2824—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch cheviot—4⅝ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

2812—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 77 inches. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—1¼ yard 36-inch material for bodice lining.

2600—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 40-inch linen.

2809—Girls' Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 54-inch Jersey—2½ yards 36-inch lining.

2639—Girls' Suspender Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1½ yard 36-inch linen for blouse—1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel. Single initial No. 12254.

2681—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Dress. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch material for blouse—1¼ yard 54-inch plaid flannel for dress.

2647—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Jersey—¼ yard 40-inch silk for collar.

2680—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—2 yards 32-inch chambray. Appliqué design 12672.

2515—Child's Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile—8⅜ yards voile frilling to trim.

2698—Child's Dress with Dress Bloomers. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dotted dimity—1⅞ yard frilling to edge.

2824—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch homespun—2¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

2625—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch voile for collar and cuffs.

2627—Child's Bloomer Dress. Including Embroidery Design to to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards 32-inch striped gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch voile.

2515—Child's Dress. Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch organdy—8⅜ yards organdy frilling to trim.

2807—Girls' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tweed—3 yards 36-inch material for lining.

2808—Boys' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch chinchilla cloth—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

2810—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tweed—2⅝ yards 36-inch material for lining.

2714—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch chambray for vestee—1⅝ yard 32-inch contrasting chambray for rompers.

2629—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch madras—½ yard 36-inch linen to trim.

2813—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 66 inches. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe satin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

7991—Child's Combination Undergarment. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch nainsook—2¾ yards edging. Embroidery design No. 12999.

2209—Child's Undergarment. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch cotton crêpe.

9898—Girls' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch linen—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting linen for band—1⅞ yard contrasting bias binding.

9458—Child's Apron Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch chambray—2⅜ yards rickrack edging.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

"My Beauty Secret?
—a touch of henna
in the shampoo
to make vivid the charm of every woman with a gleaming glory of lustrous hair"

An interview with the most beautiful bathing girl in America

THE sun streamed upon the ivory white of her flesh and the cool green of her bathing suit—and I knew why the judgment of men had made her Princess of Beaches—Queen of Mermaids.

One must be born with such a form, with such a skin. But one cannot give oneself daily to the rough caresses of the surf and have what she had—that shimmering, luminous softness that played almost imperceptibly over her features, *from the living lustre of her hair.*

"What is it you do," I questioned, *"that makes your hair so live and radiant?"*

"That is my one secret of beauty," she said. "A secret that every hairdresser knows—that every woman *should* know. I use *—a touch of henna in the shampoo."*

"But henna—" I exclaimed.

"No woman is ever convinced until she has tried it," she said. "Yet every friend I've ever told who has found the proper blend of just *a touch of henna* with *a good shampoo,* has had a compliment from every man she knew, next day, upon the lustrous beauty of her hair. And yet, whether her hair was blonde, or brunette, it had only been made more gloriously itself—unchanged."

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO is the blend of *a touch of henna,* with pure vegetable oils.

The *touch of henna* is exactly the same used in the henna rinse of the fashionable hairdresser to give lustrous beauty to the hair of women of fashion.

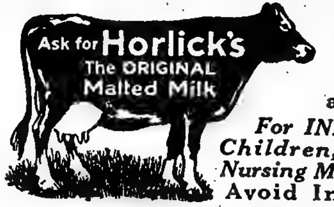
Reveal the richest radiance of your hair! Begin using Hennafoam Shampoo today!

Hennafoam Shampoo

If you cannot get Hennafoam Shampoo from your dealer, send 50c to the Hennafoam Corp., 511 West 42nd Street, New York

WEDDINGS
Engraved INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS—VISITING CARDS
Correct in form. Perfect in execution. Direct from the nation's capital. Moderate prices. Samples on request.
Established 1906
HAUSLER & CO., Dept. E,
Washington, D. C.
100 Script Engraved Visiting Cards (name only) $3.00

Maternity
STYLE BOOK FREE
MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.
Lane Bryant *Address Dept. 31 38th St. at Fifth Ave.* New York



Safe Milk and Diet
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.
Avoid Imitations

Oh How Lovely!
1000 ACTUAL FABRIC SAMPLES

AGENTS
SALESWOMEN — SALESMEN
Make big money taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics and General Yard Goods. Large Book of Fabric Samples furnished to Agents. Write today.
NATIONAL IMP. & MFG. CO.
578 Broadway, Dept. 2, N. Y. City

This Wonderful Book is only - 50¢
The Bible Reader's Companion
contains the Story of the Bible, How to read the Bible through in a year, Sixty Bible Readings, Memory Training through Scripture Memorizing, Our Lord's Parables and Miracles, and other interesting and valuable facts about the Bible. Helps you and your children to know and enjoy the Bible. Send 50c stamps or currency to-day.
THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, *Am. Branch*
Dept. 108 35 West 32nd St., New York

Have Good Hair And Clean Scalp
Cuticura
Soap and Ointment Work Wonders
Try Our New Shaving Stick.

THREE DOLLARS PER HOUR IS YOURS—
If you want to earn $10, $20, $50 or more a month in your spare time, write us today for details and get our Free Stationery Offer.
INDIVIDUAL STATIONERS, INC., Dept. A. Corry, Pa.

Hotels Need Trained Women
High-Salaried Positions Open in Hotels, Tea Rooms, Cafeterias, Motor Inns
MANAGERS, assistant managers, floor clerks, hostesses, etc., wanted for high-salaried positions in America's Fourth Largest Industry. Hundreds of new establishments now opening every week are crying for trained executives. Shortage acute. Lewis Students' Employment Bureau receiving daily calls for executives to fill big-paying positions.
You can qualify in a few short weeks at home with the Lewis System of Spare-Time Training for a splendid position as Hotel Hostess, or other executive, Tea Room Manager, etc. We put you in touch with excellent opportunities.
Big pay, quick advancement, fascinating work that develops charm and personality. Past experience unnecessary. Thousands of Lewis Students are winning success in this uncrowded field. One student writes: "I am now hostess and manager of an apartment house in the fashionable section—salary $3600 per year with beautiful apartment for my girls and self."
Free Book, *"Your Big Opportunity,"* gives full details. Write for it today.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room V-2374 Founded 1916 Washington, D. C.

You, Too Can Have An Appealing Beauty

A skin and complexion glowing with the exquisite charm of youthful freshness. A beauty so fascinating as to compel the instant admiration of all. Let Gouraud's Oriental Cream show you how easy, how quickly, you can give to your appearance this alluring subtile touch.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

renders an even, soft, delicate appearance to the face, neck, arms, shoulders or hands, an indispensable service for evening affairs. Its effect is both astringent and antiseptic, making it invaluable in cases of complexion blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. Made in three shades—white, flesh and rachel.

Send 50c for a special assortment of Gouraud's Toilet Preparations or 10c for trial size of Gouraud's Oriental Cream

M-1-5

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York

Guaranteed Color Fast
Sun and Tub Fast
Style No. 111

Only $1.27

The Greatest Bargain Ever Offered Absolutely Below Cost!

HERE is the greatest introductory bargain ever offered—this beautiful dress is being sold absolutely below cost. The material alone is worth double the price asked. So handsomely made—ideal for morning and afternoon wear. Guaranteed color fast and will launder beautifully at least fifty times. A roomy, slip-over model.

Made of the very best quality of fast color Loretta suiting with an attractive Peter Pan collar, sleeves, pocket tops and tie of beautifully-figured English broadcloth. The straight up-and-down panel of the same material gives this pretty dress a stylish touch.

Sleeve cuffs, collar, panel and pocket tops are piped in Loretta suiting. Self-cloth sash gives a fashionable look. For only $1.27 it is the greatest bargain ever offered, as this dress would sell in the stores for at least $4.00.

COLORS—Beautiful Copenhagen Blue, Lavender, Tangerine and Fall Green. Exact Sizes 16, 18, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46.

Don't Send a Penny Pay nothing until you actually receive this wonderful bargain—just send your name and address, size and color wanted, and I will send your dress at once. Wear it for three days and if it is not the greatest bargain you ever saw I'll refund your money without question. Can I make a fairer offer?

I want you to know about me and my bargains. So with your order I'll also send you free my latest Fashion Sheet which shows the latest and most beautiful styles in washable house, street and porch dresses at unheard-of low prices. A treat for the woman who wants to dress well at low cost. Write me today.—JANE ROBY

JANE ROBY CO., 851 Gateway Sta., Kansas City, Mo.

The Breakers
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
On The Ocean Front
American and European Plans
Afternoon Teas Concerts
Joel Hillman, *President*

1000 Island House
ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y.
Venice of America

The largest and best conducted Hotel in Thousand Islands. A resort different from others and noted for its high class clientele.

For many years ownership management of
WILLIAM H. WARBURTON
Illustrated book with road maps free
Motor Boating - Golf - Tennis - Fishing
New 18-Hole Golf Course

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

1959—Child's Bathrobe. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1½ yard 54-inch eiderdown—⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting eiderdown for collar, cuffs and pockets.

2512—Child's Slip. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1¼ yards 36-inch batiste. Embroidery design No. 11569.

2489—Girls' Petticoat. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1 yard 36-inch nainsook—2 yards 3¼-inch lace for ruffle. Embroidery design No. 12990.

2666—Girls' and Juniors' Kimono. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch figured cotton crêpe—1⅝ yard 36-inch plain cotton crêpe to trim.

2742—Girls' and Juniors' Shirt and Knickers. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard ribbon for straps.

2511—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Scallop design No. 11659.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

2763—Ladies' and Misses' Waistcoat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 54-inch striped flannel. Monogram No. 537.

2799—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch silk broadcloth. Embroidery design No. 13008.

2687—Ladies' and Misses' Bloomers. Designed for 26 to 40 waist, and 16 to 20 years. Size 30 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

2779—Ladies' and Misses' Brassiere and Bloomers. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch radium silk.

2823—Ladies' and Misses' Costume Slip. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin.

2486—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch batiste—¼ yard allover lace. Embroidery design No. 12809.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

1922—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch plain sateen—1¾ yard 36-inch dotted sateen—⅜ yard 36-inch organdy for ruching.

2621—Raggedy Ann Costume. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch calico—3⅛ yards 36-inch chambray.

2619—Raggedy Andy Costume. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch sateen—1½ yard 32-inch check gingham—½ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen.

2814—Girls' and Juniors' Masquerade Costume. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch plaid silk—⅞ yard 40-inch satin for bolero and sash—1¼ yard 40-inch satin for blouse—¾ yard fringe—2⅛ yards bias binding to trim.

1528—Girls' Chinese Costume. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch printed sateen—1 yard 36-inch plain sateen to trim.

2825—Ladies' and Misses' Masquerade Costume. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1⅛ yard 36-inch sateen for bodice—1⅛ yard 36-inch muslin for bolero—⅝ yard 36-inch sateen for hat.

6298—Men's Pierrot Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch sateen.

1935—Fairy Costume. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch cambric for dress—2 yards 40-inch organdy.

2622—Ladies' and Misses' Pierrette Costume. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch sateen—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar—9¾ yards ribbon to trim.

1934—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 8⅞ yards 36-inch sateen—1⅛ yard 36-inch muslin.

When Is Your Next Party?

IF YOU have trouble in thinking up original ideas for decorations for your next card-party try these month by month.

August

SEASHORE TIME—Sand-colored table and score-pad covers. Tally-cards in shape of sand-pails. Prizes, water-wings, bathing-bracelets, rubber earrings, rubberized bandanna handkerchiefs, rubber bags, and other bathing-accessories.

September

SCHOOL—Gingham table-covers having patchwork school-children carrying books in corners. Score-pads, slates, tally-cards, note-books. Prizes, blotters, desk sets, pencils, pens, vacuum-bottles. Refreshments served in lunch-boxes.

Fall Foliage and Nuts—Nut-brown-colored table and score-pad covers. Leaf-shaped tally-cards. These should be in "turned" colors. Prizes, nut-crackers, nut-bowls, pictures of Fall scenes. Foliage decorations should center the tray. Nut-bread sandwiches and chocolate-"acorn" candies could be on the menu.

Football—Table and score-pad covers in the colors of a favorite team. Tally-cards done in flag shape bearing the name of the favorite team thereon. Center tray decoration a football filled with candies or nuts. Prizes, tickets to a coming game, chrysanthemum-plant.

October

COLUMBUS DAY—Since it was for spices and other riches that Columbus sailed to India, as he supposed, the table and score-pad covers might be in the yellows and browns of spices. Tally-cards could be in the forms of ships. They might also be pictures of old-fashoned folks, or of compasses or field-glasses. The center decoration of the refreshment tray may be a bird flower-holder, since the sight of birds meant to those sailors of old that land was near. Prizes may be field-glasses or any articles which Columbus might have brought back from "India." Such articles are jewels, spices, golden trinkets, turbans, shawls.

Hallowe'en—Card-table and score-pad covers in black, with orange figures in the corners; witches, humpbacked cats, or bat-shaped tally-cards. Center decoration of refreshment-tray a Jack-o'-lantern filled with fruit or bittersweet-berries. Prizes, bittersweet-berries, orange-colored vases, baskets of oranges, orange-colored combing-jackets and kimonos, orange-colored sport handkerchiefs.

November

ARMISTICE DAY — Card-table and score-pad covers of colors displayed in flags of Allies. Tally-cards in flag shape, each flag being colored on one side with the colors belonging to one of the Allies. Prizes, novelties made in the various countries represented.

Thanksgiving Day—Harvest-time, patriotic, or Colonial themes. Card-table and score-pad covers in harvest colors. Tally-cards in pumpkin, sheaf, or ear-of-corn design. Since our forefathers gave thanks on that first Thanksgiving Day for five grains of corn still in their possession, pop-corn might be featured in the refreshments. Prizes, jars of cranberry sauce or jelly, Colonial articles.

Send your questions about parties and entertaining to Dorothy Stuart, Entertainment Editor, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City. Always enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelop for a reply.

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

proposing anything so ridiculous; also, his conscience hurt him, probably. Wonder he hadn't telephoned it off.

They reached the edge of the broadest expanse of the salt-water marsh-lands. It was as cold and desolate as the moon that silvered it.

Geoffrey threw off his ulster and locked it with his cap in the car. He wore a white woolen sweater and an old pair of corduroy breeches.

"I used to know these meadows like a map," he said as he rowed with sure strokes through one of the winding narrow channels. "I'd come here to think out my problems, and generally at night."

GITA drew her cape about her and looked out over the marsh, sniffing the salt air. A sensation of peace descended upon her. She loved color and movement and brilliance, but she also loved cold, austere beauty, low tones, hard outlines, white landscapes in Winter. This marsh was starkly beautiful. Far in the distance was the black mass of a pinewood. As quiet as death. Only once a train roared over a bridge.

She looked at Pelham. He was smiling; his face was as boyish as when he had flown into a temper, but charmingly pleasant. "I shouldn't have asked you to come," he said frankly. "But we're here, and I'll leave remorse for to-morrow. You may tell Eustace if you like——"

"I certainly shall not. I may fly to the moon with a man if I choose. If he were still in danger I shouldn't have come, of course—you wouldn't have proposed it. But I came out to enjoy myself and I don't intend to split hairs."

"You're rather a pagan, you know."

"Perhaps. Seems to me we're all pagans these days. Except you. You're rather old-fashioned, you know."

"I expect to remain so. Nevertheless I wouldn't be anywhere else. We needn't talk at all, if you'd rather not. It is enough for me——"

"You asked me out to have a talk," she said mischievously.

"I'm only too ready to listen to anything you may have to tell me."

But Gita had no intention of telling anything. She had once obeyed an egotistical impulse, and the present mess was the result.

But something must happen to make the night memorable. No hope of anything fortuitous. Impossible to turn over, and be rescued, in these narrow channels. Not a soul on the meadows but themselves. She wasn't cold, after all—rarely was, for that matter.

Their eyes met with that quick, spontaneous smile of youth to youth, which may mean all or nothing. If Geoffrey were experiencing the pangs of unsatisfied love it was evident he had no intention of betraying himself. But with that quick, involuntary response, that smiling, subtly intimate exchange, she felt a curious stir in her body. An invisible cloak seemed to envelop her under that dark, ugly cape and turn mere warmth into a glow. A curious sense of unreality— Reality?

"Have we been here before?" she asked abruptly.

"What I felt once or twice when we were in fancy dress? Unfortunately that sort of thing has been scientifically explained. It means nothing, I'm afraid."

"I rather like the idea of reincarnation," quite forgetting she had rejected it with scorn.

"So do I—as a man. But science is uncompromising."

"Science is always finding out its mistakes. Look at anthropology. I read a lot of that last year." She shied away from any mention of Eustace, even as tutor.

"True. And, of course, anything is possible. We know very little, after all. Certainly nothing of the beyond."

"I choose to believe," said Gita clearly and looking straight at him, "that two hundred years ago I was living at that manor and you came here from Boston on a visit—political, probably—and brought letters to us. You would, of course—I think I knew it that night."

"A very pretty game, if you want to play it." She saw his eyes flash, and forced humor into her own eyes lest he receive a hint of that curious sensation of something rising in her veins. But her laugh was infused with that voluptuous warmth bordering on hysteria. "You really believe it, you know. One night after a ball, when our fine clothes were new, you begged me to slip out and row on these meadows with you, and you had a Spanish cape over your blue-satin coat and white——"

"You are rather unfair, you know."

"Not a bit of it." Her voice rose. "We're merely reconstructing the past, not building up any kind of future. No obstacles in those days, altho my irate papa probably boxed my ears when I got back, and marched you off to the library to ask your intentions——"

"I'd hardly have put him to the trouble!"

Her eyes glowed. "Of course not!" she said softly. "Of course not!"

"Do you love me?" he asked harshly.

She shrank back and pulled the hood of her cape over her face. "You are your ancestor asking that, of course."

"I'll be —— if I am. What's come over you? I thought you were above flirting?"

"I am!" Her voice was muffled by more than the hood.

"Put that hood back."

But she covered what was still visible of her face with her hand. "I'm frightened," she whispered. "Terribly frightened."

"I've no intention of touching you. I was a fool or worse to come out here with you, but it will stop at that——"

"I'm not afraid of you. You don't understand, of course."

"Oh, yes, I do!"

"But you can't—you mustn't— Oh! *What*—" Gita, for the first time since she was an angry child, burst into strangled weeping. He had been resting on his oars. The boat suddenly shot ahead.

"Cry it out," he said grimly. But his voice ended on an uncontrollable note of triumph.

"I feel so strange," sobbed Gita. "I—I—don't know what to think. I never——"

"No, never! But as soon as Eustace is well you'll put it up to him squarely."

SHE had flung her head down on her knees, convulsive sobs wrenching her body. "I won't! I won't! I don't want to marry you!"

"Oh, yes, you do. You never really wanted anything before in your life." He rowed toward the shore.

"I'd hate you——"

"You would not!"

"I do hate you——"

"That's all right. Hate me as much as you like. It amounts to the same thing."

She began to tremble violently. "They say—you feel horribly when you come to after drowning," she stammered through her chattering teeth. "I—feel—just like that."

"Of course. You're coming to life."

"It's not a—poetical feeling at all. I wish I'd really drowned." Her teeth were still chattering.

"It's a submerged—hitherto—part of your ego that hurts as much as anything else. It's undergoing birth-pangs as well as your ill-treated body."

She sighed, laced her fingers, and stared at the bottom of the boat. Then she looked up at him and smiled. He caught his breath. A wavering, dazed smile that passed from her lips and melted in her eyes.

"It's all over—the resentment," she said shyly. "And I'm glad—very glad——"

"We land in a moment. Can you drive a car?"

"Why—yes. Pretty well. Polly—and others—have taught me."

"Get into mine. Throw out my ulster and cap. Leave it at the gates. Take yourself off as fast as you can."

"But——"

"Do as I tell you. Leave it in the shade where it won't be noticed. Here we are. Jump out."

AS SHE parked the car under an oak she heard Polly's swift roadster approaching. She darted into the heavier shade of the avenue, but that figure in its long dark cape looked ominous to two girls alone on a deserted road at night. Polly put on her brakes and brought her car to a protesting halt. She cried out sharply:

"Who's there? I—I've got an automatic."

Gita was in no laughing mood, but she heard herself giggling.

"It's Gita!" exclaimed Elsie. "And that's Geoffrey's car."

"I'm in for it!" She sighed. "And I'd have given my immortal soul to be alone to-night."

She came out into the road. "Yes, it's I. Been taking an airing."

"Where's Geoffrey?" Polly's voice was high.

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"That's his car."

"Is it?"

"You've been out with him. Don't deny it."

Gita drew her hood over her face. "Why should I deny what you've no right to ask?"

"No right!"

"Certainly not. Sorry you caught me. Thought you'd telephoned to two of your heavies and were going to supper."

"Did. But Bob Hillier passed out—how'd you know I telephoned?"

But Gita would not mention Geoffrey's name. She turned and walked swiftly up the avenue.

"*Gita Carteret!*" Polly's voice tore by her on a wild, shrieking note. Elemental Polly, at last! Gita set her lips grimly and sped on. The matter was out of her hands. She would not discuss it. She wanted nothing but to be alone.

"*Gita Carteret! You'll pay! You'll pay!*"

Menacing that shriek, no longer hysterical. Gita heard the roar of the engine behind her and moved hastily to the extreme edge of the road, glancing over her shoulder. The headlights swerved and drove toward her. She had no time even to harbor incredulity. Polly intended to ride her down!

She darted toward a space between the trees, through it and into the shrubbery, less terrified than humiliated at being obliged to run instead of standing up to a fair fight. But she could not grapple with a frantic roadster with blinding headlights.

The car plunged through the opening after her. She scrambled to the top of a hedge and swung herself over and fled across the lawn, dropping her hampering cape. The car crashed through the hedge. She waited until it was almost upon her, then jumped to one side. She caught a glimpse of the two girls. Polly's face was a whirling disk of white fire. Elsie had flung herself upon her, trying to wrench Polly's hands from the wheel.

Polly brought the car about with a wide sweep, picked Gita out with the headlights, and drove toward her once

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Handiest thing in the house

For Sunburn

After a day at the beach or on the water, a picnic or a motor ride, sunburn will be relieved if you gently rub "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly into the affected part. It is soothing, healing, and takes away that burning sensation.

Keep "Vaseline" Jelly in the medicine cabinet. It keeps the skin velvety and improves the texture of a harsh, dry skin.

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" It is your protection

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Consolidated)
State Street, New York

Write for free Booklet: "INQUIRE WITHIN"

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
PETROLEUM JELLY

"HUMAN TALKER"
"I'll talk to You"

"I'll be a companion. I'll entertain you and amuse you with my wit."

Written guarantee to learn to talk. Satisfaction assured. Limited, selected, number imported this year. Take advantage of price now.

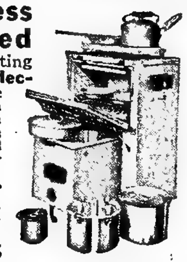
"The best bird I have seen in this part of Pennsylvania," says W. G. Hendricks, Juniata, Pa.

SPECIAL $18 July and Aug. ONLY

FREE BOOK CATALOG, PROOFS, ETC. WRITE FOR IT TODAY

Max GEISLER BIRD CO. EST. 1888

Address 130 GEISLER BLDG., OMAHA, NEB.
or 50 COOPER SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY



Campbell's "RAPID" ELECTRIC Range and Fireless Cooker Combined

Exactly what you've been waiting for—the **Automatic Rapid Electric Fireless Range** has double Electric grill for frying, 17″ oven for baking, large electric fireless cooker for boiling. Electricity starts cooking. It automatically shuts off and fireless cooker principle finishes the cooking. No special wiring required.

Special 30 Day Trial Offer

Write for **FREE** home science cook book. Cash or easy payments. Low price will amaze you. A card will do.

William Campbell Co., 1003 Union Av.
Alliance, Ohio Georgetown, Ontario

Simplify Your House-Cleaning

BY USING
★ NIBCO Sanitary Brushes Mops and Dusters
NONE BETTER MADE

Write for Booklet: "Keeping the House Beautiful"

Silver-Chamberlin Co.
Department PR. CLAYTON, NEW JERSEY

MAKING HAIR LOVELY

in four easy scenes

with the shampoo that *feeds* while it *cleans*

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

Before you wet your hair—you first rub a little TAROLEUM into your scalp.

Into the washbowl goes all the dust, grease and dandruff. Lather again and rinse well.

About five minutes of this sends the life-giving crude-oil to the hair-roots.
Then wet the head.

Notice the snowy lather!

When dried, your hair is silky and easy to handle.
Scalp healthy!
Hair beautiful!
TAROLEUM did it.

Your druggist has TAROLEUM. It is backed by a money-back guarantee to be the finest hair-wash you have ever used.

WILDROOT CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Be a Nurse

Become Independent

Learn in Spare Time at Home

Earn $30-35 a Week

Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years

Earn While Learning

If you are over 18 and under 55 years write for illustrated catalog and 32 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE details of Money-back Guarantee and FREE NURSES EQUIPMENT.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 48, 421 So. Ashland Blvd., Chicago

What Made Him PROPOSE?

How a demure little wren of a girl was changed almost overnight into an attractive Bird-of-Paradise woman—how she who had been neglected by her young men acquaintances suddenly became a center of attraction, and in thirty days the radiant bride of the man she had loved in vain for years—this is the theme of a letter received today. Hundreds of other letters just as wonderful have come to us voluntarily from readers of our new, revolutionary book dealing not with sex, but with psychology. "Fascinating Womanhood" shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness, by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10c. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you postpaid in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, 117 S. 14th St., St. Louis, Dept. 2-X

Own Your Own Tea Room

And Earn a Fine Income

WONDERFUL new field offers women earnings of $5,000 and upwards a year in a delightful fascinating profession. You can open a tea room of your own and make liberal profits or manage one already going. Opportunities everywhere for tea rooms, coffee shops, motor inns. Successful tea rooms started on as little as $50. capital.

We teach you in your spare time and put you in touch with big opportunities. The Lewis Tea Room Institute receives daily calls for managers, assistant managers, hostesses, table directors, buyers and other executives. You can qualify in a few short weeks with the Lewis Tea Room Training Course—previous experience not essential. Write for **Free Book,** *"Pouring Tea For Profit"*

LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE
Dept. V-2356 Washington, D. C.
Mary Catherine Lewis, Director

DR. SIMM'S
Arch and Ankle Supporter

is the GENUINE AND ONLY elastic ankle supporter that supports the arch. Relieves foot pains instantly. Restores disorganized bones to normal. Strengthens muscles. Comfortable to wear.

THEY MAKE YOUR FEET FEEL GOOD

Recommended by Physicians. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded. AT YOUR DEALERS or sent prepaid. $1.50 each; $2.75 a pair. State shoe size.

CHAS. QUENZER, INC.
Suite 211, Quenzer Bldg.
81 Reade Street, New York City

Please send me FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET on DR. SIMM'S ARCH AND ANKLE SUPPORTER.

Name ....

Address or R. F. D. ....

City .... State ....

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

more. But Gita reached the foot of the steps just as Polly made a last wild attempt to ride her down. Gita was breathless, but managed to walk up the steps with her head high. Topper had left his usual faint light in the hall.

The car had come to a standstill and Gita wondered vagrantly why Polly hadn't driven it up the steps and into the hall.

She hoped she'd take herself off, and waited for the welcome sound of the roadster in the avenue. To retreat first would be to show a white feather, and if Polly wanted a scene let her have it. But she was severely shaken. She knew she had had a narrow escape. Once more she sighed. How was she to recapture those last wondrous moments out there on the meadows? Retreat into a throbbing solitude with this miracle that had come to her?

RAPID feet on the steps. They were coming!

Polly entered first. Her face was no longer blazing white. It was flushed but otherwise composed. Elsie looked distraught, and fell at once into a chair, staring and gasping.

Polly's head was as high as Gita's. Her tones had never been more crisp and metallic. "Well!" she said. "I tried to kill you. No intention of denying it. Almost wish I had. But once more you've won out. Call the police if you like."

Gita shrugged disdainfully.

There was a sound of flying feet on the stairs.

"What is the matter?" demanded the nurse. "How could you make such a terrible noise under Mr. Bylant's windows? I only waited to give him an opiate, but he won't calm down until he knows what has happened."

Gita dismissed her with an impatient wave of the hand.

"Miss Pleyden lost control of her car. Nobody is hurt. Please tell him so at once."

The nurse, her curiosity by no means gratified, retired from a promising scene.

Gita turned to Polly.

"I really think there is nothing more to say. Don't you think we'd all better go to bed?"

Polly looked at her wonderingly.

"Don't you realize that I tried to kill you?" she asked.

"Well, what of it? You didn't. Nor do I feel disposed to lay it up against you. No doubt I'd have done the same thing in your place. Succeeded, too. If ever I start out to kill any one I'll do it. No anti-climaxes for me."

Polly gave a short laugh. "Couldn't have thought of anything more cutting! Can feel the knife down on the bone. Perhaps you are grateful to me. You always wanted drama. You've hit the high spots twice in one week."

"Melodrama," corrected Elizabeth Pelham. "But love and melodrama seem to be synonymous terms in real life! First Eustace, then you. And both of you belong to the topmost stratum of civilization!"

"No one is civilized," snapped Polly. "There's not one of us—who's alive—who won't fight to get what we want." She turned to Gita. "You said out there I had no 'right.' I have! And you know it! He was mine and you deliberately took him from me."

"He never was yours. Nor had he ever the least idea you cared for him, if that's any consolation."

"What on earth did he think? I've not looked at another man for months."

"Thought you were amusing yourself with a new type. You told him you amused yourself with one man after another."

"Probably did. Sounds like me. Nothing so blind as a man who's in love with another woman. Were you out with him to-night? I've a right to ask that."

"Well, I was."

"Did he make love to you?"

"Of course not. How could you think of such a thing?"

"Don't trust any man. But he's in love with you and you with him. Don't deny it."

Gita gazed over her head.

Polly turned white and beat her hands together. "And I must take it lying down! I, who vowed I'd get him and let nothing stand in my way. And now I can't go at it again. I feel as limp as a young corpse inside. Can't even try to scratch your eyes out. Am the well-brought up Miss Pleyden once more! Well, thank heavens, I was something else for five minutes. I'll cherish the memory through a long and prosaic life. Poor things, we moderns. Well, I'm off."

She hesitated, then went forward and held out her hand. "I don't ask you to forgive me but we may as well be sports."

Gita shook the cold hand. "Good-by, Polly," she said. "I'm sorry. Wish it could be wiped out. I'll miss you."

Miss Pleyden shrugged her shoulders. "Chapters have to end some time. You've made one quite interesting for me! I'll light a cigaret if you don't mind."

She performed this rite, nodded to Gita and Elsie, and swung lightly down the hall. A moment later they heard her car traveling at a reasonable pace.

Gita turned to Elsie. "*Vale* Polly. But you don't go. Not yet. You stay here until Eustace is able to leave. That's final."

"I feel lost and deserted myself!" exclaimed Elsie. "I wish I'd never laid eyes on you. You are a terrible devastating force, Gita. What will you do to my brother!" And then she stared at Gita's radiant face.

"Oh, don't worry! Don't worry! It won't be as bad as you think."

"Oh, when people are in love!" Elsie's voice was sarcastic.

Gita turned her back. "Better go to bed," she said coldly. "Nothing more to say, is there? After all, you both have had your revenge, if you but knew it. I—Oh!—" She hurtled past the startled Elsie and ran into the drawing-room, slamming the door behind her.

THE END

YOU have read with interest in "The Crystal Cup," by Gertrude Atherton, of Gita Carteret, who found happiness through love's awakening. Gita Carteret's struggle grew out of her resentment to an environment which some of us might envy—one of ease and of old traditions; but its formalities and her own strange constraint toward love between man and woman carried her through turbulent waters.

And now you will read in "Wild Geese," by Martha Ostenso (the novel which was awarded the $13,500 prize by Pictorial Review, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and Dodd, Mead & Co.), of a struggle more poignant, more tragic, for it is the struggle of a girl, born with high ideals and aspirations, who is held down by the cruel will of a cruel father to a life of overwhelming drudgery.

Judith Gare is a child of the soil—beautiful and robust in soul and body. Her capacity for sacrifice to save her mother from the brutality of her father is exhausted only when a great love offers her the opportunity to escape.

No character in fiction has been more perfectly pictured than Caleb Gare, the silent, subtle, and cruel father, who drives his family as a slaveholder drives his slaves. But above it all rides Judith Gare, triumphant, heroic.

"Wild Geese" is Martha Ostenso's first novel. You will all agree that it is a big novel and that it marks the beginning of the career of a genius.

Love Reigneth Still

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

the crimson carpet that led up and over the wide steps. The Palace guard was in full dress: the white tunic, silver-braided; the scarlet overalls; the magnificent kepi, all silver-frosted too. Over the crimson carpet walked great people, coming from their carriages and cars. The multitude swarmed over the sward of green beyond the Palace gates to see the great arrive, and soldiers pressed back the multitude.

THE people were very quiet. They wanted only to look. Not a cheer was raised.

They were so quiet!

Across the white and exquisite bridge that just here spanned Valia drove the state coach. It had been sent to the Château to fetch the Princess and her parents. The evening sky was still flushed with sunset, but already they had lighted all the lanterns and torches from end to end of the bridge so that its lighted beauty was more unearthly than ever, and from whichever side you crossed it you would think to-night, "This must be the bridge to Paradise."

The state coach with its splendid servants, with outriders and postilions, with its white Arab horses proud as lions and blowing their black nostrils wide, came whirling over Valia to the Palace and entered the gates.

Outside the Palace the Regent received them. His Court dress was seen by the multitude, his flashing orders on his breast, and his high gray head. First he received the parents of the Princess as slowly they alighted, as thoughtfully they looked around, hearing the great silence, for, being royal, they knew. Then he took the hand of the Princess Irene herself.

The multitude saw that her hair was as gold as the crown she would be crowned with, and that she was wrapped from head to foot in a wrap of ermine, and that she seemed incredibly slim and was not very tall; just a little thing, in fact.

Giving her hand to the Regent—just her finger-tips touching his—she passed into the Palace.

The people were so quiet.

IN THE shadows of the lofty gallery, people looked down upon the banqueting hall below. So far below it seemed, and indeed it was, its roof being the roof of the Palace itself, and the gallery being midway or thereabout, betwixt roof and floor. The gold plate, the fine glass, the massed flowers, the wines, the magnificence of the women, and the uniform Court dress of the men seemed all to emerge into one blend of many flowing colors. The table was very long, curving, forming half a circle rather than a definite horseshoe. Right in the center of the vast curve the Prince and Princess sat side by side.

Dracon, pressing Rubia's hand to draw her now and again from her intent staring down upon the white Princess, would murmur, "Who is he?—and he? And she?"

And she would murmur back, "The British Ambassador—the Italian Ambassador—the Duchess of Selema, wife of the High Chancellor—" But still she would stare and stare at the Princess.

Dracon had brought opera-glasses, as had most of the spectators there. He held them to his eyes, fixed steadily on the Prince.

He saw that he was a pale sort of fellow, slim, a little delicate, maybe, with, under pent dark brows, the eyes of a boy who is lost. Prince Hubert and his sort, thought the king of fauns, made sport for worlds.

Rubia took the glasses from Dracon.

"I see her. Pretty? God in heaven!" Rubia laughed very low.

"Keep the glasses a while; you want to look at *him*," said Dracon in the tender voice of one who knew; so, steady, triumphant, she focused upon Hubert in his chair of state so far below.

And she knew where that Prince longed to be. In a little arbor with the moon coming through the latticed window, and no other light; sitting with her, his head on her breast—almost childish—saying, "Rubia, I love you. You are the only one who loves me—I, myself. If I could stay here like this!"

Rubia and Dracon were withdrawn a little from the other groups in the gallery. There were petty officials there with their wives, who stood somewhat haughtily aloof from a governess and her friend.

They could whisper to each other anything in the world.

The Princess raised her eyes and looked upward; the look of an instant, scared and fleeting.

"She looked up!" said Rubia.

Dracon answered with a small laugh, "I got a message to her. She knows that I am here."

"A BEAUTIFUL day," said the Regent.

The sky had no clouds for the wedding and coronation day of Hubert and Irene. The sun blazed, flags waved on roof-tops—mostly, however, on roofs of royal or official buildings—or perhaps from the houses of the noble; and the city had a holiday.

Hubert was to be married in his Colonel's uniform of the Gray Hussars. It was a brave and dashing regiment, much beloved, he was told, by the people; and it was supposed that they would like to see their King honor it upon his wedding-day.

He might, of course, have been married as an Admiral of the Fleet, but for some reason that was not so popular. At least he was told so. He tried to believe much of what he was told, being still very young, much under authority and uncommonly wretched. It saved much weary talk. So he allowed his valets to put the uniform upon him: the blue-gray overalls, the blue-gray silver-frosted tunic that is perhaps the handsomest in the armies of the world; and of course he carried his sword, which he hated, for what was it to him but lumber?

He was thinking this morning, closely and with despair, about the girl across the river. There under that domed roof on which the flags flew gaily, they were dressing her.

They were putting upon her a robe of cloth of gold, hand-woven, with jeweled embroideries that, the newspapers were bidden to say, had taken twenty women a whole year to do; they were putting upon her a lace veil the bare survey of whose regal history tired Hubert to distraction, altho his mother-in-law-to-be had thought to interest him in it. And she would end up the day in full regalia with a crown on her head, this remote, faint, cold, pale, little virgin; and they would go back to the Palace together forever and ever, King and Queen, man and wife.

RUBIA had sent Hubert a message of love that morning. It was just a red rose plucked from a bush near their arbor. The servant—their go-between—had smuggled it in, in a little box. Wonderful gifts had come, by the various Ambassadors, from all over the world; but that red rose of Rubia's was all gifts to Prince Hubert.

Just as Hubert imagined her, across Valia, in the Château, Irene was robing. She had pushed down under her silk chemise, against her silk skin, something beautiful against which her heart could beat. It was a flat piece of topaz in the form of a pendant, carved and worked and polished exquisitely—a humble token for a Princess weighted with dia-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Hands

Yours are different from your grandmother's. *Her* hands were often black with soot from oil lamps, reddened by scrubbing and rough from toil.

More and more of this drudgery is being lifted from human hands and shoulders by the little electric motors that run household machines. *They* never tire.

Among the active partners of womanhood, during the long and successful battle for emancipation, have been the scientists and engineers of the General Electric Company. Their untiring experiments bring forth devices by which electricity does so much work.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"It's the prettiest dress I ever had"

"AND I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes as they should be made and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on *one!*"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn right at home, in your spare time, to plan and make stylish, becoming clothes and hats at great savings, or earn $20 to $40 a week as a dressmaker or milliner.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

and learn from the experience of thousands of delighted members what the Woman's Institute can do for you. Mail the coupon or postal today.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2-V, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your handsome 32-page booklet and tell me how I can learn the subject I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name..
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address..

5-Room $498 ALADDIN
WE PAY THE FREIGHT
NOT PORTABLE

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

6-Room $648 ALADDIN

Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. 4 other plans, some with pantries and dining alcoves. Get Free Aladdin Catalog.

7-Room $799 ALADDIN

Living room, dining room, kitchen, three bed rooms, with bath room opening into hall. Cased arch between living room and dining room. 3 plans.

Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. **Freight paid** to your station. Permanent Homes—NOT PORTABLE. Many styles to choose from. **Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 894.**

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Love Reigneth Still

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

monds, from Dracon. It said to Irene, "I am still here, your playmate of the woods, your most adoring. Do not despair." He had been working on that piece of topaz for days, she guessed.

Her mother kissed her with tears.

The lace veil bound her brow and flowed about her; it harnessed her lightly but surely to all those other women of her family who had gone forth thus to their duty before her.

IN a dream the Princess Irene moved; a sorrowful child, very white, very large-eyed, her hands cold as snow to the touch. She entered the carriage, all caparisoned, and saw the flags floating over the city. In a dream Prince Hubert stepped into the wedding-coach, and drove, behind his Arab horses, to the cathedral to meet her.

A wonderful ceremony; a King and Queen, Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, Ambassadors and Ambassadresses, all kneeling; a choir of boys singing; the great organ playing—all in this prison; and outside the freedom, the blue, the winds, the enchantment; the lost playfellows!

The marriage service rolled on. And presently high up in an outside gallery that ran round the cathedral trumpeters called from silver trumpets to the waiting people to tell them that these two were man and wife. Hubert and Irene both heard the silver trumpets, faint, far up in the air outside, like birds singing.

But there was no answer from the people.

So Hubert and Irene came out of the cathedral, past the bowing and curtsying Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, Ambassadors and Ambassadresses, and he handed her into the wedding-coach. They were both shut in.

Masses of people, packed, dark, silent, everywhere, waiting.

The wedding-coach drove on to the Palace; and the cathedral emptied itself of all the splendid people, who were hurrying back home, so that the women might dress again still more formally and magnificently for the ceremony of coronation in the same cathedral two hours later.

HUBERT and Irene sat side by side in the state coach, silent. She looked from the window toward the Château Valia over the dimpling river—the house where her mother was, who had so recently kissed her with tears. By now her mother would be back there, being the first guest, with her royal husband, to leave the cathedral.

"I am sorry," said Hubert in a tone of furious bitterness, "that the people do not cheer. I apologize."

"Do they hate us?" asked Irene.

"Yes," said Hubert.

"I am not surprized; are you?" said Irene.

"No," said Hubert.

The coach rolled splendidly in through the Palace gates. The people were keeping coldly aloof from the Palace itself, but the green sward between it and the river was black with them. Footmen stood stiff as automata on the steps to bow the royal couple in.

But Hubert missed something as, assisting his bride to alight, he looked vaguely around. In a flash he knew what it was. The Palace guard—where was it? Where were the gleaming tunics of white and silver, the scarlet overalls, and the rakish kepis? Where were the officers of his own regiment with their avenue of arched swords?

As he led his bride up the steps Hubert looked full into the face of the servant nearest him, and he saw there fear. He saw naked terror.

The groom-of-the-chambers met them like a ghost, and Irene's two ladies-in-waiting curtsying and very pale. And that was all.

Hubert was again in his own apartment, alone. There were two hours' respite, he understood. And the Princess, his wife, was in her own apartments, taking refreshment, resting, and being robed again. The Prince walked to the window from which he had often looked down upon Rubia loitering with her charges on Valia's bank, and he looked down now.

He frowned because his gentlemen-in-waiting did not hurry in, asking when his personal valet might attend him. He frowned and winced at this alien silence and gathering fear over the Palace. And then, as he was still standing there, stiff and thin and straight and young in his blue-gray uniform of the Hussars, he heard a terrible sound that began slowly, in a mutter, and rose and rose and rose, until a million beasts might have been roaring for their prey. And he knew that it came from the throats of the people, whose black masses began to rock and sway and move in solid formation under the trees on the banks of Valia.

AND he saw along the white road between the green sward and the high railings of the Palace grounds a carriage coming galloping. The coachman, sitting alone on the box, lashed four horses to racing speed. It was an open carriage, and standing up in it the Prince saw a figure in a uniform of blazing glory, with high plumes on the helmet.

The Prince put a hand back to the writing-table behind him, swept up his glasses, and saw the Regent standing in that swaying carriage. He saw clear upon his face the look of outrage and of defiance and resignation; and then—and then—the people were there; the horses were down in a kicking, murdering mass; the coachman had fallen among the wolves; a thousand hands grasped at the Regent. They killed him with his own sword.

Hubert saw it dragged from the scabbard; saw the steel flash up in the sunlight, and saw the body tumble.

Then he saw against the blue sky, almost invisible in the bright sunlight, a tongue of flame leap somewhere from the heart of the city. Revolution, sabotage, burning, murder, rape—he understood that the city was to suffer all.

He saw servants running across the courtyard of the Palace, casting from them as they ran such insignia of service as they could discard. They ran out of the gates and away and were lost in the masses of the people.

He understood now the strange desolation of the Palace. It was a heart deserted.

His lips went dry; he felt the cold creeping at the roots of his hair. He had never been under fire yet nor handled bare steel nor stood without an armored wall between him and the world.

He was alone.

Thoughts went through his head, tripping over each other in fear, but on the whole very fairly ordered, for his training had been stern and his discipline high. His thoughts were of his responsibilities toward the noble guests of all nations who were even now lodged here and there in the city.

Then he said to himself, "They are perhaps safe; foreign powers; leaders of revolutions propitiate rather than offend them. They will be safely imprisoned where they are until—— "

HE FELT himself, now, tremble. He trembled all over in an ague.

"Until—" he said aloud.

He leaned against the frame of the window to support his shaking arm that would not otherwise support that shaking hand that held the glasses to his eyes.

"And then they will be sent home politely," he chattered.

He stood there and watched some order and shape evolve in the chaos of the streets. A plan of murder had been drawn up by those who led this, and, watching, he could actually see this plan at work.

Motorcyclists appeared, men leading others on horses; and renegade soldiery ran by purposefully. Masses of people stayed still, watching the Palace balefully, wishful no doubt of a front place when the great moment came; but all over the city the work of revolution proceeded with a dreadful swiftness.

Hubert knew he was to die. He knew he could do nothing. A Colonel of a regiment he could never have led, he had never used a firearm nor a sword. He could not have rallied to him—like any young subaltern might—even a few supporting soldiers—if indeed such were now to be found—and died fighting. For he could not fight.

HE SAID to himself, "I was a Prince; now I am just a man about to die. In all the world there is just one person who will die for love of me, and now that nothing matters any more she will come, and we will end in each other's arms." Sublimely certain, happy in this thought, he awaited Rubia.

"No more glory," he thought, "but a minute's happiness. A minute—or an hour—with Rubia. And then death, happy and inglorious. Happy! Happy! No more —— glory!"

So, sublimely certain, conscious of an exaltation that lifted him from his fatigue, he waited. Her courage, her love, would find him. He would sit beside her, put his head upon her breast—no more fine, high, dreadful things expected of him—and whisper, "I can stay here forever, until——"

There he would die.

Now he longed for this end to come quickly; this mute, happy, inglorious end. The work, so much too big for him, put aside; the crown, so much too heavy, never put on; the kingdom—that barrack-yard where they drilled his soul daily till it ached and cried under the torture—abandoned at last!

Rubia. She would come, running in. No hiding, no secrets now!

He swept his glasses again to his eyes with a firm hand, and looked out. And he saw——

He saw Rubia; she came clear into the lens of the glasses; he saw her flushed face, her tumbled hair, a sash of colors across her shoulder such as many of the people were wearing; she ran by, linked with an excited sailor; she was running with the pack, hunting with the wolves.

She was of the stuff of which bewitching courtezans are made. But when there is no King?

Yes, she was one of the people.

ALL the child in Hubert fainted and died. He became a man, knowing good and evil before, according to common understanding, he had tasted it. Standing at the window there, he grew up and became very old. And when, through the open windows, he heard the wolves crying for him—a cry like one huge voice from one huge throat—he knew what he would do.

In the places of discipline where his soul had drilled since birth he had learned above all one thing, accepted it above all others without question. They had said to him:

"Stand up!"

Whatever the battle, however bitter the hour, faint the heart, rebellious the body——

"Stand up!"

And in that moment during which he grew up and became such an old man, he understood that you do not stand by love, nor by happiness, nor by heart's desire; but only by the greatest purity, the greatest faith, the greatest courage, and the greatest pride can you stand.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Truly Parisian

SUBTLE—alluring—provocative, Lablache Face Powder is a breath from the Bois—purely Parisian in atmosphere and essence.

Of a lingering fragrance—clinging as unobtrusively as friendship, it gently protects the tenderest skin from the disasters of sun and wind.

Lablache comes in a new generous dollar size and the familiar 50c box, both for the boudoir—also a complete quality group of toilette requisites, loose-pact, compact, lipstick, rouge, creams, lotions, etc.

If your favorite store is temporarily out of Lablache send us 50c or $1 for the powder you desire, and ask for the descriptive folder of the new Lablache toilette requisites.

Send 10c for sample of Face Powder

BEN LEVY COMPANY
Dept. 200, 125 Kingston St.,
PARIS BOSTON, MASS.

Lablache
LABLACHE
FACE POWDER
BEN. LEVY. PARIS

New Dollar and 50c size

LABLACHE

THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN
FOR THREE GENERATIONS

Free Trial

Forget

GrayHair

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Renewed color even and perfectly natural in all lights. No streaking.

My Restorer is a time-tested preparation, which I perfected many years ago to renew the original color in my own prematurely gray hair. I ask all who are gray to prove its worth by accepting my absolutely Free Trial Offer.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial Outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN
512-K Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...... dark brown...... medium brown...... auburn (dark red)...... light brown...... light auburn (light red)...... blonde......

Name ....

Street............ *City*............

GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off! W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 50, East Orange, N.J.

INSECT STINGS
soothed and gently healed
by applying freely, antiseptic
Mentholatum
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

Love Reigneth Still

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Prince Hubert unbuckled his sword—which, after all, he could not use—and laid it aside. He smoothed his hair with the palms of his hands, and smartly he pulled his tunic straight and taut.

He heard the beast without roaring for him.

He turned from the window to go down.

But the door opened, and in came surely the smallest, whitest Princess in the world in a gold dress whose embroidering had taken twenty women a year to do.

She advanced toward him.

She had laughed and played her nursery games right up till now; but there was one thing she had always had to learn from birth, seeing she was what she was.

They had taught her:

"Stand up!"

She had learned as sternly as the sternest of her preceptors could wish that while to be glorious is not of necessity to be happy, that, still, to be inglorious is most certainly not to be happy at all. She had learned that monarchs on their shoulders must bear the sins of a nation, the ignominy or the weariness of a nation; that a monarch must be the most spendthrift in giving, the humblest in taking; must be the last to surrender and the first to die.

"WHAT are you doing here?" said Hubert bravely.

"I came to be with you. I have locked my ladies in a room." She tossed down a key.

"Go back," said Hubert quietly, "and lock yourself in with them. You are safe. Your parents are safe. When this is all over you will be sent home with them. Even my fools of Loranians do not murder good neighbors for nothing. Go back and hide; and then you will go home again, where you want to be."

"My brothers and sisters will not want me if they are ashamed of me."

Hubert stood before her, a boy lost.

"This is home now," said the little Queen. And she glanced briefly from the windows.

"I should have come to you before," she said, "but I was waiting for some one—some one I expected—trusted to help me."

"I was waiting too. But—some one is not coming."

"No," said the little Queen, "some one is not coming."

"What now, then?" said Hubert.

"Where were you going when I came in?"

He gestured.

"Down to them." His lip curled, but his eyes under his pent brows were still the sad eyes of a lost boy. "They were calling for me."

"Come then." She put her hand in his. Her hand seemed to him as intangible as a butterfly.

"Not you?" he cried huskily.

"Yes, I, too. I am your wife. I am the Queen."

THEY walked hand in hand to the door, down the wide staircase, across the empty vestibule, and came out into the sunlight upon the Palace steps. They were infinitesimal on the great, long, wide flight of steps.

"Were you lonely?" she asked.

"I was the loneliest man in the world."

"I felt very lonely, too."

They went with high heads across the empty courtyard. And the beating of their hearts calmed. Their courage rose with the touch of each other's hands.

"Death doesn't take long?"

"It is very quickly over," Hubert answered, thinking of the tumbling body of the slain Regent.

Then the people saw them coming, the two warrior-children about to die. They saw the young uncrowned Queen and her young uncrowned King in his beautiful uniform of blue-gray all laced with silver, the sun shining upon them. The confused cries of the throngs of people ceased suddenly, and they stood still in jumbled crowds on either side of the wide, white road that ran between the green bank of Valia and the high railings of the Palace courtyard.

There were people hustling on to the white roadway, but somehow quite suddenly they drew away, pushing back on either side, staring, whispering, as for a royal procession—as for the last royal procession in the city of Mars.

HUBERT and Irene stepped slowly into the road, looking about them; not caring how death came, so that it came quickly and without shame. The renewed silence that settled upon the people, the unearthly pause, were alike terrible. They knew not who first, among that multitude, would leap upon them, loosing the riot of murder so slenderly leashed. Their eyes scanned briefly the blur of faces—the faces of that dark, gusty, hot-tempered, volatile people—and clear among them the little bride saw——

She saw a handsome head—the king of the fauns—looking out at her above other heads; she saw that he stood with his arm flung about a girl—a voluptuous, flushed girl wearing the sash of revolution; she saw him bend his head, avoiding her look, melting back into the throng. For a place-seeking sycophant may follow and adore a Queen. But if there is no Queen?

A child toddled out from the crowd, a handful of dirt in its tiny fist, to fling at the golden robe. It stumbled and fell at her feet.

She picked it up tenderly, and saw its mother start out, staring at her, to clutch it back again. She heard a great sigh like a wind and words muttering frenziedly around them.

"We shall never have children now," she said to Hubert as they walked very slowly on, along the white road, idling away the moments till death should come.

"Had you thought about it?" he replied.

"I had thought of it, yes; with one's children is the only way to go back to all the little things one loved—the playtime and the ponies and the forests and the birds. I would have liked our children to have all that I had, and then to have died young."

THE movement among the people was like the slow sweep of a Summer wind; and yet they stirred not a step. A host of the spears of heaven might have reared between them and their prey, so safely, it appeared, did the warrior-children walk under the trees, talking their last earthly thoughts to each other.

"Yes, I too should have liked them to die young," said Hubert, stroking her hand.

Then at last the people began to roar. The tumult broke and beat upon them. But as if the spears of heaven kept them inviolate they still stood on a clear space of white road.

They stopped their idle pacing.

"It is the end now," said Hubert, and for the first time he took her in his arms.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

"You are not too badly frightened? Not lonely?"

"Not frightened. Not lonely now."

"*Good-by.*"

"*Good-by.*"

They kissed.

There came to their ears very slowly, confusedly, the roar of the people beating around them, echoing across Valia, rising on waves of emotion; not the bellow of the beast, not the roar of the killer, but the voice of the people who loved them.

Be *Yourself*—thrill all with the amazing hair-free beauty of your skin—simply *rinse* away unwanted hair from arms, underarms, and legs with Neet, the ready to use hair-removing cream.

See just why hundreds of thousands of girls and women all around you depend upon Neet for thrilling beauty of skin where unwanted hair had been. With this easy to use cream you not only remove unwanted hair but bring to your skin unexpected loveliness and charm—the faultless beauty that others envy. It brings in a new day of happiness and freedom to wear the things you'd love most to wear. You use Neet just as you press it from the tube, merely spread it over the surfaces to be treated then rinse away the offending hair. No other method is so convenient and so rapid and satisfactory, especially for the larger surface of legs and arms—to remove hair from the entire forearm takes but a few minutes. Try it now.

Learn what Neet means to you—Buy Neet at your drug or department store. Accept no substitutes. Test it critically if you wish. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. Neet is really quicker than shaving and you use it with absolute assurance that hair will not come back thicker and coarser than before—as it does after shaving . . . . Following its use, note the whiteness of underarm in contrast to darkened skin where the razor has been used. Should your favorite store for the moment be out of Neet, send fifty cents with name and address for full sized tube by mail.

Hannibal Phar. Co., 661 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

Neet

The Hair Removing Cream

Very Special

Ask your Neet dealer for IMMAC also. IMMAC is the dainty, snow-white Cream Deodorant that rids underarm perspiration of all odor and insures personal fragrance.

You Can Do What Mrs. Ellsworth Does

Even one little tot can take up a tremendous amount of a mother's time. But Mrs. Ellsworth has two other youngsters slightly older than the little fellow in the picture. And she has a home to care for besides.

You wouldn't think she had any spare time, would you? And yet, Mrs. Ellsworth without neglecting a single duty, does find spare minutes here and there for pleasant and profitable work with Pictorial Review.

It is work that is easy and congenial. It is work that she can pick up at odd moments, just when she feels like it. And it pays her Extra Dollars every month.

Your spare time can earn dollars for you, too. No matter how little you have, you can exchange it for cash just as Mrs. Ellsworth is doing. You can earn $10.00, $20.00, $50.00 or more every month, according to the number of hours you have to sell.

You need no experience or special training of any kind. All you need is the desire to make some extra money. The coupon below will bring you full details. Mail it today.

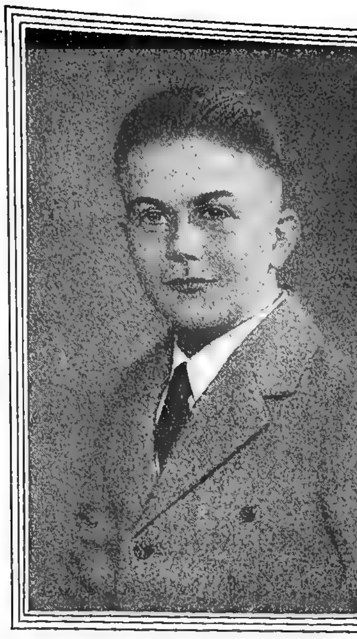
Box 430, Personal Effort Division,
The Pictorial Review Company,
7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City

I want to earn some Extra Money. Tell me how Mrs. Ellsworth does it.

My Name..

My Address..

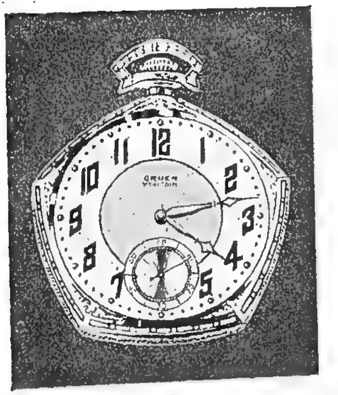
City...State...................

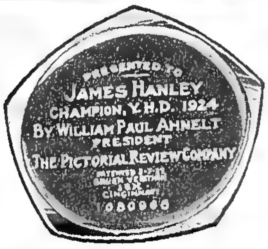


James Hanley Presented with Watch

A 15-year-old boy being presented with a $175.00 watch for a record of business achievement by the President of The Pictorial Review Company is quite astounding when you think about it. James Hanley of Pennsylvania, the recipient of this watch, joined our Young Hustlers' Division when he was 12 years old.

Jim serves over 1000 customers with Pictorial Review every month and thereby earns over $50.00 a month besides winning such prizes as a radio, bicycle, tool kit, knife and many others. His record of sales makes him the National Champion of the Young Hustlers' Division—an honor which earned for him the splendid gold watch.





Selling Pictorial Review to regular customers has not only earned money and won prizes for Jim but the lessons he has learned in salesmanship will stay with him all his life. Besides Jim there are 20,000 other boys who are members of the Young Hustlers' Division, and who are earning money, winning prizes and obtaining a splendid business training.

Your own boy—or perhaps some boy you are interested in—can join this splendid organization for boys. In fact, all you need do is write his name and address on the coupon below, and we will mail him complete details. No obligations to either you or the boy.

LET US HELP TRAIN YOUR BOY

8-25-P. R.

Mr. Allan B. Scott,
Young Hustlers' Division,
The Pictorial Review Company,
Seventh Avenue and 39th Street,
New York City, New York.

Here is the name of the boy I would like to help. Without obligations to anyone please send him complete details about the Young Hustlers' Division, showing him how he can earn money, win prizes and obtain a business training free of cost.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

Jazz and the Dance

Where It Comes From and Where It Is Going

By Ethel Peyser and Marion Bauer

IN PREVIOUS music articles, we have followed the dance up to our own time, and now we arrive at jazz, considered by some to be the typical American gift of music to a waiting world.

Before explaining jazz, let us say that it is not easy to play it well; hence the player-piano, the phonograph, and the radio make it possible for us to play and listen to jazz delightfully and readily.

Furthermore, use the radio as a benign sampler, and when you hear a good piece "come over," get it for your instruments. In this way you will get a large interest on your investment in musical tools and your radio will help to make your other players and concerts of even greater utility and joy; for never has it been so simple to hear such artists as Boulanger, Gorgoza, D'Alvarez, J. Wolfe, Gershwin, Kochanski, etc.

But what is jazz? Well, some say it was born among the dark-skinned in his native African heath, which would seem to be confirmed by our knowledge that it came to us from our own negro influence more than fifty years ago. First, we had the old croons and what were called the folk-songs of America as written by Stephen Foster in "Swanee River," "Old Black Joe," and "My Old Kentucky Home." Also, many of us can remember coon songs and minstrel songs such as May Irwin and others used to sing, as "Honey, My Little Girl," "Kentucky Babe," "Eb'ry Nigger Had a Lady but Me." Then came our ragtime, such as "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Whistling Rufus," etc.

Now, some of the ragtime is impossible, while some of it is truly American and is the work of genius, and therefore a characteristic contribution to our national musical portfolio; for example, Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band," also his "Whistling Rufus."

The outstanding characteristic of jazz and ragtime is syncopation, which means an accent thrown out of focus, and instead of being on the usual strong beat of the measure is thrown on the weak beat. Just as there are good polkas and bad, good marches and poor, so there are good jazz-tunes and bad ones.

The blues is, to our idea of thinking, a *truly* melancholy form of jazz; it is a result of that scooping on trombone and wail of the saxophone that drag out the comic tragedy of the unmelodious-syncopated-tempoed delirium.

You will be amused and interested to know that the Barbary Coast (San Francisco) has given us from its dives our one-step and our fox-trot, to which the best people dance in their homes and in ballrooms. It is important to realize that the test of good music is its persistence. There will probably be but five or six jazz bits for our children's children!

Do you realize that the scooping of the strings in our jazz and in the blues, the pulling out of the roaring trombone, and the droning of the saxophone are distinct holdovers from our savage brethren and the Oriental races? This in itself ought to make us feel indebted to alien races, for they are giving us our national music. How can we be nationally snobbish?

So anxious are the jazzers for tunes that they have cleverly reversed and perverted the usual borrowing system. Instead of going to the national airs or folk songs for his music the jazzer goes to the rich harvest of art forms, which he distorts and contorts into writhing, twirling, gyrating bits; some excellent, some frightful, and some mere sacrilege. In fact, it seems rather a violent measure to lay such hands on the "wearevers" (classics), and yet if the jazzer can not make up a good tune, it is best to get a good one, frankly, even if an old "wear-ever" is attacked and attached.

You will be amused to see how, after all we have said above, the modern writers of music are actually taking our American jazz and putting it into what they call modern classical music! In Paris and all the other great art centers of Europe they are continually giving American jazz concerts as we give French or German music recitals.

The foreign writers, being not *too* familiar with our bad jazz, feel that they have in this type of music an intriguing rhythm which may be idealized into an art form; and recently in our own concert halls pieces frankly called jazz were played and written by Darius Milhaud, a Frenchman, and Alfredo Casella, an Italian. Milhaud called his "The Rag Caprice." Debussy wrote the "Golliwog's Cake Walk" (you will love it). Igor Stravinsky, the great Russian composer, also thinks that jazz has its possibilities in truly great music, as he proves in his "Ragtime."

Then in our own land we have "The Jazz Study," by Edward Burlingame Hill, one of our most dignified composers. This is for two pianos. We also have Carpenter's "Krazy Kat," Whithorne's "Times Square," Powell's "Negro Rhapsody" (for piano and orchestra), the young Texan's, Harold Morris, unpublished "Second Sonata," in which are used negro tunes.

Some say to-day that most of these compositions are bosh, others that they are true music, but we say try them on your piano or whatever instrument you play and see if many repetitions make them dearer and whether in your estimation they will ever get to be "wear-evers." We will let you into the secret: we think some of them will.

In conclusion we want to tell you another way in which music develops—namely, as an accompaniment to various fields of effort. Our longshoremen, for example, have characteristic tunes which they hum when they are working at hauling in ropes, etc. (Remember "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill"?) The packers pack to their tunes; the cotton-pickers too. The boatmen on the Volga sing that Volga boat-song which you probably know, and if you don't you ought to get it. These are often called labor lilts, especially those sung to the spinning-wheel, scythe, reaper, plow, etc. When you see "Tristan und Isolde" (Wagner) you will hear in the first act the sailors sing a very tuneful song in rhythm to the pulling up of the hawsers. This is a hang-over from the old sailor chanteys, several of which Percy Grainger has used in his compositions.

We wonder, as everybody else does, how the Incas and the Egyptians ever raised their huge stones, many tons in weight, to the heights they did to build their temples, mounds, and pyramids. Could it be that they accomplished these tremendous feats to the tunes of their quena (flute), antara (pipes of Pan), and the cystra, cymbal, and harp?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Peyser and Miss Bauer have prepared a list of music developed through folk-song and -dance, national airs, and the old classic dances up to our present-day jazz. This will be sent free to any one sending a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address Music Editor, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.*

The Gold Picayune

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

"Do you want to kill her?" screamed the nurse. "Don't you know it's catchin'? You get my goat."

Madame withdrew, confused. The nurse spoke such perfect English, and so fluently. And even Julie had not liked the idea.

Madame went back to the room with the mask. She would wear it to the Carnival herself. She had not thought of going, now that Julie was sick, but she would go and come back and tell Julie all the things she saw. There would be funny things to tell Julie.

Madame looked at the little silver slippers. She would wear those too, and be a part of the Carnival. She would wear the stockings and the slippers. Madame put on the slippers, walked toward the mirror. She put on the mask. How lovely she looked! What it must be to carry around a face like that—a natural face, so blank and sweet and beautiful! Madame sighed. Suddenly she turned and looked at the pink dress. Then she closed the blinds that opened on the patio, slipped out of the drab husk she wore, and stood for an instant in her queer plain underclothes.

Very still in the patio at this hour of *siesta.* Very still in the room where the fat nurse dozes. Softly a door opens from the room where Madame sews, and a little pink figure steals out and down the stair—a figure with yellow curls and a tulle hat that ties under the chin. A figure with pink-silk ankles and silver feet. It tiptoes past the parrakeet's perch and opens the big gate. (Ah, but it is a blessing that Bobo has gone to the parade!) In the gate it pauses and looks back. "*Pauvre petite Julie!*"

But there will be lots of funny things to tell.

SUNSHINE. A little hot, but no danger of rain. Oh, it's nice to be a part of it, one of those who move on light feet, jostled, smiled at!

"That's a pretty one—that one in the pink dress."

"What's yo' name, baby?"

"Some high-stepper—yes?"

People were in pairs, in groups. No masker but herself was alone. No matter. She would the more easily find a place to watch the parade. Already the sidewalks were crowded. Faces looked from upper windows all along Canal Street. Music! The music of the parade!

A tall man at the street's edge—one who must have been holding his place for an hour—glanced down at the solitary pink figure, thrust her before him. The music! The music, crashing, glorious! The band marching! *Rex!* Cheers—waving—confetti. All the gay tumult of the floats. One all flowers. Another all gems. And now a dragon a block long.

"Here, you baby doll!"

It was the Knights of the Purple Grove. A strapping negro walked before, bearing a placard that proclaimed it. Purple trees with fruit of purple balloons. Purple toadstools on which sat blue and purple knights. One knight stood at the float's edge dispensing necklaces, strands of blue and purple beads. They flashed in bright streaks as he flung them amid the crowd.

"Here, Yellow Curls!"

"He means you," said the man who had given her his place. Madame felt afraid, but she held out her hands. The necklace flashed in the air, fell at her feet. A darting hand snatched it before she could pick it up. A small boy scuttled back into the crowd.

"Aw, aw!" yelled the crowd in indignation at this highway theft.

"Here's another!" The float had trundled past, but the knight leaned from its end, holding out a second shining strand.

"Come and get it!" he called.

Others were running after the float, but he held it out of reach. Madame began to run also. It was not hard to catch the float. She held up her hands. The necklace fell about her neck. The crowd cheered.

"Come on!" cried the knight as she paused. He reached up, jerked a purple balloon from the tree above his head.

"Come on, Twinkletoes!"

She ran after the float again. So many were running. She held to the float's edge. He bent down in his impressive mask, looked at her through painted, golden eyes, pressed the cord of the balloon into her hand.

"CAVE of the Gnomes." "Ulysses and the Sirens." "The Erl-King's Court." The floats trundled past behind their placards. Madame had run a block. She found a new place in the crowd.

"Are you alone?"

The voice was low and secretive, not like the voices of the Carnival. Madame looked up into the face beside her, an unmasked face, swarthy and heavy-jawed. She did not answer, and the man—in shirt-sleeves, smelling of gin and onions—pressed closer, an insidious pressure. No one behaved like that at the Carnival, even tho he smelled of onions—and gin.

Madame yielded to the pressure of that uncoated shoulder, let it thrust her slowly back into the crowd. Then she turned and pushed her way to the inner edge of the sidewalk. She paused then, still clutching the cord of her balloon.

"Pardon me. Is this yours?"

Madame turned sickly. Ah, the purple tunic, the impassive mask, the same voice that had called, "Here, baby doll!" the same hand that had dropped the beads over her head!

He was holding out a handkerchief, a yellow one edged in black lace. Madame disclaimed it, feeling her heart beat. He had come like a breath of reviving air. But how had he got there? "Not mine," she said faintly.

"I thought not." He thrust it inside his tunic. He stared impassively, then he picked up her hand—oh, lightly, gaily, as one picks up a strange hand at the Carnival—and drew it through his arm.

"Let's have a soda," he said. "You look as if you were wilting." And as they walked along together, "Are you wilting, Twinkletoes?"

"How you git here?" asked Twinkletoes.

"I walked. But first our float went dead. I think I wished that on it. Anyhow, the trouble-wagon had to come up and get busy. We were hauled out of the parade. I got off and came back to find you. I found you too, for I followed your balloon. Here we are."

He drew her into a little shaded place set with tables, where he rapped sharply with a knife, for everybody was out, watching the parade. And when the sodas were before them:

"Far be it from me," he said, "to ask a lady to remove her mask. We'll just make a hole in her temporary mouth to put the straw through."

And he did, taking out his knife and cautiously, delicately pricking the red lips of Madame's mask, Madame standing as still as young Tell stood when his father shot the apple. For his own mask he thrust it up a little way, and Madame saw a square, young chin and a clean-cut, rather large, young mouth. The sodas were comforting, and they neither said a word till they were through. Then the purple knight pulled down his mask and looked at his watch.

"Time's up, Twinkletoes. I've got to run. Are you sorry?"

"Yess," said Twinkletoes with disarming frankness.

"Then perhaps—" the knight leaned across the table—"perhaps you'll tell me where you live. You haven't got a husband?"

"No, no, no!" It was a wild little whisper.

"Which question are you answering? You haven't got a husband?"

Twinkletoes shook her head.

"Then may I come to see you?"

Twinkletoes shook her head again.

"Oh! All right." The knight could be nonchalant, yet gallant still. He rose, escorted the lady to the door, and with a lift of his plumed hat and a word of good-by was gone.

"Hey! You gimme de slip, didn't you?"

Onions — gin. The thick, secretive voice.

Madame did not look up. She began to move away. A hand fastened on her arm.

"Wait a minute, my pretty. I know yo' kind. You gimme de slip, but you took up with that swell from de float, didn't you?"

THE parade had passed beyond this block. The crowd had followed. There was no one near to turn to, but at least the streets were clear for running. Madame wrenched her arm free and ran. She was on the French side of Canal Street and she knew her way. She turned the first corner she reached, into a street so dark and narrow that it is called "L'allée." She would hide here while he ran on. But in the Alley the man overtook her, caught her into his arms.

Madame screamed. Where were all the people? Where were all the gay, friendly people? Oh, that any one should abuse the Carnival in this way! That any one should dare! Madame, twisting in the man's arms, slapped his face, scratched it, kicked his shins with her sharp silver toes. He laughed, holding her as if she had been a toy. The necklace broke, showering about them. The man began to push up her mask. Oh, *mon Dieu!* He was going to unmask her here on the street! He *was* unmasking her!

No. There he was. There he was, lying in the yellow clay of L'allée, lying flat on his back at her feet. Madame straightened her mask, looked up. Ah, the purple tunic, the impassive mask, the nice brown hand doubled into a fist—a fist that had struck and was waiting.

"Get out!" said the knight, and Madame would not have recognized his voice. "Get out before I call the police."

The man reared himself on his elbow, got up, fingering his eye. He looked from the lady to the knight. Then he turned and went in the direction of Canal Street.

"Do you live this way?" the knight asked Madame, indicating the Quarter.

"I muss go alone. How you git back?"

"They had gone on without me. I was coming back to find you. I heard you scream."

"Oh, I loss my balloon!"

"I will get you another. No—let me walk with you. It's getting late. I can't let you go alone. Do you know who that was, that man? He is Tony Taranto, the worst tough in New Orleans. He'd steal, he'd murder, he'd misuse the liberty of the Carnival—" in a crescendo of impeachment—"Did you see him laugh when I threatened him with the police?"

Madame had heard of Taranto and his gang, knew that they lived in some den in the Quarter. But bad people were all over the world. Besides, Mr. Taranto had returned to Canal Street.

THE knight, however, was bent on accompanying her, so she turned about, walking back toward Canal Street. And now she became aware that the dim alley was alive, that strange shapes were moving at the farther end, shutting off the entrance to Canal Street. The knight had seen them as soon as she. He stood still, his hand moving out to stop her. Then *whisk!* She was caught up into his arms, and he was running with her along the Alley, back into the Quarter.

She thought, "They meant him to come this way," and she saw over his shoulder the dark shapes gathering for pursuit. Alas, the Vieux Carré would be deserted now, the houses mere empty shells! It would be an hour before people began to return from the Carnival.

Where was he taking her? Had he guessed where she lived? How could he run like this with a woman in his arms? They dashed into a side street. The pursuers were behind them. They turned into Rampart Street. The pursuers divided, would head them off!

But he had stopped, had turned into a house just off Rampart Street, a house whose court door stood always open.

Madame knew the place well—the old home of the Croisille family, who had long ago moved up-town. It was falling into disrepair, inhabited by a group of artists, a poor 'Cajan family, a bootlegger or two. There was not a sound from any of its rooms as he lowered her to her feet in the great dim court. And now there sounded footsteps outside—footsteps and whisperings. The knight was moving his fingers along the wall. The wall began to slide. A door opened.

MADAME saw a small empty room with damp-looking walls and floor, probably the abode of tarantulas and scorpions. Then in another breath she was standing inside it and the door had closed. The knight was beside her, whispering.

"They'll never find us here. It's the old wine-cloister of the Croisilles—where they kept their smuggled wines. Even the bootlegger up-stairs doesn't know about this."

"Maybe Tony Taranto live here," whispered Madame.

"No, he doesn't. But we may have to wait a long time." His arm, which was still about her, pressed her closer. "Afraid?"

"'Fraid?—wid a man what kin run like you?"

"Who wouldn't run with valuables on him—like you? Twenty to one they were, and if they'd got me down——

"Oh, Twinkletoes, how little you are, how light you are, and what pretty little feet you have! Do you know, in all the crowd I saw you, and I saw your little feet." Madame could say nothing. She had forgotten all about the tarantulas. Often as she had passed the Croisille

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

IMPORTANT

Beginning with the September issue Pictorial Review each month will be on sale on the first of the month. For example, the September issue will be on sale September 1st, the October issue October 1st, and so on.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Late Summer
Early Fall Styles
PICTORIAL REVIEW
FASHION BOOK
LATE SUMMER 1925 EARLY FALL
25 Cents

The Late Summer and Early Fall Issue of

PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHION BOOK

Is Just Out!

At the time of year when you need it most, this beautiful fashion quarterly is ready for you. Just when you have begun to think of your wardrobe for mid-season—when the days are warm and the nights are cool—when Summer frocks are too thin and Fall frocks are too heavy.

To carry you over this trying period, this fashion book is really a friend in need. On its pages you will find:

The New Chiffon and Georgette Coat-Blouses
The New Lace Frocks
The New Printed Chiffon Frocks
The New Hand-Painted Frocks
The New Turtle-Neck Blouse
The New Suspender Suits and Dresses
A Page for the Bride
The New Long-Sleeved Frocks
The New Ensemble Suits
The New Two-Piece Boyish Suits
The New Double-Breasted Top Coats
The New Cape Coat
The New Two-Piece Frock with Front Flare
And all the other new features of the world of Fashion

A complete wardrobe for travelling fills one page and there are many pages devoted to the fashion needs of the young girl who is going away to school.

Specially featured for the children are DRESSES AND ROMPERS WITH EMBROIDERY TRANSFER DESIGNS INCLUDED FREE AND MADE TO FIT EACH SIZE.

Buy Your Copy To-Day

25c at Pattern Counter 30c by Mail

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
Seventh Ave. and Thirty-Ninth St.,
New York City

The Gold Picayune

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

place, she had never dreamed that it had a wine-cloister and least of all that she would one day stand within it and hear a man praise her feet.

"I know why you don't talk much, Twinkletoes. You think some day I may meet you and recognize your voice. I never expect to meet you. You don't want me to, and I'm not going to try. And since I'm not ever going to see you again, won't you—just as a little souvenir of our—our escape—won't you lift your mask, here in the dark, and give me a kiss?"

Madame drew back in the close circle of his arm. She could not tell why she drew back, and the hand she lifted to push him away fell on her own breast—she could not tell why. His fingers touched her mask—ah, such a different touch from Tony Taranto's—pushed it up, and quickly his own mask was off and his face against hers.

ROSES! Roses tumbling over balconies, red and gold! Moonlight full of rainbows, full of perfume, full of nightingales' songs! All the old smuggled wine of the Croisilles flowing through her veins! For he had kissed her.

"You dear—you darling! You won't send me away. I must see you. I must know you."

Madame was drawing down her mask. His words stifled her, as if out of the perfume she had caught a sudden whiff of desert dust. She made a little choking sound. His hand flew to the door. It sprang open, letting in the air. He stood watching her, forgetting to pull down his own mask. But Madame did not see him. Her eyes were closed.

And now suddenly the old cathedral clock began to strike—four—five—six. Madame was counting the strokes. Six o'clock! The hour when all the revelers must unmask. No mask may be seen on the street after six o'clock on penalty of arrest. Now she felt faint, indeed.

"Pliz see if—" Madame made a gesture toward the street—"pliz see if we can go."

He opened the door wider, stepped out, listened. He crossed the court and went to the open gate. Madame straightened herself. Then she slipped out the door and ran to the back entrance of the court, keeping close to the wall. She ran through a passage and into the open back door of a little curio-shop where an old man dusting cameos called out, "It's six o'clock, Miss. Tek care!"

Straight through she flew and into Rampart Street, then on and on with her heart thumping. If she saw any one she would take off her mask. Ah, there was a mounted policeman! He was looking at her. Madame took off her mask. She walked slowly, keeping her face down. She gained her own gateway, took the iron key from her bodice, and unlocked the gate. Evening was already settling in the myrtle-trees. The parrakeet did not look around.

Madame went slowly up the little green stair.

But she did not go into Julie's room. She never told Julie a thing about it.

However, nothing very funny had happened, after all.

LENT is a dull time in New Orleans. It is always dull when the thing you have been looking forward to has just happened. All year New Orleans looks forward to the Carnival, and when the Carnival has been—well, one is at the very farthest point one can be from next year's Carnival.

Things threatened to be very dull in the patio of the parrakeet and the pussy-man tree. For one thing, Julie and her mumps were gone. First the mumps went, and then Julie. The nurse was gone too. However, the nurse had never been very enlivening except when she was angry, except when she had said so fluently and so cryptically, "You get my goat!"

And here was Easter on its way, and Easter brides. Madame was making some fine stitches for an Easter bride, a blond young lady who came now and then and bade Madame embroider another butterfly *here*, or add a bit of filet *there*—as if *she knew*: But it was very pleasant work, and ten days of Lent were gone already.

Ten days since Mardi Gras! Madame embroidered tranquilly, tho for three days after Mardi Gras there had been a sort of flutter in her hands. She had kept her mind on nothing.

Even now she wondered. Had Tony Taranto and his gang been lurking at the court door? Had he—the unknown masker—been caught by them, overpowered, never permitted even to come back and find her gone? Or had he come back, and, finding the empty cloister, started after her, seen where she went? Would he perhaps keep his word and call?

It was during these first three days that the bride had come with her bolt of silk and Madame had taken the order. She had begun the embroidering too, tho every time the gate bell rang—well, she embroidered very tranquilly now. After ten days nothing happens.

The gate bell rang.

Madame, sitting in the shadiest part of the patio, with the foliage of the pussy-man tree between her and the gate, did not look up as Bobo's sandals slapped their way to the gate.

"Is Madame Granet at home?"

Madame looked up. After a moment she rose and put down her work. She stood very still, waiting for her hands to stop fluttering. Then she came from behind the pussy-man tree.

He had a square, young chin and a clean-cut, rather large, young mouth. His eyes were gray—or blue, perhaps—and his bright-brown hair grew back in a straight line from his forehead. There had been such hope in his voice. The way he stood and held his hat had the traces of hope in it still. But now as Madame came out he looked tired. He sounded even a little ill.

"Is this Madame Granet?"

"Yess."

Her hands had quit fluttering. That sick note in his voice had left them very quiet. She stood there in her drab husk of a dress and looked at him.

"I'm sorry," he said, and turned. "I've made a mistake."

"But won' you come in?"

MADAME felt suddenly sorry for him. His gray flannels looked cool, but all men's clothes were hot. And it was a hot day.

"Won' you come in and res'? You look tard."

"I am tired," he admitted, stepping inside the patio while Bobo shut the gate. Madame motioned him to a chair beside the iron table of the patio. She herself sat down.

"Bobo, some or'nge-juice. And plenty ice."

The stranger brightened a little, laid his white Panama hat on the table.

"I've been walking a lot lately," he volunteered. "For about ten days." He stared up at the dozing parrakeet.

"You muss have come far."

"No. I mean from house to house."

"Oh! You sell somethang?"

"Well—at any rate I'm canvassing." Bobo had come with the orange-juice. The stranger took one of the tall misted glasses. "I am looking for some one," he said when he had drunk a little.

"Oh!" Madame's tone was commiserating. "You loss someboddie?"

"I have lost—a friend. I don't even know her name."

"Then how you find her?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

The Gold Picayune

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

"I don't know. But I shall know her when I see her. She may not know me, but I shall know her."

Madame handed him a palmetto fan.

"How long you look?"

"Ten days—all through the Quarter. This is the last house. The *Madame* on your sign kept me from coming here earlier. Still, she may be a widow. It was the last house, so I came in."

"Why you not try up-town?"

"I shall, of course. But it was here she disappeared—and in this street. You see—" Madame's sympathy was too much, Madame's sympathy and the orange-juice and the shady, tranquil patio—"you see, Madame, it was like this. I met her at the Carnival. She wore a mask, and so did I. You know, Madame, how one can feel loveliness, even under a mask? Loveliness and—all that? She was so attractive that every one noticed her, even the roughs who don't respect the traditions of our Carnival. I had the honor to rescue her from some of these. We hid in the old wine-closet of the Croisille house. I used to play there and I knew the secret door. We hid there in the dark and—she was very close to me. I—had not meant to take advantage——"

"You kissed her!" guessed Madame.

"She didn't scold, or slap me, or anything like that. She just sent me to see if the coast was clear, and when I came back—she was gone."

"Did you not foller?"

"Of course. I ran out the back, the only way she could have gone, and through old Raoul's shop. He had seen her, yes, but Rampart Street was as empty as a vault. I met an officer who had seen her turn into Rondeau Street, but when I reached Rondeau Street she was gone. She would not have had time to go far.

"Madame, do you know if any of your neighbors went to the Carnival in a pink dress and a pink hat? She had golden hair. You make costumes. Did you make a pink dress and a pink hat for anybody?"

"My neighbors?" considered Madame. "How I know? I mek a pink draiss, yess. I mek him for Julie, my niece. But Julie ain't go de Carnival. She git mump."

THE stranger took his hat. He sat silent for a moment, then he leaned forward, staring at the threshold of the nearest door.

"Madame!" he cried, and pointed. "How can you tell me that you know nothing when there are the slippers she wore? I would know them anywhere."

Yes, there were the silver slippers, sitting in a patch of sun. Madame had that morning, being left alone for the first time since Mardi Gras, cleaned them of the clay from the Alley and left them to dry.

"Madame," he continued sternly, and Josephine, now thoroughly awake, began sidling to the farthest end of her perch. "I know that she is in the house. They told me that you lived alone, but I know better. Let me see her." And as Madame herself showed signs of sidling away, "Please let me see her. I wish—I wish only to apologize to her." Then at the continued silence, "You do *not* live alone, do you? You have a companion?"

"Yess."

"Then let me see that companion."

"But look!" And Madame motioned to Bobo.

The stranger looked, and Bobo, disdaining to sidle, but disliking the look, slapped out.

"Madame, *what* is the mystery? I'm nothing but a plain man who wants to apologize. My name, as I should have told you in the beginning, is Phillips—Jack Phillips—and I live up-town. My uncle married a Croisille." (*That* ought to get her.) "Please tell me who the slippers belong to."

"Oh, dat! Dat is easy. Dey's Julie's, my niece."

"May I see her?"

"She is not here. She come for de Carnival. She git doze mump and stay home."

"Stayed home? Are you sure she stayed home?"

Madame was entirely out of English. She could think of only the enraged English of the nurse.

"You want kill her? Don' you know he's ketchin'? *You git on my goat!*"

The stranger apologized. He drew closer to Madame. Madame had never seen gray eyes so shining.

"I won't contradict you, Madame, and I'm sorry to give anybody away. But most of the maskers didn't tell the folks at home they went. Dear Madame Granet——"

MADAME had sat down, feeling weak after her outburst, and the stranger sat down too. He leaned toward her.

"Madame, if you knew how nice she was—how—I can't explain, but there in the dark I felt her innocence, her inexperience. And when I kissed her I knew—I could tell that it was the first time—the only time that ever—oh, Madame, tell me where she is. Let me go to her."

"The first one. The only one," said Madame softly.

But she said it in French.

"Well, it is fonny," she remarked in English. "Now, listen, Meester Philleeps. I ain't say he was Julie what you kiss."

The young man smiled and looked at the slippers.

"For one thang, doze slipp' hurt her foot."

The young man still smiled. Apparently he knew Julie better than did Madame.

"Be-sides, Julie have not doze golden hairs."

"Madame, it may have been a wig."

"Dat is true. Well, now, I tell you where Julie live. Wet a minute! Set down. Now. Why for you want apologize? Be-cause you kiss her?"

"Why else, Madame? Why else did she run away?"

"Maybe be-cause she find somethang. Maybe she run away to kip it. Maybe it like gold."

"I wish I could think so."

"I tell you, do not ap-pologize. You mek it seem like—like just a lit' copper picayune. Be-sides, her family is strict. If you say you meet her in mask at Mardi Gras, they kip you off. I give you a lettre—how you say?—a lettre of introduction. I say you are my frien'. I tell them be nize to you."

"Oh, Madame, why should you do this for me? You don't know me, but——"

"I know 'nough. Be-sides, you are kin to de Croisilles. Wet! I write him now."

Madame went inside while the stranger moved about the patio, looking now at the silver slippers, now at the myrtle-flowers and Josephine. After all his walking he could not keep still. Madame came out with the letter.

"I'll ride out this afternoon," he said, deciphering the address. He paused. "And I've decided—I've decided not to say anything about the Carnival. Not unless she mentions it herself. She may not even recognize me. I'll not say a word until—oh, until a long time from now. I'll be just—your friend."

He laughed. They both laughed.

When the gate had closed Madame stood very still. Then she went into the big front room.

Jack Phillips, passing along the sidewalk by the green blinds, heard sounds and listened. It was "Showers of Pearls" played on a tinkling old piano, played softly, bravely, gaily.

It gave him courage.

One beauty every woman may have!

—a smooth, dainty skin unblemished by any suggestion of unpleasant hair!

Del-a-tone makes it possible for all to enjoy the most formal of evening gowns, the sheerest of filmy hose. Any embarrassing growth of hair can be easily and harmlessly removed in a few minutes—with Del-a-tone.

This is the tested scientific preparation which has been in use for fifteen years, giving supreme satisfaction to thousands of women. Always quick, safe, sure.

Just apply a smooth paste of Del-a-tone, wash off in a few minutes—and *marvel* at the difference! It is best to insist on

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

Ask for it at drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for one dollar.

THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY
Dept. 28, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Quick relief from sunburn—

SUNBURN can spoil a holiday. And insect bites can take the fun out of vacation.

So safeguard summer pleasures with Absorbine, Jr.! As a friendly liniment it soothes tired muscles and weary feet. It absorbs the pain and swelling from strains and sprains.

As a prompt antiseptic it cleans scratches, takes poison from stings and bites, and allays the pain of sunburn.

Absorbine, Jr. does not stain and is agreeable.

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid.
Send for free trial bottle.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

A "Healthy, happy Dr. Hand's Baby"

Thelma Parmer, Altoona, Pa.

Hot Weather Teething Serious

Avoid summer upsets due to difficult teething. Do away with pain for Baby and sleepless nights for yourself. Mrs. Robt. Lovelace, Spring Grove, Pa., writes, "*In early summer my babies were teething. They were cross and couldn't rest at night. I found that Dr. Hand's gave them instant relief.*"

DR. HAND'S

Teething Lotion

is the famous prescription of a children's specialist, used and recommended by mothers since 1885. Just rub it on the gums with your finger. Contains no narcotics. At all druggists.

Send 2c to cover postage for generous sample to Hand Medicine Co., 109-C No. 5th Street, Phila., Pa.

Be a Hotel Hostess

Enjoy Your Work! Hundreds of openings in big hotels for women to act as Hostess. Fascinating, uncrowded field that develops charm and personality. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $3,600 per year, with beautiful apartment for my girls and self." Write for FREE BOOK.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. V-2301 Washington, D. C.

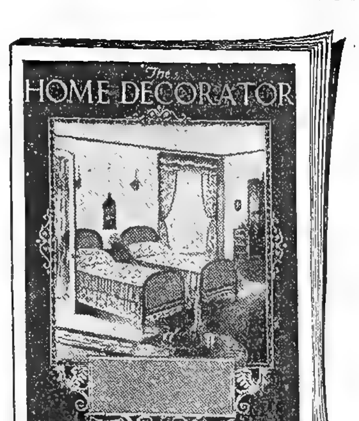
BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The Hump vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address—

KAY LABORATORIES Dept. R-361
186 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois



Prepare Now for Autumn Re-Decorating

With the Aid of the

HOME DECORATOR MAGAZINE

A beautiful publication appealing instantly to the artistic taste of every home-loving woman.

For every design illustrated there is a

HOME DECORATOR PATTERN

Simple patterns that are easy to put together.

To give you every assistance, there is a prepared estimate of the amount and cost of materials required for every design and suggestions for colors and fabrics.

Do your own re-decorating this Autumn with the aid of HOME DECORATOR MAGAZINE.

Consult its pages for the

Latest Ideas for Sofa Pillows
Effective Window Draperies
Beautiful Bedspreads
Furniture Arrangement
Nursery Furniture

And all the deft touches that beautify a room.

Get Your Copy To-day

P.R. 8-25

THE HOME DECORATOR
Pictorial Review Building
7th Avenue and 39th Street
New York

Please mail me, post free, a copy of the new issue of The Home Decorator, for which I enclose 25 cents with this coupon.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________State__________

Henry and the Muse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"You know, Henry," she went on, "how I've always longed for you to discover some talent. I always feel certain that there are things hidden away in you that only need developing."

He removed one of the burrs from his coat with his long white fingers and examined it. "If I hadn't been delicate," he remarked, "I dare say I might have been a great violinist."

"But you've so little ear for music," she reminded him.

"You don't know," he told her, "nobody knows, what wonderful harmonies I sometimes have in my brain."

"Well—a composer—possibly. No, I'm almost certain it could never have been music. Literature, perhaps——"

"When there is a public that appreciates the best," he said, "I dare say I shall write."

He leaned back in his chair, but instantly sat upright again with an ejaculation of pain. She sighed. He gave her no help.

"You'll be surprized to hear," she told him, "that I've been trying to write myself. I've written quite a lot of short poems lately, and some of them—" she held up the magazine—"have just been published in this."

"You have?"

He stared, his mouth open. A lock of his straight, lank hair had fallen over his forehead.

"Yes. The editor is very encouraging. He wants me to send more, and of course I shall."

He went on staring.

"But you never told me!"

"No. I thought I wouldn't, at first. I wanted to find out if they were any good."

"Well, I don't suppose they are."

This rather crushing remark spurred her on. "*Blackhill's* don't accept things unless they have merit," she protested. "They can't possibly be bad. But what I wanted you to know was this: I decided not to publish them under my own name —Mary Gwynne Sharland—it seemed to me so obviously the name of an elderly woman. I wanted—some other name."

"What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. I did. And your name sounded so much younger and so much more interesting, so I used it, Henry. I hope you don't mind."

Once more his mouth dropped open.

"But—but then people will think I wrote them."

"Yes, I suppose they will. But they're really not bad. I thought it would be such a good thing if people knew you wrote."

"But I don't write."

"No, I meant if they thought you did. After all, it's only a *nom de plume*."

HENRY turned this over in his mind, his eyes fixed on nothing.

"I don't care," he said finally, and then with a touch of pomposity, "if my name's any good to you." He held out a hand. "Let's have a look at them."

She tendered him the open magazine.

"Verses," he read, "by Henry Sharland." Below his name there appeared in large, attractive type three short poems. They were called "A Country Post-Office," "The Young Thrush," and "Thunder."

She saw that he was distinctly impressed.

The poems were charming. They did not depart startlingly from the type of poetry admired in the nineteenth century, and yet there was about them a refreshing flavor of the twentieth. And altho Henry was quite unaware of this, he was nevertheless impressed and pleased.

He read them over several times, a look of gratification in his pale eyes.

"Have I got any more coming out soon?" he inquired with an eagerness unusual in him.

"There'll be three more next month," she told him, "and I sent some more off yesterday. I do hope they'll like them."

"Of course they'll like them," said Henry, not without a touch of resentment in his voice. "They'd better like them."

She smiled at him and went away, leaving him to sit there in his ridiculous coat and reread the poems. A few minutes later she heard him in the kitchen reading them aloud to Laura. He seemed to find her admiration pleasing and not at all embarrassing.

NOT many days after this he received letters from both Robert and Ernest. Ernest said that while he thought writing poetry was a poor occupation for a man, he was nevertheless thankful that Henry was now beginning to do *something*, and he urged him to go on with the good work. Henry considered this letter extremely offensive. Robert was less tactless, but he seemed more pleased on his mother's account than on Henry's.

"Neither of them," Henry said to his mother, "is capable of understanding. Because they can't write themselves, they have nothing but pitying contempt for those who can. But I suppose all poets have had to endure this sort of thing from their relations."

Mrs. Sharland was forced to realize that Henry was now speaking and thinking exactly as tho he had actually written the poems, and tho the thought distressed her she told herself that it was bound to be so. What caused her even greater anxiety was the knowledge that she was causing Henry to lie, both in his life and in his words. She had not, in the beginning, visualized this, and she feared very much the effect it might have on his moral fiber. She tried to counteract it by talking to him about it, telling him that while she loved him to have all the praise and the credit, she hoped he wouldn't forget that it was all a game of "let's pretend."

On the other hand she saw with profound gratification how differently Henry was now looked upon by the village people—especially by the vicar, who had always rather despised him. She persuaded herself then that any harm it might do him was more than offset by the good. And meanwhile, with unfailing industry, she wrote and wrote.

For some time she corrected him, in private, when he talked about "my poems," but after a while she ceased to do so. For it soon became apparent to her that Henry was beginning to take an intelligent interest in poetry, and never before in his life had he shown any interest in anything. To foster this interest she presented him with the checks as they came in. It was his own money, she told him.

She rejoiced in secret when he sent to London for the standard works. He read all kinds of poetry, but to him there were only two kinds of poets, living and dead. He liked very few of the latter, tho he always spoke well of Shelley, but the live ones pleased him very much. The moderns, he said, had the right idea. And one day he came into his mother's room while she was writing, and sat down just out of her range of vision without speaking. She put down her pen and turned to look at him.

"Well, dear?"

Henry opened and shut his mouth and looked at her. She had to prompt him a second time. "Well, Henry, what is it?"

He picked up her paper-knife and ran it thoughtfully around inside the heel of his shoe, staring as he did so at the wall just over her head. Then he inserted it between his collar and his neck, and seemed to enjoy its coolness.

"I just wanted to say something to you," he finally and unnecessarily announced.

"Yes, I see you do. What is it?"

"I think," he managed to say at last, "that I'm behind the times. I think I write old-fashioned stuff."

She was nettled by this.

"Kindly bear in mind, Henry, that you write nothing at all. If you mean that I write old-fashioned stuff, say so."

He fidgeted in his chair.

"Well, you know what I mean. I mean—why don't we write a different sort of poetry? More modern and more —pictorial. You know. With more attention to—" he hesitated—"to onomatopœia."

"Good Heavens!" she cried. "What on earth have you been reading?"

"Oh, I've been investigating a little. I've been reading things. It seems to me that we're hopelessly out of date. All our stuff's too pretty-pretty."

She was silent for a moment.

"If you mean you'd like me to write the sort of poetry that is all about ugly things and has no beauty in it whatever; the violent, explosive sort that has a certain vogue, I assure you it's quite impossible. I can't do it and I won't."

He sat for some time frowning and ruffling his hair, while she made designs with her pen on a bit of waste-paper. Then he got up.

"Oh, well, never mind. I only thought —it doesn't matter."

He went to the door.

"But, Henry—" she called after him, distressed.

He didn't come back. She presently saw him in the garden pushing the lawn-mower aimlessly about the lawn, making curved patterns in the grass that added nothing to the general effect. She sighed and tried to go on with her work.

Some months later she received a letter from the editor of *Blackhill's Magazine* that completely bewildered her. He wrote:

> DEAR MRS. SHARLAND: I am returning the last poem you sent me, called "To a Dead Dog," and I do not return it without a protest. Don't, I beg of you, experiment in this sort of thing. It is such a sudden and complete departure from your usual manner that I can hardly believe it comes from your pen. I don't like it; I hope it is no more than an experiment, and I hope it is the last of its kind. Mr. Phillips, of Crighton & Phillips, the well-known publishers, has approached me on the subject of issuing your collected verse in the not-far-distant future, and you will doubtless be hearing from him yourself. I did not, I need hardly say, show him "To a Dead Dog." Trusting that you will take my little lecture in good part, I am,
>
> Faithfully yours,
> MONCRIEFF DAWSON.

Still bewildered, she examined the inside of the envelop, and found that she had overlooked a folded sheet. She took it out and looked at it, feeling herself go hot and cold all over as she did so. She read:

TO A DEAD DOG

By HENRY SHARLAND

Dead—dog. Dead—dog.
The words are his passing bell.
From the gutter his half-open eyes stare at the sun.
Flies are coming, his mourners.
Dead—dog.
But not more dead
Than Napoleon or Cæsar.
The great can be no more dead than the little.
They are all the same.
I say as I pass,
Hail, Cæsar!
Hail, dead dog!
You too have led armies.
You too have been crowned with laurels.
You are dead, so you too are great.
Cæsar is dead, so he too is little.
And in life he lacked your beautiful thin, curving tail.
Dead—dog.

"Henry!" she cried aloud to an empty room. "Oh, *Henry!*"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

Henry and the Muse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

The "poem" had been carefully typed on her own beloved typewriter. She stared at it as tho it too were guilty. Mr. Dawson must have thought her mad. Oh, what must he have thought? And she could not explain. Explanations were impossible. But it must never, never happen again.

She rushed off, her indignation burning fiercely, with the sheet of paper in her hand. She found Henry lounging by the fire in the library, reading the newspaper.

"How could you?" she cried, thrusting the poem into his hands. "How could you, Henry?"

He looked confused for an instant, then made a gesture with his long arm.

"Oh," he said, "it was quite easy. It was nothing."

"How dared you send up such rubbish under my name?" she demanded.

"I didn't. I sent it up under my own name," he corrected her. She flushed. For the moment she had forgotten.

"You sent it up under a name that I have worked hard to make known," she retorted. "You had no right to do it, Henry. Mr. Dawson must have thought me absolutely crazy. You might ruin my reputation. A joke is a joke, but you must promise me never to do it again."

She saw upon Henry's face a stubborn look that was most unexpected.

"I think it's the best poem I've—we've written. It says something. It gets there. It's got punch."

"Got—what?"

"We belong to different generations and different schools of thought," he informed her. "That's the whole truth of the matter. I am an—" what was that word he had read in the paper a day or two ago?—"an expressionist."

She lost her temper then.

"You're nothing of the sort. You're a practical joker at your mother's expense," she cried, and, bursting into tears, she hurried away to her room again. Henry thought of following her, but tears terrified him, so he went into the kitchen-garden instead, where he collected a number of slugs and placed them obligingly on cabbages, for he disliked cabbages. Then he went indoors, and, finding his mother invisible, shut himself in his own room.

BY THE next day the storm had blown over. He was forgiven, and no further mention was made of "To a Dead Dog." She wrote to Mr. Dawson and told him that the poem had been written as a joke and that she had never intended it for his eyes, much less for publication. She sent him a few verses called "Faith," which were well received. When the check came she gave it to Henry as usual, but he refused it.

"I don't think I need it," was all he would say.

Henry was by now something of a celebrity in Bridewell, and there was wrought in him an astounding change. He no longer slouched and lounged. He was cleaner and tidier. He was asked out to dinner now and again, and what was yet more unprecedented, he accepted and went. He was even asked to give a short talk on poetry before a meeting of the Village Institute, and only a bad sore throat prevented it. Miss Charlesworth, the doctor's daughter, began to take an interest in him, and for a nice girl to take an interest in him was, his mother knew, the best thing that could happen to him.

One day the postman brought a number of letters and periodicals, some addressed to Mrs. Sharland, some to Henry. She opened those she thought were meant for her—so far she had always been able to distinguish between Henry's private letters, which were very few, and correspondence intended for her under his name.

One of the periodicals she opened was the *Weekly Vanguard*, a "progressive"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

THIS SPACE HAS BEEN DONATED BY THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY TO THE BROADWAY TEMPLE

CHRISTIANITY ON BROADWAY

Excerpts from editorial in The Daily Reporter, White Plains, N.Y.
By W. Livingston Larned

AN unusual project has been set in motion in New York. A "Business Building" is to rise on Broadway, at 173rd Street, dedicated to Christianity. To be known as the "Broadway Temple," it will contain a church, offices, auditoriums, schools, hotel accommodations, cafeterias, etc. And to a large extent, it will be erected by popular subscription. Individuals buy bonds, representing a 5 per cent investment and the total cost will be approximately $4,000,000.

It is the first undertaking of its kind, and has so many amazing features that we will do well to observe some of these innovations. For this is a combination of church and skyscraper. Business and Christianity will be housed under one roof.

This Broadway Temple is, in a sense, a gigantic symbol of the uncontrovertible fact that Godliness can and should be continuous.

Broadway will be the better for a substantial reminder of this Holy Presence. From every vantage point, on sunny days, or nights filled with the sinister menace of storm, a high-flung cross of unquenchable light will be visible, glittering against the heavens. And he will murmur to himself reverently, "The Holy Spirit bides with me wherever I may be, walking or sleeping."

Broadway Temple will cover 26,000 square feet of foundation space, facing a whole block on Broadway. It will have a beautiful tower, 24 stories high; six million people will see a revolving cross of light, 34 feet high, on its topmost pinnacle. The church auditorium will seat 2200; there will be Sunday school rooms, a social hall and every modern convenience for religious and community work. An apartment hotel in the tower is to contain 644 rooms, public offices and dining halls. Apartments for housekeeping in the two wings will accommodate 500 persons. And there are stores fronting on Broadway.

In exploiting this magnificent and ambitious plan, its sponsors say: "A 5 per cent investment in your Fellow Man's Salvation, Broadway Temple is to be a combination of Church and Skyscraper, Religion and Revenue, Salvation and 5 per cent—and the 5 per cent is based on ethical Christian grounds."

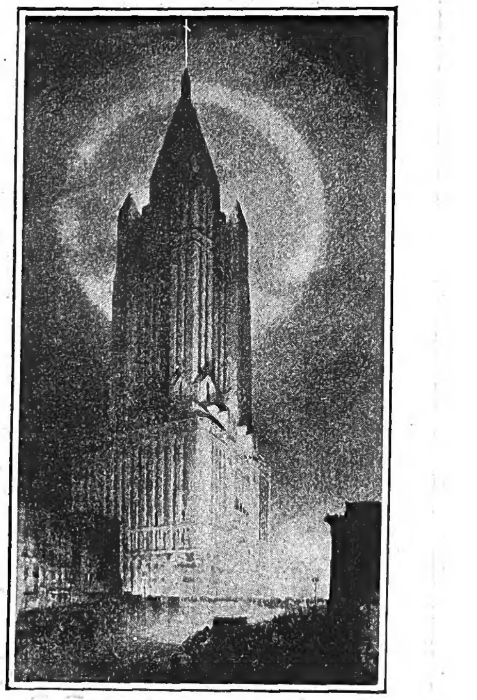
Broadway Temple is more than a revolutionary idea, more than a sound investment, more than an architectural wonder of the age; it represents a spiritual stepping stone in man's climb upward to the Cross.

"Buy These Bonds and Let God Come to Broadway"

Religion and Revenue
Glorified by a Wonderful Ideal

The Directors who will conduct this business enterprise, the men with whom you, as an investor, will be associated, are some of the keenest and best-known business men in New York. They are

President: Ellis L. Phillips, Pres. Long Island Lighting Co.
Arthur J. Baldwin, Vice-President McGraw Hill Publishing Co.
Carl H. Fowler, Vice-President, Fowler & Holloway
Samuel McRoberts, Treasurer, Chatham & Phoenix Nat'l Bank & Trust Co.
W. R. Comfort, President, Reid Ice Cream Co.
Charles A. Frueauff, Frueauff, Robinson & Sloan
Frank De K. Huyler, President of Huyler's
E. V. P. Ritter, Formerly Pres. Grand Central Palace
M. G. Collins, Vice-Pres., Broker
Watson S. Moore, Vice-President, Formerly V.P.U.S. Grain Corp.
Frederick Kraft, Secretary, Kraft Cheese Co.
Hon. Royal S. Copeland, U. S. Senator
Lamar Hardy, Former Corporation Counsel
Robert H. Montgomery, Lybrand, Ross Bros. & Montgomery
W. P. Tanner, W. P. Tanner-Gross Co.



BROADWAY TEMPLE
A Twentieth Century Cathedral, Church, Hotel, Stores, Apartment House; Self-Supporting, Community-Serving

Why this is a SAFE Investment

Merely as an investment the Bonds of the Broadway Temple are inviting as a business proposition. Ewing, Bacon & Henry, real estate experts, in a letter to Donn Barber, the architect, set forth the following conservative estimate of income:

Rental from stores	$27,500
Income from two apartment houses . .	166,290
Income from apartment hotel	402,300
Total annual income . .	$596,090
Total expenses and interest and taxes . .	470,500

Leaving a net surplus for the bond holders of $125,590 annually

GENERAL SAMUEL McROBERTS, *Treasurer,*
Broadway Temple Building Corporation,
149 Broadway, New York City.

Without obligation to me, please let me know about the BROADWAY TEMPLE Bonds.

Name...
Street..
City..............................State...................

or if you desire, fill out the following subscription:—

I hereby subscribe for $.................... par value Second Mortgage Broadway Temple 5% Cumulative Interest Bearing Bonds, and agree to make payments as follows: (a) I enclose check for total amount of subscription. (b) I will pay 10% of my subscription on the first day of the month following the date of this pledge, and 10% every sixty days thereafter until full amount of subscription is paid.

Signed..
Address.........................City and State...................

P. S.—John D. Rockfeller, Jr., has agreed to take the last $250,000 of the Bonds.

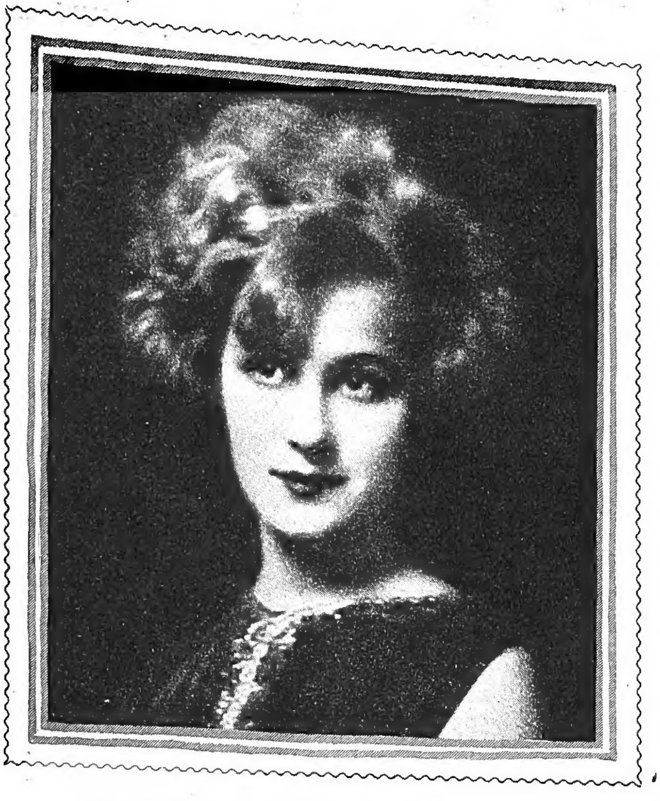
The Authoritative Story of THE PRINCE OF WALES *is Told in* "A KING IN THE MAKING", *By Genevieve Parkhurst*

In this fascinating and authentic biographical study, which ran serially in Pictorial Review and is written by a member of the Pictorial Review staff, the reader is introduced to the most popular young man in the world. The events of his life are delightfully chronicled, and a portrait of him as he is today is drawn with skill and understanding by the author.

"... She has made a lively story ... Her book is more interesting than Gertrude Atherton's The Conqueror .... She has done an exceptional thing .... The book was well worth doing and has been excellently executed."—*N. Y. Times.*

Mrs. Parkhurst secured the data for this book first-hand. She was received by the Prince of Wales and was accorded the co-operation of his tutor, his private secretary and others closely associated with him. The book is illustrated beautifully with a large set of valuable and intimate photographs, many of which are exclusive and were taken with the Prince's own camera.

$2.50 at all book stores
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York London
$2.50 at all book stores



Greta Nissen, the star in "Polly of the Ballet," Paramount Picture in which the two final prize-winners in Excella's Screen Contest will also play.

Excella offers the greatest screen opportunity ever given magazine readers

You Can Still Enter

Excella's nation-wide Beauty Contest is creating a sensation throughout the whole country! You can still enter it. The Two Final Prize-Winners will be given parts in the new Paramount Picture, "Polly of the Ballet," starring Greta Nissen, produced and directed by that wizard of the screen, William C. de Mille. This is a positive guarantee backed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and Excella.

In addition to guaranteeing parts to two girls there will also be 35 cash prizes amounting to $2,500.

Full details in the issue of Excella now on sale.

Excella

25c a copy

at all news-stands

Excella Corporation
222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Yes, I want to have Excella come to me while the Excella-Famous Players-Lasky Corporation Contest is going on. I enclose One Dollar, for which please mail Excella to me for six months.

Name__________

Street__________

City__________ State__________

Henry and the Muse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

little paper of extreme views, and, knowing its nature, she wondered who could have sent it to her, and why. She sought for its list of contents, found it, and then stiffened as she read, "Verses, by Henry Sharland." She turned to them with an eager hand and a heart full of dreadful apprehension. There were three. "To a Dead Dog," a poem called "Eggs," and another called "Beginnings." The first one she already knew; the second she thought improper; the third disgusting, as it described, not without the onomatopœic quality to which Henry had once referred, the sensations of a very young male after smoking his first cigar.

The editor of the *Weekly Vanguard* had given Henry a little puff under the heading "Personalia."

"Mr. Sharland," he said, "is a young man of much promise and considerable fulfilment. He is not unknown to readers of poetry as a writer of 'charming' verse. Now, we rejoice to say, he has left the writing of charming verse to the elderly tabbies, male and female, who so industriously flood the world with amiable banalities and pretty, obsolete sentiments. We publish three of his later poems in this issue, and three more will be published next week. Mr. Sharland is not only a virile writer but a prolific one."

MRS. SHARLAND, with feelings it is impossible to describe, took the *Weekly Vanguard* to her own room and there read Henry's poems over and over till she had them by heart. And over and over she read the words of the editor. "Virile and prolific!" Was it possible that he was speaking of Henry? Was it possible that he or any one else could read such verses with pleasure? Who was wrong? Who was mad? She and Mr. Moncrieff Dawson, and the people they represented, or Henry and the editor of the *Weekly Vanguard?* And their impossible, incredible followers? She felt that her mind had been shattered by this experience. It presented complications, problems, with which she hardly felt herself capable of dealing. She presently saw that among her letters was one from Mr. Moncrieff Dawson himself, and with an unpleasant foreknowledge of what it would contain, she tore it open. He wrote:

> DEAR MRS. SHARLAND: I must and I do protest. My attention has just been drawn to three of your poems in the *Weekly Vanguard*. You can not serve God and Mammon, the Good Book says. Well, you seem determined to go over to Mammon. It is very sad and bad, and I can not help feeling there must be some explanation. I hope so. Which Henry Sharland do you intend to be? You can not be both?

WHICH, indeed?

She was convinced, beyond any shadow of doubt, that Henry's poems were bad. But they were Henry's, and they were young. Chiefly they were Henry's. Without a struggle, the first Henry Sharland was about to abdicate. He must go. There was no hesitation in her mind about this. It might be painful—it was painful—but it was right. And because she had come to feel that Mr. Moncrieff Dawson was a friend, she wrote and told him exactly what had happened. Some day, she said, she might write again. A novel, perhaps, under her own name, of course. She thanked him for his help. Then she added as a postscript:

"I want you to know that I am even happier about Henry's poems, bad as they are, than I was about my own."

When Henry heard that his mother had abdicated he took it as evidence, merely, of the superiority of his own work. He was, not unnaturally, elated by his success.

"I can write hundreds like those," he told her. "Hundreds."

She smiled at him, and kissed him.

"You'll soon be famous," she said, as she went out into the garden. She would be able, she thought, to give more time to the flowers now. And, after all, she had succeeded beyond her wildest hopes. She had meant to give Henry a name. She had given him far more than that; she had given him an occupation, an interest in life. And the world, bless it, had taken to its generous bosom another young poet of the ultramodern school.

The Right Miss Wright

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

He laughed raggedly. "It has just occurred to me that I couldn't conceive my Mary Wright starting off single-handed to bag a lone bandit. She'd faint at the very thought of it."

"Faintin' down here'd be laughed at." She glanced quickly up at the sun. "Say, it's goin' to be dark perty quick; did you know it? And I've got you in an awful fix—if you're really not the pusson I thought you."

"Well, I give you my word of honor I'm not."

"I don't know what I can ever do to square myself."

"How far is it to the nearest telephone?"

"You'd have to go to Valentine, I guess. It isn't much further to Kelson."

"You mean I'm thirty-one miles from any garage?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" And the girl with the sun-flooded hair wilted over with her face in her hands. Then she straightened suddenly. "Mister Hobart, will you let me search your car?"

"For what?"

"If I don't find none of the things the bandit took from old Griggs's store, I'm goin' to penalize myself right proper."

"Go as far as you like. Looks as if I'd got to stay here till I find a way to fix that bus."

They began unloading the coupé together. Bedding came out; suitcases and cooking-utensils came off. He handed out a five-gallon canteen of lukewarm water, raising an eyebrow at her easy strength in swinging it behind her. Instinctively she sorted out his camping accessories. Once their naked forearms brushed.

"We'd better start a fire," she warned him, "while it's light enough to get the fuel."

"That's right," he agreed, "we had." But he scratched his head. "Out of what?"

"You wait here. I know what to do."

He watched her stride away down the rocks and up the opposite grade. He dropped idly down on the running-board, hammer swinging between his knees. What a pal—such a girl! He couldn't imagine the other Mary Wright saying, "You wait here. I know what to do. I've done it before." Mary Wright, formerly of Paris, Vermont, would now be sitting helplessly up in this car, whimpering over their predicament. "Damn!" growled Bob Hobart. And he threw the hammer.

Mary Wright of Kelson, Arizona, came back limping. But her arms were loaded with rakish roots from which the sand still sifted—a load for a man, by the way.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

The Right Miss Wright

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

"Fire them," she ordered. "They'll burn for hours."

"Why the painful limp?"

"I bruised my foot when one of those roots came out too quickly." She sank on the trunk which he had unstrapped from above the gas-tank and pulled off her riding-boot, then her stocking. Rodin might have chiseled her foot.

"It's bleeding!" Bob cried blankly. "But I've got some stuff in one of my bags that'll stop it."

She waited, and he brought it. He also brought a pair of slippers. "Put them on when you've fixed it. They'll be softer than your heavy boots."

"That's mighty thoughtful o' you," she declared gratefully, smearing the wound with the fiery salve. "Wait a minute, Mister Hobart. Let me fix that fire. Those roots'll all burn up in twenty minutes."

He straightened from his bungled work, flushing boyishly. At his knees she squatted, adjusting the fuel. "Now give me a match," she ordered, reaching up.

Bob handed down matches. The curve of her back as he looked down upon it belonged to a Venus de Medici, yet sustaining that corsetless figure were muscles of rawhide.

"Do you want I should cook your supper?"

"I think it'd be immense." He found the courage to add, "After all, it's yours too. We seem to be in this together."

She explored his larder, and he felt a grim satisfaction watching her do it. "I declare," she announced, "you menfolks certainly do mess up your chuck. Women wouldn't have things so a minute."

"Go ahead and fix them," he laughed. "I'm willing."

She found pancake flour, mixed it in a twinkling, flipped the griddles dexterously, all the time squatting beside that spicy, crackling blaze. Coffee boiled. Bacon sizzled. She cooked their meal and they ate it together by the stranded car. The stillness shrieked at their eardrums.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Prices of Patterns

Including the Free Pictograf or Cutting and Construction Guides

These patterns can be had at any Pictorial Review agency, or they will be mailed at the price mentioned, postage free, if you write to the Company at any of the addresses mentioned below:

	Prices in the United States	Prices in the United Kingdom		Prices in the United States	Prices in the United Kingdom		Prices in the United States	Prices in the United Kingdom
No.	Cts.	s.d.	No.	Cts.	s.d.	No.	Cts.	s.d.
6298	35	1/–	2738	45	1/6	2809	35	1/–
7991	25	1/–	2739	30	1/–	2810	45	1/6
9458	30	1/–	2740	45	1/6	2811	45	1/6
9898	30	1/–	2741	25	1/–	2812	45	1/6
9953	30	1/–	2742	25	1/–	2813	45	1/6
1528	30	1/–	2746	30	1/–	2814	40	1/6
1532	25	1/–	2747	30	1/–	S. H. 2815	35	1/–
1883	35	1/–	2763	20	9d	2816	45	1/6
1922	30	1/–	2768	30	1/–	2817	45	1/6
1934	40	1/6	2773	20	9d	2818	45	1/6
1935	30	1/–	2774	30	1/–	2822	45	1/6
1959	30	1/–	2775	35	1/–	2823	35	1/–
2199	30	1/–	2776	35	1/–	2824	45	1/6
2209	20	9d	2777	35	1/–	2825	45	1/6
2347	30	1/–	2778	30	1/–			
2486	25	1/–	2779	35	1/–	**Embroideries**		
2489	20	9d	2780	45	1/6	11569	20	1/–
2511	25	1/–	2782	45	1/6	11659	20	1/–
2512	20	9d	2783	45	1/6	12248	15	9d
2515	25	1/–	2784	45	1/6	12254	30	1/6
2600	30	1/–	2785	45	1/6	12367	30	1/6
2602	30	1/–	2786	45	1/6	12672	25	1/3
2619	30	1/–	2787	35	1/–	12809	30	1/6
2621	30	1/–	2788	35	1/–	12912	40	2/–
2622	45	1/6	2789	45	1/6	12933	25	1/
2625	30	1/–	2791	45	1/6	12972	50	2/–
2627	30	1/–	2792	45	1/6	12984	20	9d
2629	25	1/–	2793	45	1/6	12990	20	9d
2639	35	1/–	2794	35	1/–	12999	20	9d
2647	30	1/–	2795	35	1/–	13008	30	1/–
2666	25	1/–	2796	45	1/6	13023	40	1/6
2680	25	1/–	2798	45	1/6	13026	35	1/–
2681	30	1/–	2799	35	1/–	13027	35	1/–
2687	25	1/–	2800	45	1/6	13028	35	1/–
2698	25	1/–	2801	45	1/6	13029	35	1/–
2699	30	1/–	2802	45	1/6	13030	30	1/–
2706	45	1/6	2803	45	1/6	13031	30	1/–
2714	25	1/–	2804	45	1/6	13032	30	1/–
2719	45	1/6	2805	45	1/6	13033	45	1/6
2729	45	1/6	2806	30	1/–	13034	25	1/–
2734	45	1/6	2807	40	1/6	13035	25	1/–
2737	30	1/–	2808	45	1/6	13036	25	1/–

The styles shown in this issue are but a few of the many Pictorial Review designs that are seasonable for the month of August.

NEW YORK, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street
CHICAGO, ILL., 200-206 South Market Street
ST. LOUIS, MO., 1627-1631 Washington Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 989 Market Street
ATLANTA, GA., 82-84 North Broad Street
BOSTON 11, MASS., 116 Bedford Street
TORONTO, CANADA, 263-267 Adelaide Street, West
LONDON, W. 1, ENGLAND, 163-165 Great Portland Street

Don't Let Sun and Wind Age Your Skin

A dry skin is the first to grow old and nothing dries and coarsens the skin as fast as sun and wind. The improperly protected skin soon loses its youthful firmness and the little lines and other signs of age creep in long before they should. A little Ingram's Milkweed Cream applied every day fortifies the skin against exposure and keeps it always soft, firm and smooth.

Protects Cleanses Corrects

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is more than a protection, more than a cleanser and powder base. It combines certain remedial properties which correct redness, roughness, tan, freckles, blackheads, blemishes and such imperfections. The purpose of these nourishing, beautifying properties is not to cover up defects but to remove them.

Understand Your Skin Then Give It Proper Care

There's a booklet, "Health Hints," wrapped around each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream which every woman should read. It tells you the most effective way to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of your skin. Read this booklet carefully. It is written by specialists to make sure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

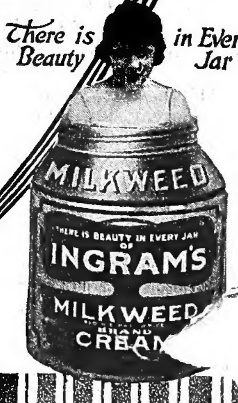
Go to your druggist today and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream—in the fifty cent or the economical dollar size. Begin its use at once. The improvement that will come to your complexion in just a few days will surprise you.

Frederick F. Ingram Company.
Established 1885.
Windsor, Canada. 339 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Read this

"I am a woman in my forty-ninth year and there is no one who ever takes me to be over thirty-five. Ingram's Milkweed Cream gets the credit. I have used nothing else for over twenty years." This is just one of thousands of voluntary appreciations that come to us every year from women everywhere, in society, in business and on the stage.

There is Beauty in Every Jar



Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Keeps Complexions Clear

FOR SCALP TREATMENT—SEND FOR
"GLOVER'S Handbook On the Scalp and Hair".
An authoritative analysis. Suggests practical methods of treatment. FREE on request.
Address: H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. B-1, 119-121 Fifth Ave.,
New York City

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

At Druggists, Barbers or Hair Dressers.

EASY WAY to EARN MONEY at HOME

Easy, fascinating, spare-time work coloring and selling our greeting cards and folders. 1925 Christmas line ready. Exclusive designs. Write NOW for illustrated book, "Pleasant Pages". Gives full instructions how to color, how to sell. Or send $1.00 for Trial Box containing assortment sample cards, instruction book, brush, colors and sample colored card. Sells for $3 to $4 when colored.

LITTLE ART SHOP
442 Louisiana Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Art Corner Your Pictures—In an Album where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel "Art Corners" 5 Styles 5 Colors are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write

10¢ Buys 100

ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 3V 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA
250 West 103d St., New York City
Overlooking the beautiful Hudson and Riverside Drive. Two doors from Broadway Express Subway Station. Single Room with private bath $3.00 and up. Double Room with private bath $4.00 and up. Other suites in proportion. Special attention given to ladies traveling alone.
S. L. ROOT, Manager

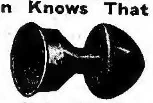
High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. HC 80 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
10 Hoffman Bldg., 2589 Woodward Av., Detroit, Mich

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week Retouching photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish Working Outfit Free. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B-8 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Right Miss Wright

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

"It is nice out here, isn't it?" the girl drawled languidly, leaning back against the machine. "Reckon I never noticed it in quite this way before."

"I know why this trip has been tiring me so," he blurted. "I've been driving it alone."

"Yes. Reckon it is nicer to have company along."

He lighted a brier. Never had shag tobacco tasted so delectable. "You can't go walking thirty-one miles anywhere in the dark, Miss Wright," he said suddenly.

"Land's sake, did you think I meant to? I'm not afeered o' stayin' out all night. I do it half the year, lookin' after my ranch. What's the matter with you? What you all fussed up about?"

"Well, back in my part of the country people might think this situation——"

"Would they? Folks down here are sensible. Pshaw! I ain't afeered o' companyin' you till mawnin'."

She was like her Yavapai County—big, open, frank, artless.

"I've got plenty of blankets. You can sleep in the car. I've got a way of turning down the seat-backs——"

"What! Me sleep in a little glass box like a corpse in a hearse? I see myself!"

"Well, you can use my army cot, then. I'll sleep in the car."

"Pshaw! I don't want no cot or anything. You just loan me one blanket and watch me roll up by this fire."

"On the ground?"

"O' course! Where'd you think?"

Bob sprang up and stalked away. In one vast, overwhelming revelation he knew what he wanted. And Fate had brought him three thousand miles across great America to show it to him.

THE stars came out—desert stars—great, low-hung flares of yellow incandescence. The burnt orange and old rose of the mountains faded. A cold wind stirred the greasewood. Night was upon them.

The man looked up directly overhead. The Milky Way came steadily into its own. How high it was! How vast, beautiful, terrific, was the world which God had made!

Ghostly hoots began sounding off at [illegible] left, like moans of fantoms that were haunting that basin. "Those are owls, aren't they?" the man whispered. And the woman nodded. Her face was cupped by her hands as she sat cross-legged before the coals. Brown-topaz eyes were copper now, her silhouetted head a tracing of infinite grace. Slowly, slowly, the embers died.

"I'll go out to the trail in the mawnin' and pay some one to come in here and tow you to Kingman," she promised him.

"Never mind the morning. I don't want to think there's ever to be a morning. I've read about nights under desert stars. Now I know what——"

"But I've heard New England is a whole lot prettier. It's really awful common down here—just sand and mountains and mesas and sky. I've dreamed a lot o' what New England must be like: hills and trees and little old crooked lanes and old-fashioned houses and well-sweeps—and Paisley shawls. My mother had a Paisley shawl. My uncle fetched it from Boston. You ever been to Boston?"

"Heavens! I know Boston like a fellow knows his pockets."

"Then—you've really seen the ocean"?

"Seen it! I've lived beside it whole Summers at a time. I've bathed in it, fished it, crossed portions of it twice—"

"What's it like?" She picked thoughtfully at her palms. "I was born and raised right here in Yavapai. I went to St. Louis once, tho, and saw the Mississippi. Is the ocean like the Mississippi?"

He told her about the gruff old Atlantic, and the night around them deepened, deepened, till little foxlike barks, faint at first, grew plainer on the south.

"You better unlock your tool-box and give me my guns," she suggested. "We don't want no varmints gettin' into our grub along toward mawnin'."

HE SECURED her guns and handed them down. "Tell me all about New England," she begged him.

"It's just mediocre and hide-bound and old. The past few years I've held myself in it with a grip of iron. That's why I've had to make this trip."

"Reckon that's because o' the way you've looked at things, isn't it?"

"How do you mean?"

"I used to feel that way toward Yavapai, but I cured myself. After pap and mammy died I just sat down and thought things out. The reason I got bored was because I wasn't doin' much of anything interestin'. You come down into my country and think it's wonderful. But why? Because you're doin' somethin' interestin' in it. I'd be doin' the same thing if I went up to yours."

"For a time, perhaps."

"That's just it. Come right down to it, what's mediocrity? Nothin' but aceptin' routine with cowlike patience, doin' the same old things in the same old way because everybody else does—takin' life as you find it instead of as you make it. You comin' down here on this trip is doin' something to make your life different. It isn't the new country that takes hold o' you so. Because it isn't new. It's old—to those of us born here. You're doin' a new thing in a new way, that's all."

"You think I could have done it without leaving New England?"

"You can smash mediocrity and monotony any day. You can smash it in your pussonel livin' by not missing the chance to do somethin' new. If you stayed down here and saw these desert stars night after night, and slept on the ground, and roped cows, and et out o' tin cans—same as the run o' folks down here—this place'd get just as mediocre and unbearable as anything you got up there in Vermont. I saw it all, finally. I said that whenever a new way opened to do somethin' different, somethin' out o' the ordinary, I'd grasp it quick."

"Bagging a bandit single-handed, for instance?"

She surprized him by her sharpness. "Yes, baggin' a bandit. I was followin' my system when I come out on my hoss to catch you. I didn't need old Griggs's reward. There's folks back in Kelson all the time grumblin' about the place. They hate the drab lives they lead and claim nothin' ever happens to make 'em interestin'. But how many of 'em ever end in adventure like this? They'd like the adventure all right, but wouldn't sprawl 'round to make it.

"I reckon I got a record for bein' sort o' pert and irresponsible back to Kelson. 'Tomboy Wright,' they call me. But it's only because folks don't see what I'm drivin' at. All the time I'm lookin' for new things to do—or new ways o' doin' 'em. And I don't get bored no more. The time goes so quickly I don't know where it passes, I declare."

Bob Hobart filled his brier afresh many times, drinking in the glory, the wonder, the romance of that desert night which could never come again because it was his first—with her. The camaraderie was strong between them now. He seemed to have known this girl for years.

ON EITHER side of that camp-fire, the fanning embers between them, they stretched themselves after a while. The chill night grew as numbing as the day had been hot. Triple hoots of the tiny owls came from the crags of ebony nothingness around them. The coyote-barks sounded off toward the west and then worked around to the north. Now and then a coal leaped up in a little ripple of flame, yellow as a hen's foot. A rakish wisp of dried greasewood stirred. Within thirty-one miles was no human thing.

"Asleep, Miss Wright?"

"No. I'm watchin' the stars—and thinkin' o' what you been tellin' me about New England. And I wisht you'd call me Mary. Makes me feel you just ain't friendly to talk so formal."

"You want to see the ocean badly—M-M-Mary?"

"It'd be a dream come true."

"The sand makes a wonderful bed; it's the first night I've tried it. I've been watching the stars too—and thinking what you said about smashing mediocrity." Then silence for three full moments. The fire was almost out. "M-M-Mary!"

"Uh—huh?"

"Fate directed me here, Mary, all the long way from Vermont, just to linger in this lonely desert basin with you—how's your foot, Mary?"

"I'd forgot all about it."

"Sleepy?"

"Not in my head. My body's tired—all the ridin' I been doin' to-day. But you aren't enjoyin' anything that I'm not, either. It's a new way o' breakin' monotony—the best I've found yet."

He raised himself and glanced across what remained of their fire. She lay on her back, one arm thrown up to pillow her head. He could see her profile, clear-cut as a cameo.

"Mary?"

"What, Mister Robert?"

"Do you know how many men back East, grinding their lives out in factories and shops, long for the kind of women who'll rough it with them in this glorious way—bedded down on warm earth—beside a dying camp-fire—looking up at desert stars?"

He heard her voice come faintly, "And do you know how many Western women long fo' the kind o' men-folks who can see any romance lyin' on warm earth beside a dyin' camp-fire, and notice desert stars at all? I been stretched here thinkin' o' that, too."

He said hoarsely, "I'm beginning to believe—I've been wasting myself—on the wrong Miss Wright."

After a time she answered, "Ever since I looked in your chuck-box I been entertainin' some such thought myself!"

ICY winds of desert morning blew the Spanish thorn and greasewood. Owl-hoots had quieted and the coyote-yaps died away utterly. The embers of their first camp-fire had died to gray and then lampblack long before an eery light began diluting the eastern sky-line. Six miles northward the Sunset Limited, from Chicago to Los Angeles, crawled—a child's toy train—across a wasted world.

The sweep of pearly gray along the east grew slowly into henna, apricot, and fallow. Mary Wright, of neither Vermont nor Pasadena, came awake to discover both her hands clasping something weighing on her breast that bore uncanny resemblance to a man's arm. He was lying, still asleep, on an angle with her shoulders, and for the past seven hours her yellow hair had been pillowed on his heart.

"Whatever are you up to?" she demanded from the rekindled fire as the henna, apricot, and fallow heightened into amber, claret, and ripe cherry, twenty minutes later.

Bob Hobart crunched his sixth wrapping of tissue-paper and cast it aside as he bent beneath his engine-hood.

"You set out to capture a man, didn't you? I'd say you succeeded. I'm screwing in new spark-plugs so you can take him wherever you want him—and sentence him for life!"

Contents for August, 1925

Art and Poetry

PAGE
Cover Design . . . . . *Rolf Armstrong*
Bobs and Shingles Seen on the Beach *Thelma Cudlipp Grosvenor* Verses by *Percy Waxman* 2
"Ways of Commerce" . . *Gordon Grant* 17
The Ten Commandments (Tenth) *M. Leone Bracker* 19
Painted—*Verse* . . . . *Bill Adams* 36
Memories—*Verse* . . *Genevieve Larsson* 38
Refuge—*Verse* *Roselle Mercier Montgomery* 54

Fiction

Wild Geese (Serial—First Instalment) *Martha Ostenso* 5
The Crystal Cup (Serial—Concluding Instalment) . . . . *Gertrude Atherton* 21
Love Reigneth Still . . . *May Edginton* 10
The Gold Picayune *Margaret Belle Houston* 13
Henry and the Muse . . . . *Susan Ertz* 15
The Right Miss Wright *William Dudley Pelley* 26

Special Articles

The Internal Feminine *Ida Clyde Clarke* 20
A Lifetime with "Mark Twain" (Part Five) . . . . *Mary Lawton* 28
Ask the Etiquette Editor *Anna Steese Richardson* 34
The Book-Shelf 45
Jazz and the Dance *Ethel Peyser* and *Marion Bauer* 92

For the Children

The Pin-a-Peep Show—Snow White *Berta* and *Elmer Hader* 49

Home-Making

PAGE
The Porch of the English House *Winnifred Fales* 31
A Colonial House of Brick *Collier Stevenson* 32
Gay Flower Garnishes and Food Fancies *Edna Sibley Tipton* 41
Putting the Punch in the Party *Catherine Sweeny* 42
When the Dining-Room Moves Out-of-Doors . . . . . *Ellen Janet Fleming* 44
The Babies' Health Department *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge* 46
Tools for Women 71
When Is Your Next Party? 86

Embroidery

New Colored Embroidery Designs Are Easy to Work 57
Useful as Well as Decorative Are These New Designs 67

Fashions of the Month

Modèle Parisien 55
Sleeveless Coat-Blouse Ensembles Dominate the Fashions for Mid-Summer and Early Autumn 74-75
New Styles of Exquisite Simplicity . . . 76
Plaids Vie with Smart Fall Colors . . . 77
Flounces and Plaits Indicate Style Trends 78
Latest Paris Arrivals Have Intriguing Tunics 79
Important Styles for Fall School-Days . . 80
New and Smart Clothes for the Tots and Older Girls 81
New and Attractive Hand-Made Underthings and Blouses 83
Festive Attire for the Dance 84

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A., and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Ave. and Thirty-ninth St., New York, N. Y., and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England.